

DRUMMER

4

ISSUE 124

TWO GREATS

Erik Alexander

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer

Walter Thompson III

Mr. Great Plains Drummer

BODYBUILDERS

in fact and fiction

by Jack Fritscher

and Jay Shaffer

Tony Bronte,
one of the

MOUNTAINS OF MUSCLE

Cover photo by ZEUS

DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED

DRUMMER

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FICTION

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Gay Games II Bodybuilding Competition
photo by Satyr Studios

Cover

Tony Bronte
photo by Zeus Studios



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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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997, DRUM 998, DRUM 999, DRUM 1000, DRUM

Fleiderman's OFF THE TOP

S/M and Safe Sex

In May of 1986 I published an article entitled **S/M IS SAFE SEX** in DungeonMaster 31. In it I cited similar articles in the newsletters of various "proud" S/M clubs and a publication from Toronto entitled AIDS PREVENTION FOR GAY MEN INTO S/M. Not long thereafter members of Dreizahn were instrumental in the production of a very good brochure on S/M and Safe Sex in Massachusetts, which later became the focus of a political fight on the expenditure of money for "how to" safe sex guides. The first issue of the Sandmutopia Guardian & Dungeon Journal, published in January 1988, included a reprint of the original DungeonMaster article expanded, updated, and made applicable to all genders.

The newest contribution to this body of literature is a 16 page brochure entitled AIDS SAFE S AND M from The CORE (Community Outreach Risk Reduction Education) Program in Los Angeles. A sample copy was sent to us along with the following background information:

"Since the CORE Program began over three years ago, we have tried to bring AIDS awareness and risk reduction information to specific segments of the Gay Community outside the mainstream of gay life.

During these three years we have produced several AIDS awareness posters designed to attract the attention of gay Latinos, drag queens, and the leather community. We also produced a detailed brochure on the sexual transmission of the virus among gay men; a folionovella on AIDS in Spanish and a "how to use a rubber" pamphlet designed for men with little or no reading skills.

Besides trying to be a visible presence in bars frequented by our target populations, we have routinely participated in condom and literature distribution at functions such as bike runs and Imperial Court Coronations and Investitures.

Working exclusively as we do with the Gay Community, one of our current concerns is the increasing number of

men who admit to being bored with what they perceive as "safe sex." This boredom can, and often does, result in slipping back to more risky sexual behavior.

Luckily, many gay men are choosing to move forward rather than slip back. Many are beginning to experiment sexually especially in the area of S/M. This moving forward is keeping with our philosophy of being sexually positive in our approach, so we began to develop an AIDS Safe S/M brochure.

When we began to develop the brochure we were receiving State funds which restricted us from completing the project. So in July of this year we chose to end our state funding and look to private sources to accomplish our goal.

The enclosed brochure is now available and distribution began in appropriate locations in Los Angeles on November 15th. It is our hope that many gay men who have chosen to remain sexually active and are looking to expand their sexual expression will read this brochure and will in fact learn some valuable information about reducing their risk for infection.

Though we are very proud to provide this brochure to our community, we are able to do so only because of the support we received from our community. Support such as Don L., owner of The Shop, who helped us decide what areas to include; The Gauntlet II, which sponsored fundraisers for us; AVATAR who hosted a beer bust; Bob and Keith of The Font Shop, who donated all the typesetting and layout; our photographer Greg Lenzman, and of course Al Parker.

The brochure includes an intro from Al Parker and sections entitled: AIDS Prevention for Gay Men into S/M, About AIDS Transmission, Bondage, Watersports and Scat, Sex and Drugs, Whipping, Piercing Shaving and Abrasion Scenes, Toys/Equipment, Ass Scenes, Enemas, Fisting, Lubricants, and General Reminders.

The bitch of it all is that the group had to drop their state funding to produce this brochure! We should thank them for having the balls to do it, and bitch to our

state and federal elected representatives about the necessity. We MUST move away from the picture of kinky sex as unsafe. When the Mineshaft in New York was closed because of unsafe sex being practiced the police didn't talk about fucking without a condom, they talked about whips and chains! The entire focus was on S/M.

Playing with the relationships of pleasure and pain, with control and submission can be extremely erotic for many people. And virtually all of the activities included in this repertoire are within the realm of fully AIDS safe sex. We need to get this message across to those bored with the limitations placed on vanilla experience, and to those who hear it because of misunderstanding. And most importantly of all, we must make sure our brother practitioners are aware of the activities that are NOT safe, and what they can do to increase the safety of their play.

To this end I encourage Leather, Motorcycle, S/M, and other clubs and organizations everywhere to make sure such information is available to their constituencies. I grant permission for any such group to reprint the S/M IS SAFE SEX article(s) from DungeonMaster and/or the Sandmutopia Guardian for free distribution. I do ask that any group so doing include the appropriate credit lines and send me a copy of the reprint along with information on how they plan to distribute them. The CORE Program brochure is available from CORE, 6570 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90038, (213) 460-4444. They did not include information on costs. If you want only a sample copy I suggest you send a SASE (Self Addressed Stamped Envelope) and a small donation. If you want quantities for distribution contact them for information. Best of all, use our publications, CORE's, and any others you can get your hands on to develop a brochure of your own.

But whatever route you take, help get the message across. There are lots of ways to have fun and to be safe doing it. Many of us have been doing it for years and enjoying it!

MALE CALL

HOSTAGE CRISIS

I recently ordered a video that you made, "Whips 2, Long Whips" #SUV4, I was told Sandmutopia doesn't carry it. That seems kind of strange, I saw the ad in Drummer #110 and you're the Editor and, if I'm not mistaken, possibly one of the owners.

What gives?

MG/Washington, D.C.

Sandmutopia Supply Co. offered the video, "Whips II: Long Whips" while it was still in the editing process. Unfortunately, the then employee who had accepted the side job of editing the raw footage into a finished product resigned abruptly, and took the entire footage with him! Until only recently, "Long Whips" has been Desmodus' own hostage crisis! We have recently resolved this matter, and are once again in possession of the original (unedited) videotape. While we hope to eventually offer the tape again for sale, at this point we cannot do so and have no definite idea as to when we will. Watch *Drummer* for information regarding all our video offerings.

—KJL

CROSS DRESSER

Leather lifestyle has evolved from many factors, borrowing heavily from heterosexual organizations. It is established and has its own mainstream majority now, with its own attitude of what is appropriate and what is acceptable. I identify myself with leather. I also identify myself with drag, and not just "comedy drag." If any of you have ever seen me, I believe you will agree it was more frightening than funny, and no, I am not trying to make a joke. So, what's my point? When I appear in public in feminine gender attire, I seem to be upsetting or embarrassing some of you. Some of you have even gotten angry. It seems to me that we have reached a point as a society of leather where we are no longer the oppressed of the gay community. There is a sustained order of rules and regulations held primarily by gay leather males that reminds me of the same attitude held by a great majority of heterosexual male supremacists, and it is in essence their justifications of their own feelings of fear and hatred towards us.

When I wear feminine gender attire I do not become a woman. When I wear mas-



BAND OF GOLD

In my Daddy's letter that you published (Issue #117), he described the genital piercings that he permitted me to have. Enclosed is a photo of them.

The first I got was the Prince Albert, done as a demo by Tim Ward at Inferno 15. It was to commemorate the first year of the relationship between my Daddy and

cutive gender attire I do not become a man, I was born male and that is what makes me a man.

JF/Dallas, TX

I am in complete agreement with your point that there is bigotry and prejudice within our leather community focused toward anyone who is "different." Many leathermen have such strong feelings of turf that they are offended by the presence of women, drag queens, or blacks in "our bars." I do feel that this is changing, and that acceptance of diversity is quickly

myself. Next came my first frenum, done at Inferno 16. We then ordered the frenum band, inscribed "Mei Domini" (loosely translated "belonging to my Master"). On subsequent occasions, the other two frenums were added, and finally the frenum ring. The joy these bring me is best realized by those who have them!

RD/NYC

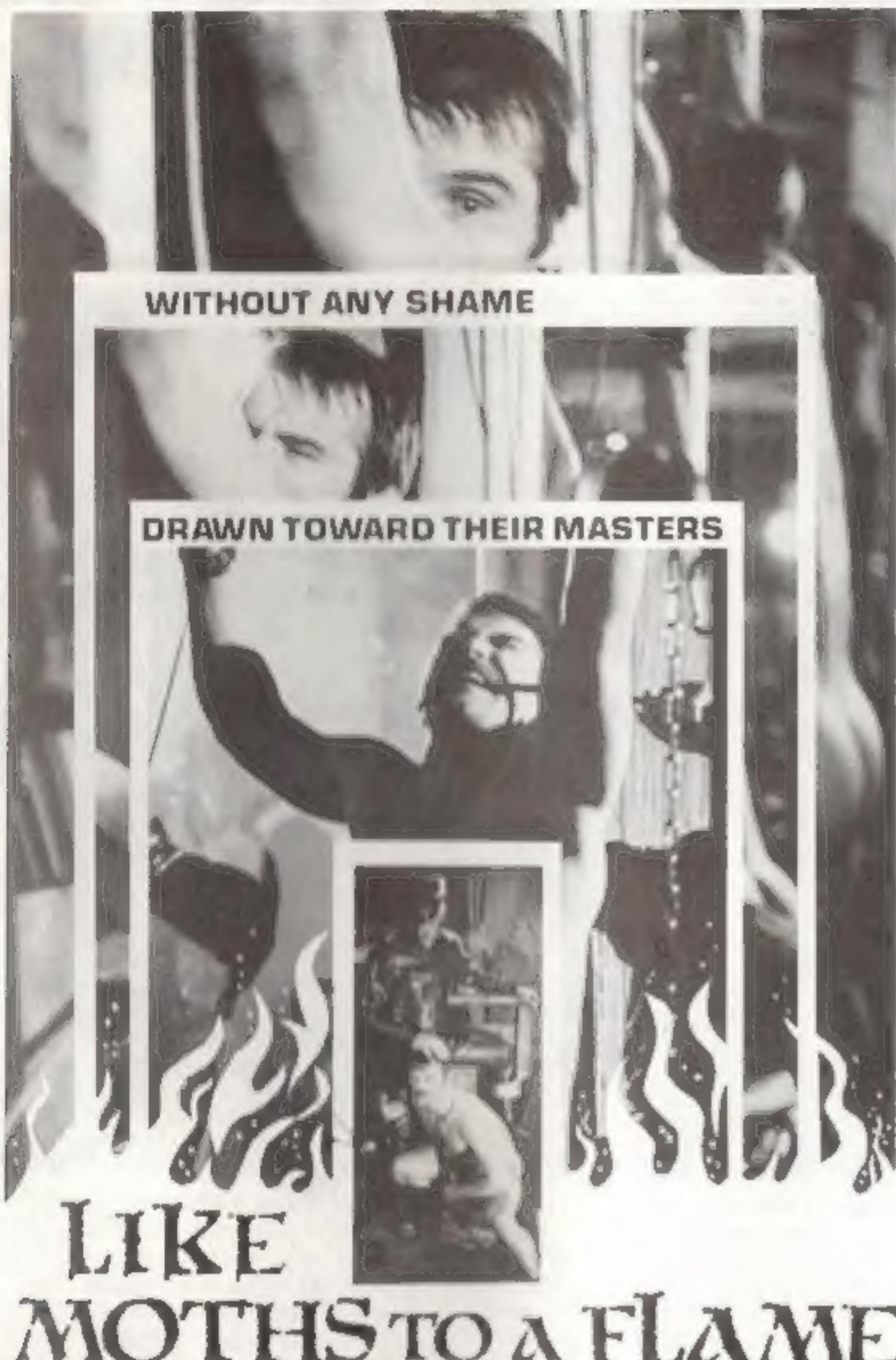
increasing. The reason for this acceptance is brave people like yourself refusing to conform to the bullshit opinions of small minds. This takes guts, and some men are bound to become upset in the process. However, you sound to me like you are quite capable of taking care of yourself. Be strong.

—KJL

PHALLUS OF FINE ARTS

Thank you for your Bears and Mountain Men issue! I have been waiting for such a publication that would show men whose

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MALE CALL

bodies don't conform to the usual "model" standards. I have wanted to collect men that are round Teddy Bears. I shall purchase two issues because I want to make a special scrapbook of such men.

I would also like to know if I can get a back issue of the magazine that featured A. Jay's Harry Chess cartoons, and the story of the artist's death.

I am president of a secret sect that studies the history, science and religion of the phallus. We are called the Church of Phallic Science, or CPS, Inc.

LG/Hollywood, CA

Drummer #107, which featured Jack Fritscher's retrospective on A. Jay, is available from Desmodus, Inc. for \$3.50 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling. Also available is Harry Chess, a 48 page collection of A. Jay's cartoons. \$8.00 + \$1.50 S&H.

—KJL

HARLEYS ARE GNARLY

Having had a full collection of Drummer since 1976 through its ups and downs, I must congratulate you on its high quality over the last year. It seems to be getting better with each issue. Keep up the good work!

In issue #116, you printed a letter from TC/Chico, who is a Harley biker and who, like myself, would like to see a feature on gay Harley bikers. Bikers are a fetish of mine and I would like to see a feature in a gay magazine and not have to get Easy Rider to find some hot biker tattoos and big beards.

GK/NSW, Australia

If you've read Drummer since 1976, then you must be aware of its devotion to motorcycles and the fine men who ride them. Bikes are featured in art, photos or fiction in practically every issue.

However, by popular demand, Drummer 126 will feature heavy coverage of the bike scene. Look for tattooed Coll Thomas sprawled across a Harley on its cover!

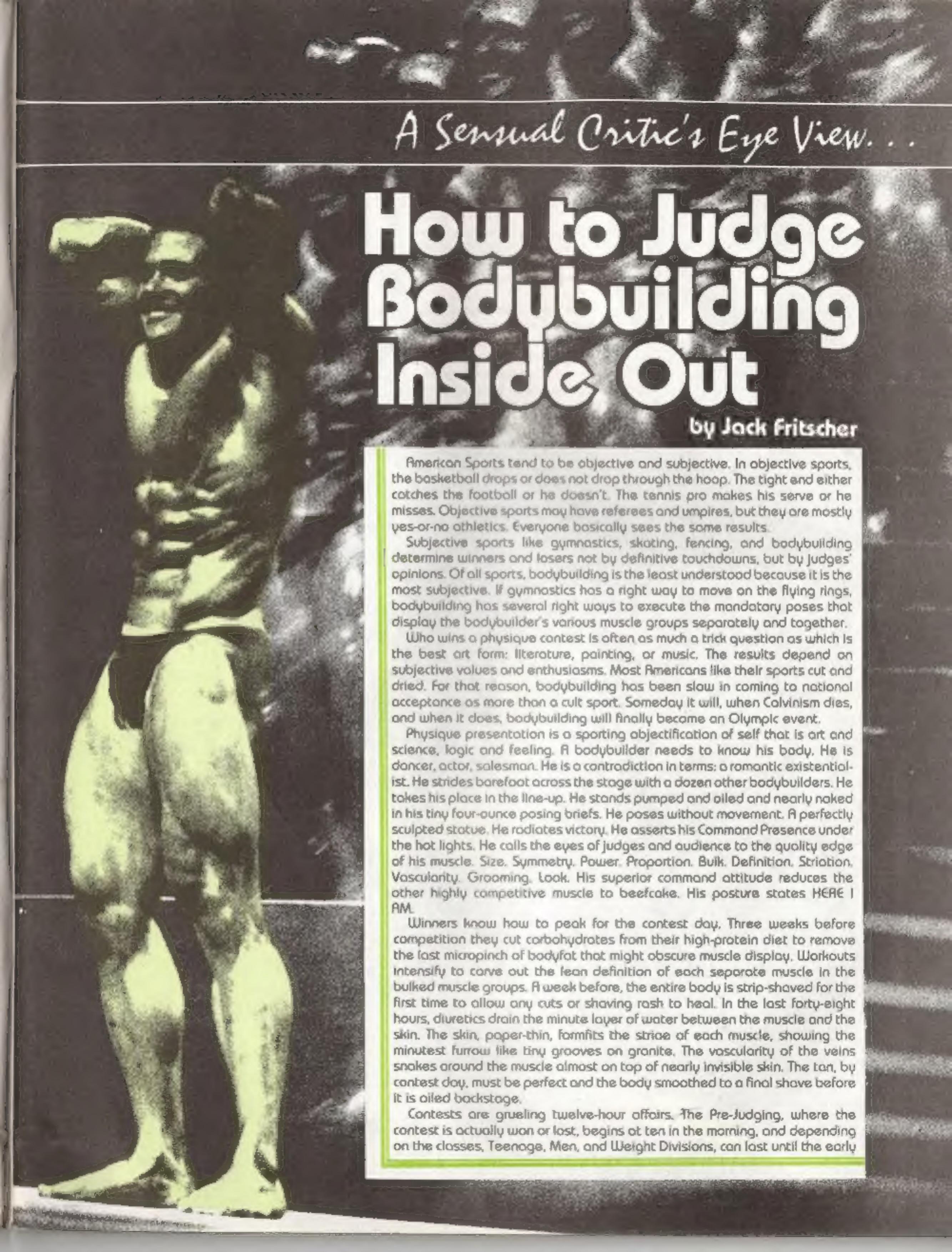
—KJL

JimEd HAD BALLS

While I appreciate your having published my letter to you in MALE CALL (Drummer #120, page 6,) neither my name nor my initials were indicated in the signature and the place of origin of the letter was shown as SAN FRANCISCO rather than POMONA! No big deal—my sentiments stand and I am happy to receive any mention of the BALL CLUB, anywhere, anytime.

I was deeply touched by the poignant piece on JimEd Thompson. I did not have the privilege of knowing him but your article portrays him as a man who was good to life and who made better the lives of all he touched with his.

Kenneth Schein/Pomona, CA



A Sensual Critic's Eye View.

How to Judge Bodybuilding Inside Out

by Jack Fritscher

American Sports tend to be objective and subjective. In objective sports, the basketball drops or does not drop through the hoop. The tight end either catches the football or he doesn't. The tennis pro makes his serve or he misses. Objective sports may have referees and umpires, but they are mostly yes-or-no athletics. Everyone basically sees the same results.

Subjective sports like gymnastics, skating, fencing, and bodybuilding determine winners and losers not by definitive touchdowns, but by judges' opinions. Of all sports, bodybuilding is the least understood because it is the most subjective. If gymnastics has a right way to move on the flying rings, bodybuilding has several right ways to execute the mandatory poses that display the bodybuilder's various muscle groups separately and together.

Who wins a physique contest is often as much a trick question as which is the best art form: literature, painting, or music. The results depend on subjective values and enthusiasms. Most Americans like their sports cut and dried. For that reason, bodybuilding has been slow in coming to national acceptance as more than a cult sport. Someday it will, when Calvinism dies, and when it does, bodybuilding will finally become an Olympic event.

Physique presentation is a sporting objectification of self that is art and science, logic and feeling. A bodybuilder needs to know his body. He is dancer, actor, salesman. He is a contradiction in terms: a romantic existentialist. He strides barefoot across the stage with a dozen other bodybuilders. He takes his place in the line-up. He stands pumped and oiled and nearly naked in his tiny four-ounce posing briefs. He poses without movement. A perfectly sculpted statue. He radiates victory. He asserts his Command Presence under the hot lights. He calls the eyes of judges and audience to the quality edge of his muscle. Size. Symmetry. Power. Proportion. Bulk. Definition. Striation. Vascularity. Grooming. Look. His superior command attitude reduces the other highly competitive muscle to beefcake. His posture states HERE I AM.

Winners know how to peak for the contest day. Three weeks before competition they cut carbohydrates from their high-protein diet to remove the last micropinch of bodyfat that might obscure muscle display. Workouts intensify to carve out the lean definition of each separate muscle in the bulked muscle groups. A week before, the entire body is strip-shaved for the first time to allow any cuts or shaving rash to heal. In the last forty-eight hours, diuretics drain the minute layer of water between the muscle and the skin. The skin, paper-thin, formfits the striæ of each muscle, showing the minutest furrow like tiny grooves on granite. The vascularity of the veins snakes around the muscle almost on top of nearly invisible skin. The tan, by contest day, must be perfect and the body smoothed to a final shave before it is oiled backstage.

Contests are grueling twelve-hour affairs. The Pre-Judging, where the contest is actually won or lost, begins at ten in the morning, and depending on the classes, Teenage, Men, and Weight Divisions, can last until the early

How to Judge Bodybuilding Inside Out

afternoon. By the evening show at eight, the judges, of whom there must be at least five, have tallied their votes. The Pre-Judging audience, small and hardcore, can only have guessed at the winner. The audience for the evening show is larger, fans and friends and family, hot to party and cheer the parade of muscle bodies and wait eagerly for the names of the four finalists and the winner.

In the morning, the contestants arrive early. They saunter into the green room. They check in disguised in thick jogging suits and bulky nylon athletic jackets. They carry enormous gym bags. Some arrive alone. Some have the company of their training partners or their coaches.

The room is silent. Brows furrow with concentration. They psych each other out. One by one they begin the slow strip of their jackets and gym shoes and sweatshirts and teeshirts and sweatpants. Each reveals his stuff slowly. The offstage competition posing has begun.

Arms, big guns, appear. Broad shoulders. Huge pecs. Washboard abs. Thunderthighs. Big, naked bubblebutts. In unshaven groins, penises sprout tight with tension or hang long and thick with languorous confidence.

Attentive buddies fold the contestants' clothes into the gymbags. They wet their hands with baby oil and begin the even slather of the huge muscle bodies. The bodybuilders slide into their nylon posing briefs. Most pull their penises straight up toward their navel and let their balls hang low in the



pouch. They pin the small white paper with their contest number over the left hip of their briefs.

This is ritual.

Some play tug-of-war with their partners, pulling white towels back and forth to bring up the boy's glossy pump on their years of hard muscle building. Others move to the ton of iron delivered to the theater for the day to polish their muscle, most often their arms, one last time before marching single-file out on stage for the real competition of group comparison, flexing in unison mandatory poses, then individually, each one mounting the dais alone to pose for sixty seconds to music of his own selection.

Bodybuilding is the ultimate Existential Survival Sport with special appeal to homomuscular men, who are also homomuscular men, demanding rightful recognition of self-identity on the killing grounds of a High Risk world.

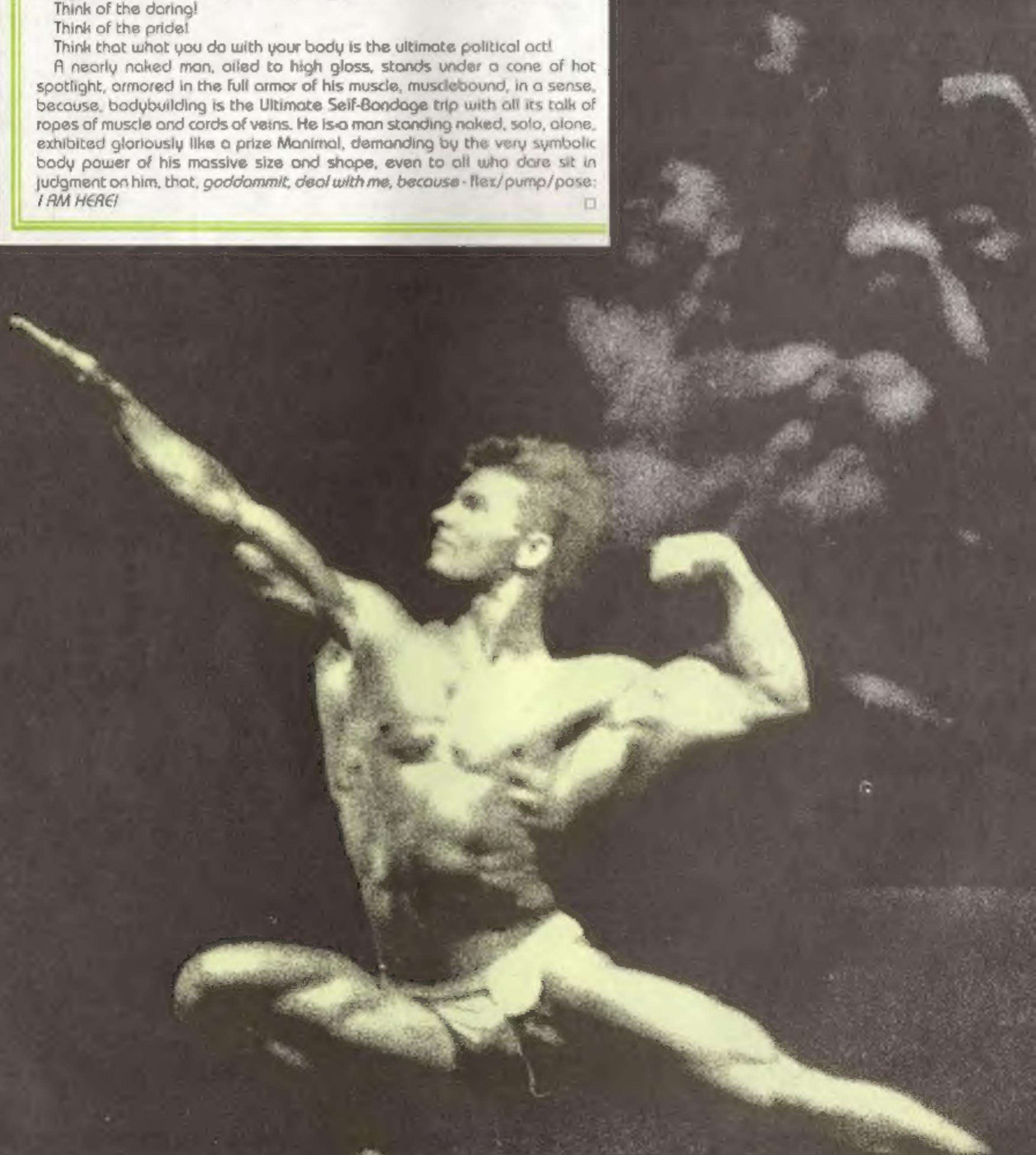
Think of the daring!

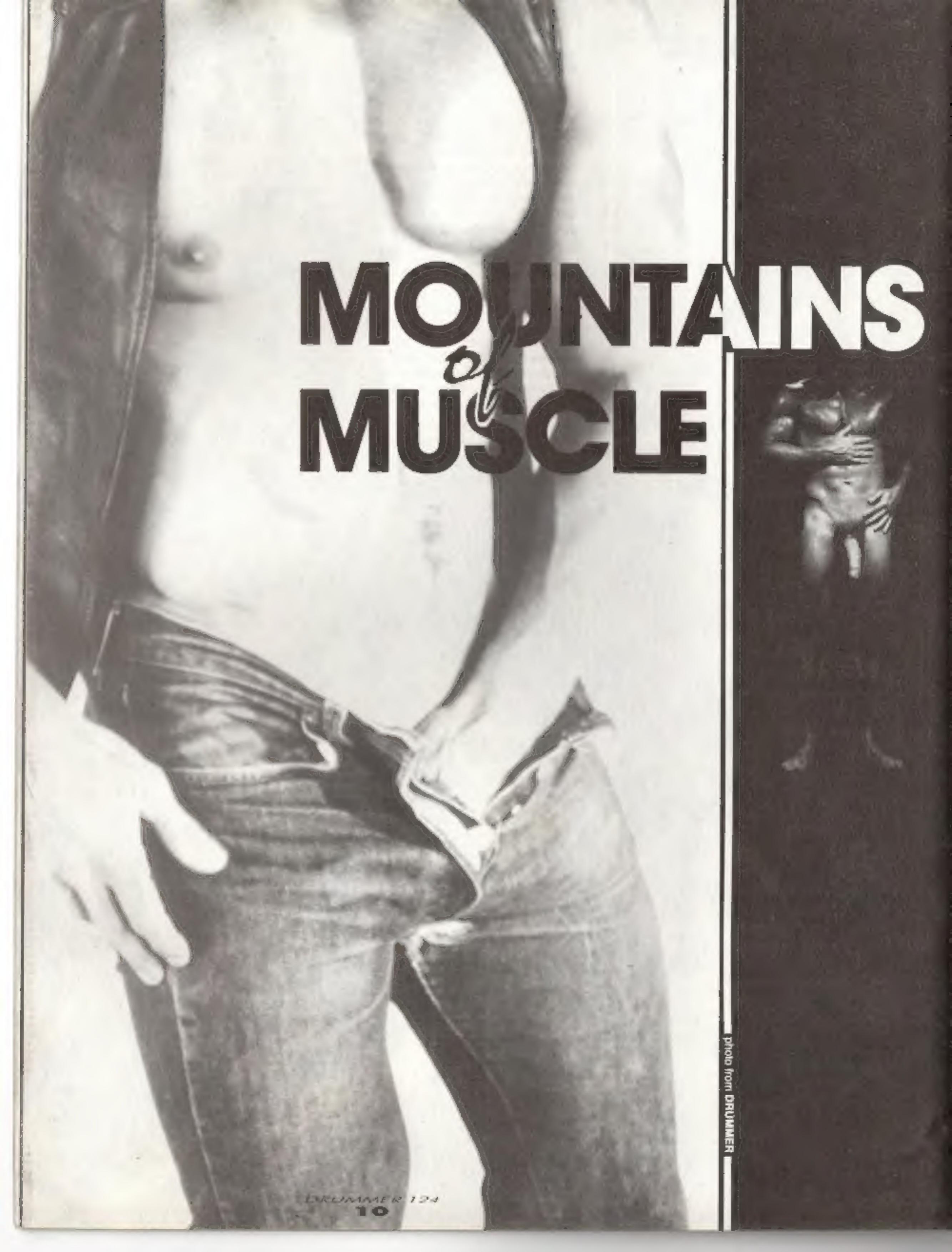
Think of the pride!

Think that what you do with your body is the ultimate political act!

A nearly naked man, oiled to high gloss, stands under a cone of hot spotlight, armored in the full armor of his muscle, musclebound, in a sense, because, bodybuilding is the Ultimate Self-Bondage trip with all its talk of ropes of muscle and cords of veins. He is a man standing naked, solo, alone, exhibited gloriously like a prize Manimal, demanding by the very symbolic body power of his massive size and shape, even to all who dare sit in judgment on him, that, *goddammit, deal with me, because Ilez/pump/pose: I AM HERE!*

PHOTOS BY SATYA STUDIOS, from the Physique Competition of Gay Games II, held in San Francisco in 1986. Their inclusion in Drummer should not be construed as indicative of the sexual orientation of any particular bodybuilder.





MOUNTAINS of MUSCLE

photo from DRUMMER



DRUMMER
11
photo from ZEUS





TONY BRONTE

photos from ZEUS



DRUMMIE 1.24
14
from ZEUS



BRANDON
SCHWARTZ



SONNY BUTTS
VIDEO FROM PALM DRIVE VIDEO



BIG BLACK BICK BLACK
VIDEO FROM PALM DRIVE





photo from PALM DRIVE VIDEO



photo from PALM DRIVE VIDEO

MARK WOLF
BY ZEUS



DRUMMER 124

18

photo from DRUMMER



A close-up photograph of a rose flower, showing its intricate petal structure and a bright yellow center. The petals are a deep, velvety red, with some lighter, cream-colored petals visible at the base. The background is blurred, creating a soft, bokeh effect.

some

age



START FROM THE BEGINNING:

Start from before that innocent prehistory in those Druidic eons when men consorted with the gods. Consider those ancient fables celebrated by the Greeks. Consider the Vatican's magnificently oversized marble Hercules. Consider the naked bruising statue of Vulcan, the Forger of Steel, standing astride a hill overlooking Birmingham where Kick was born in Alabama, of parents who were two generations from Sweden, and of ancestors, who, before that, if Ryan were to be believed, had come from the Planet Krypton. Then you can better understand Ryan's passion for men's heroically muscular bodies.

When Ryan first saw Kick, his fantasy spanned a million years.

I knew by heart the first campaign footage of Camelot and the final Super 8mm Zapruder strip shot in grainy Technicolor in Dallas. He had images of draft cards burning up in defiant flames; inserts of dogs lunging at black bodies on the Edmund Pettus Bridge in Selma, Alabama, oh yeah, hungry dogs of Alabama; of American cities burning in protest of the Summer of Love; and of terrified Vietnamese fleeing their American saviors on the evening news.

Chronology was not his style. Feeling was. Sometimes he forgot to breathe. Sometimes he remembered he would have to pay for the good times. Once on fortune's wheel, everything is fixed. Sometimes he had that high-flying feeling of a person who goes starved to bed. Sometimes nothing mattered. Sometimes everything mattered too much.

He was smaller, more real in size, than the huge Widow, who, like him, would forever mourn her love, ended abruptly like his but who, unlike him, was not approaching the theater stage where his victorious blond bodybuilder lover was posing handsome, muscular, golden, brilliant, shimmering with sweat, triumphant in the final moments of the Mrs. California Physique Contest.

Waves of applause washed him closer and closer to the bank of the stage. He felt himself moving in slow motion through air as thick as celluloid.

The gun was in his hand

His hand was pulling the gun from the holster of his pocket
The man he loved more than life itself was turning, nearly naked, smiling with intensity in the cone of hot overhead spot light, into a double-biceps shot

Hold it! Hit PAUSE! Hit STOP! REWIND! Back up. Whiz. Whiz. Click. Bang.

"I want to belong," Ryan O'Hara wrote in his *Journal*, before he met the golden bodybuilder, Kick Sorensen, "to that tiny, terrible elite: men who live their lives beyond the limits and never die in their beds."

In California, a man has to be careful what he wishes. He usually gets it.

Ryan, driving Kick's red Corvette to the Mr. San Diego Physique Contest, could only guess what lay in store. That first morning of their first contest, when he and Kick entered the Green Room, Ryan thought he had died and gone to heaven. He was surrounded by more than twenty naked bodybuilders. He tried to keep custody of his eyes. He folded Kick's clothes and knelt at his lover's feet, oiling up his legs to his shoulders. Ryan, during a scene of musclesex, had convinced Kick to replace baby oil with olive oil, because its sheen was more lustrous and its essence more classic.

"Whatever you say, coach."

Kick was up. He thought it was a good omen that his ass greed contest number was One.

The morning Pre-Judging ran nearly three hours. Ryan was beaming. Kick glowed. They met during a break backstage.

"You look great out there," Ryan said.

"I feel great out there," Kick said. He motioned for Ryan to move in closer. "Spread some more oil on my chest." He pointed toward the watch pocket in Ryan's Levi's. "Give me a hit," he said. He reached into Ryan's pocket for a small snifter of coke. He blew two lines. "Now you," he said.

"I'm already wired," Ryan said.

"Come on." Kick put his arm on Ryan's shoulder. The heady smell of contest sweat and olive oil made Ryan's tits ache. "We're here to have a good time."

Ryan swatted off the snifter.

"Again," Kick said.

Dance to Remember A Peacock Muscle Workshop

Story by Jack Fritscher

Illustration by Jim Singsaas Photos by Satyr Studios.

No implication regarding the sexual orientations of any particular bodybuilder is intended.

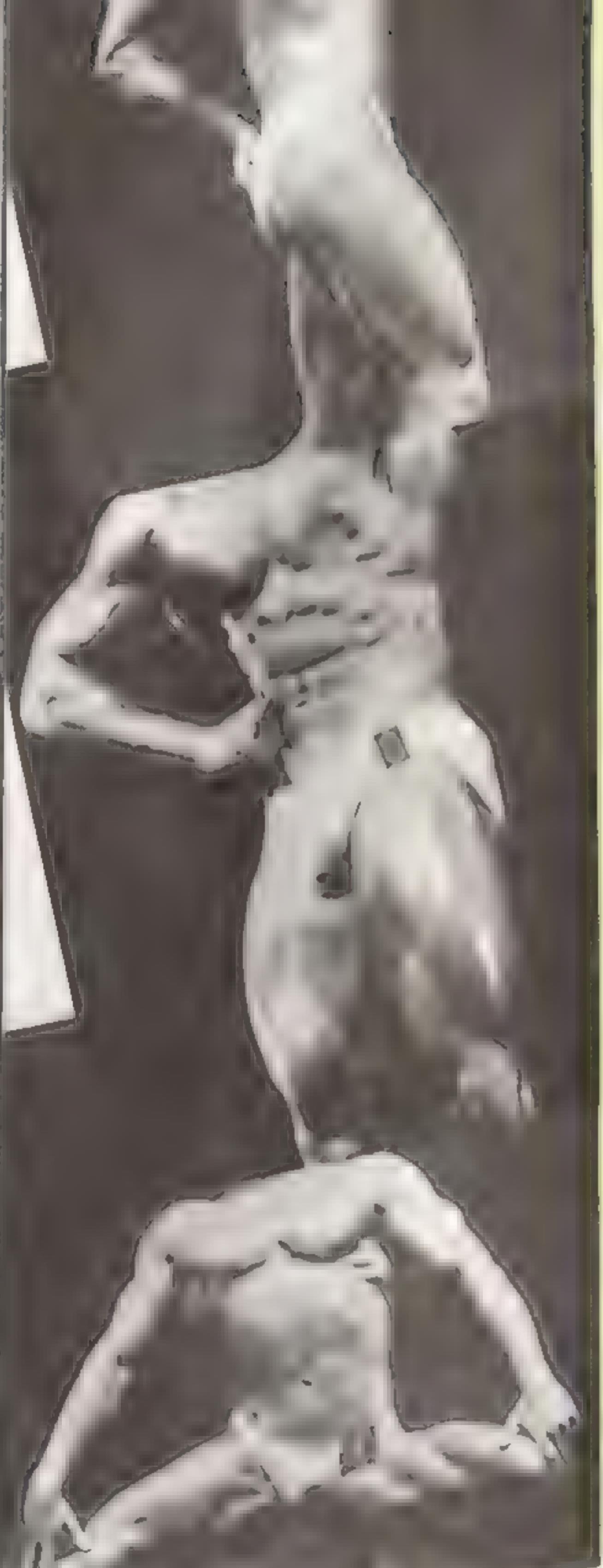
WELCOME TO THE HOTEL CALIFORNIA.

In the end, Ryan could not deny his human heart. Always he had known, long before he came that drizzling winter night, with the gun in his hand, to the California Hall on Polk Street, that his life, scaled down, of course, would forever be like the newsreel of the Widow standing, alone and in black, with her tiny son, his hand sautéing as muffled drums rolled across a dazed and weeping landscape.

In the movies, one image dissolves into another. The dissolve itself is a metaphor of change.

Ryan, now thirty-seven years old, managed a drive-in movie against the screen behind his forehead. He had Movietone clips from his black-and-white boyhood of a plane crashing into the Empire State Building, of VE Day and Hiroshima, of Korea, the Papal Holy Year, and the wedding of Elizabeth and Phillip. He

EDITOR'S NOTE: this self-contained story of Muscle Lust and Human Love is excerpted with permission from the author from his novel *SOME DANCE TO REMEMBER*, which chronicles San Francisco's Golden High Times, 1972-1981. The muscular, seedy, S-M-ish *SOME DANCE TO REMEMBER* will be published in mid-1989. DRUMMER here offers you a sneak-preview of a major literary event.



Ryan snorted another line

"It's good for the vascularity," Kick said. He thrust his arms fist down alongside his thighs, flexed, and popped his veins. "Nice. huh?"

"Sexy."

"I want you to know," Kick said, "how much fun it is to be inside this body." He cracked Ryan under the chin.

"Every man on that stage would like to be in your body. They might as well go home. You're going to win."

"I know."

After the Pre-Judging, Ryan drove Kick in the Corvette to a coffee shop. Kick ordered an orange juice with four raw eggs. Ryan ordered, but was too hyped to eat.

"Keep your strength up," Kick said. "You want to shoot a terrific video tonight." He stroked his high-top gym shoe up and down Ryan's leg. "Our own MTV," he said. "Muscle TV."

Kick was triumphant in his evening posing routine. Through his video monitor, Ryan caught every graceful nuance. He knew the choreography he had coached by heart. He had even selected Kick's music. He was bored with uninspired muscleheads posing one after the other to the cliched themes from *Exodus*, *Rocky*, *Star Wars*, *Superman*. Ryan chose Tchaikovsky's *Marche Slave*. Its thunderous power matched Kick's smooth and commanding posing routine.

He flexed. He shined. He was pure, hard, blond muscle. His hair and face and jaw accentuated the blond brush of his moustache, groomed trooper sharp. His physique flowed from his head. He hit each pose hard. He had appeal. There was no quiver from the muscle exertion or the coke. He displayed every body part, alternating always with the dozen ways he powered out his arms.

The crowd called out for more

He hit the Most Muscular pose three times and threw his arms up over his head in victorious salute. The muscle crowd rose cheering to their feet.

Here was a man.

"All right, gentlemen," the head judge said over the loud-speaker. "We're calling the five finalists out on stage for a poserdown. This is the final comparison, man for man, to determine the winner. Ladies and gentlemen, these are our five finalists. Number One, Kick Sorensen. . ."

Ryan heard no other names.

The five finalists strolled out on stage. Each picked a spot and hit a pose, playing the cheering audience. Kick owned stage center. He threw a double biceps shot and then crunched down into the popular Most Muscular. The crowd went wild.

"Give yourselves some room, fellas. Spread out. Make sure you're in the light."

The finalists sought their places. Kick held center stage with two musclemen moving to each side. They all stood heels close together, toes pointed out, elbows extended, arms hanging down.

"All right. Let's do a double biceps pose on Three. I want you all to hit exactly the same pose at the same time. On three. One. Two. Three. Hit your pose."

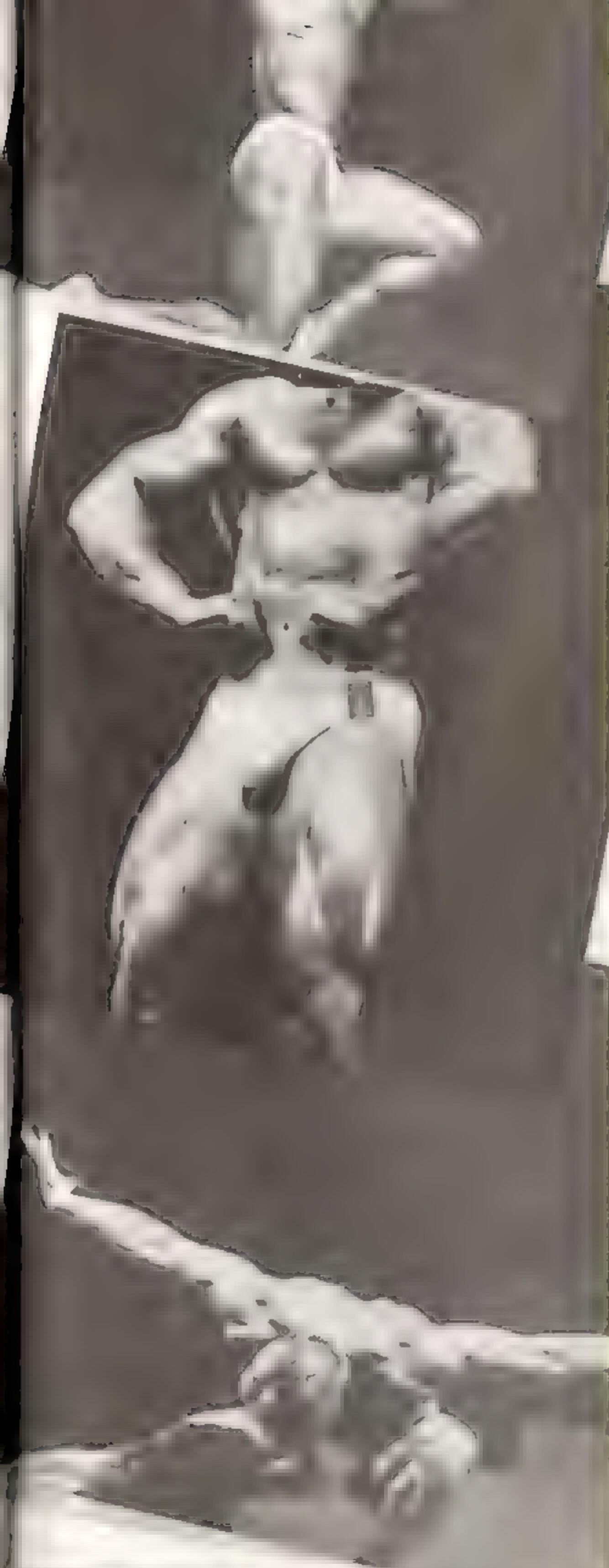
Kick raised both arms. His biceps peaked under the hot light. He was arms and more than arms. He worked his pecs. He tightened his abs. Always he was working his legs. Contests are won or lost on legs.

"Okay. A lot spread from the front. On Three. One. Two. Three."

Kick positioned his thumbs behind his waist with his fingers front pointing down his hips. He swung his elbows out, lifted his chest, spread his shoulders, and opened wide his lots, holding the pose, then twisted slightly from the waist, left to right, catching the best play of the light.

"Now a side chest pose. Your favorite side. Take your positions. One. Quiet, please. We want a side chest shot. Rotate the sides. One. Two. Three."

Kick stood on his left foot and the ball of his right, with his right knee bent to display his right calf development. He turned



his head to face the judges head on. He clasped his hands above his right hip and pulled his left shoulder toward the audience. His arms read like an awesome frame around his massive pecs.

Now a side tricep. Your favorite side. Take your positions. On three. One. Two. Three. Hit it!

Again, standing sideways, yet facing the judges, Kick rested on his left foot. He placed the ball of his right foot behind him, flexing his calf. He shot his right arm down his outside thigh, displaying the horseshoe definition of his triceps. Then reaching his left hand behind his butt, he shifted the pose, taking hold of the hand fixing the crowd to pop his tricep even more. He instinctively knew the extra flourish needed to show off the fine detail of each muscle to its best advantage.

And relax. Turn toward the curtain, please. Give yourselves room, fellas. Spread out. Okay. Double bicep from the rear. On three. One. Two. Three. Hit it!

Kick was born to show arms. From the backside, his biceps mounted like twin baseballs on the girth of his huge arms. He powered into the biceps shot, spread his shoulders, and kicked in a rearview of his left calf.

Gentlemen, let's have a back lat spread. On three. One. Two. Three. Hit it!

Kick thrust his butt out. His perfect glutes caught the light. A woman behind Ryan screamed. Kick tucked his thumbs behind his waist and opened his elbows wide, spreading his back slightly at first, and then opening the left side to its full plane, and the right, both wings from his waist to his shoulders in perfect symmetry. The back of his blond head glowed atop the column of his thick neck.

Relax. Face front, please.

The crowd had settled on a favorite. Someone set up a chant of "Number One! Number One!" The number Ryan had pinned on Kick's brown nylon briefs.

May we have some quiet, please. Face front, please. May I remind you, Number Three, that these are mandatory poses. If you're not sure which way to turn, look at the men next to you.

The crowd cheered and hooted.

All right now, fellas. Flexing the legs, display the thighs. One. Two. Three.

Kick locked his hands behind his head, elbows wide, armpits rampant. He flossed his washboard abs and thrust one leg and then the other out for judgment. The thickness of his thighs broke up into distinctly displayed muscle groups. The contestant on his right moved his own leg toward Kick's, daring closer comparison. The crowd went wild. Kick lowered his hands to his waist, thrust his leg toward his competitor, flexed it, looked at the other bodybuilder, then pointed, grinning, to his own thigh, bulked carved, cut, vascular, tanned. He looked up from his leg and threw the crowd a devastating so-what-do-you-think grin.

And relax, fellas, we're going for your favorite ab shot on three. One. Two. Three. Hit it!

Again Kick locked his hands behind his head. The crowd was with him. He kicked out his right leg, resting his foot on the heel, working his leg length, giving more than required, locking his abs into the tight ridges Ryan's tongue knew by heart. He carved his abs tight, then sharpened them tighter. The crowd chanted

"Number One!" Kick's whale posture, arms up, leg extended, belly displayed, seemed to focus the light on the full pouch of his posing briefs. Ryan, at the last minute in the green room, had slipped Kick's balls and cock through a brass cock ring to accentuate the big package. "I want them to see everything you've got," he had said. He wondered how much a big cock and balls registered with the judges, many of whom were older, closeted gay men. On stage, Kick radiated pure sex. Women in the crowd were shouting, "We want Number One!"

Ryan shouted into the din. "You can't have him!"

And relax. Catch your breath, fellas. We're going to do the Most Muscular now. Your favorite Most Muscular. On three. One. Two. Three. Hit it!

Kick raised his arms wide, elbows above his shoulders, then



slowly, hunched, leaned over, and lowered down into the Most Muscular crab pose. His right leg led his left. His arms were Most Muscular. His chest pumped like a barrel. His head was up. His face back. His chin out. The cords in his neck spoke power. The crowd loved him. He broke the pose and hit it again. Then again. This last time in full lockdown, revolving his fists one around the other to play the brute force of his upper body and massive arms.

"And relax. Now there will be sixty seconds of free posing. Remember, fellas, this is a posedown. This is your final chance to show why you should be Mr. Western Pacific Coast. Take your sixty seconds. Use it, please."

The disco music came up over the cheers of the crowd. Each contestant tried to outpose the other. They moved, freestyle pose against pose, topping each other arms, chests, backs, abs, and legs. They moved sideways. They turned front and back. Kick stayed confidently in place in the middle. He had found the best fight. He was center to the group. They were good. But he was power. They were competitors, but he was brooking no competition. He ignored them jockeying into him, following his poses, trying to lure him into following their competitive moves. Instead he grinned, thrust out his chin. His blond hair and his moustache glowed. He played straight to the audience, straight to the judges, straight to Ryan behind his video camera in the first row. Kick was surrounded by bodybuilders, but he was more than a bodybuilder. He was Lord of Light.

The crowd turned to near riot. Fans with cameras rushed the lip of the stage. Applause. Whistles. "Number One!"

The minute of blasting music stopped. The crowd rose cheering louder. The head judge called for quiet. The auditorium soothed down expectantly. Finally, he named the fifth and fourth and third runners up. The three men took their trophies, kissed the girl who presented them, and moved off to the side. Kick flexed his pecs and ran his hand down his rippled ;belly. The hall grew tense expectant. Kick stood next to Number Nine. He reached to shake Nine's hand. "Number One!" flared here and there from the orchestra and balcony. "Number One!" Time stood still.

Ryan knew there was no God if they came this close and lost.

In the pause, Number Nine hit his best Most Muscular. Kick raised both arms into his best double biceps shot of the night and killed the guy with his arms.

Number One! Number One! Number One!"

"Quiet, please." The judge was a sadist. "We have three trophies to award before we announce the winner of the Mr. Western Pacific Coast Contest." Ryan knew. He knew he knew the verdict. "The trophy for Best Legs goes to Number One, Kick Sorenson!"

Kick hit a severe leg pose, then threw his arms up in salute. Number Nine reached to shake his hand. The young blonde woman carried the Best Legs trophy to Kick. She leaned forward to give the winner his customary kiss. Ryan watched Kick deftly turn his mouth away. The blonde bussed his cheek. Kick set the trophy down at his feet.

"The trophy for Best Arms," the trophy Kick coveted most. "Number One, Kick Sorenson."

Kick hit a single side-biceps pose. The crowd cheered. He was sweeping the competition. Number Nine realized he was going to place second. Kick received the second trophy from the blonde girl and placed it near the first.

"Number One! Number One!"

Kick was a generous poser. He obliged the cheers, rolling a double bicep shot down into one last Most Muscular pose. Number Nine, a sport to the end, followed suit. The audience screamed as he took the trophy for best posing.

Under the roar, the judge's words were lost as he named the second runner-up. Number Nine heard. He raised his arms in valedictory and turned to shake Kick's hand.

The audience rose screaming to its feet.

"The winner of the Mr. Western Pacific Coast title is... Number One! Kick Sorenson!"

Ryan nearly died. "Omigod! I love you, Kick!"



Kick pumped off a succession of killer poses. He raised his prize-winning arms high over his head. The cheering rose as he accepted his First Place trophy and headed toward the posing platform. He mounted the dais and placed the four trophies at his feet. The four finalists grouped themselves on the platform's lower levels with Kick in top place. Photographers crowded to the foot of the stage to shoot the winners with cameras and flashguns.

Ryan toyed with his own anonymity. "Wasn't that Number One somethin'?" he said to a small group of three huge powerlifters.

"Yeah," they said.

"I hear this is his first contest." Ryan cast bread on the water

"You're shittin' me." They guy curled his twenty-inch bicep up to stroke his thick moustache.

"Not me," Ryan said.

"The guy's even more of an okay dude." He turned to his partner. "Hey, Doyle. This is Blondie's first contest." Then he saluted Ryan with his big meathook. "Yeah, buddy."

That night Ryan drove the red Corvette, crammed with the four big trophies, back to the Motel San Diego. Laughing and exhausted, Ryan stripped and lay back on the bed.

"Lay still, coach." Kick arranged the muscle trophies carefully on the sheets around him.

"Now I know," Ryan was hot with anticipation, "what Oscar winners do when they get home."

Kick, smiling, moved back from the bed. Slowly, sensually, he stripped himself out of his green Adidas warm-up suit. His tanned body still glistened with the olive oil and sweat of the competition. With his thumbs, he pulled his tailored brown posing briefs down from his waist, down past the brass cock ring circling the root of his big blond dick and balls, down his official Best Legs in Ten Western States.

He had become very serious. For a moment, he stood and studied Ryan, who was awestruck at this intimacy following so quickly the public physique presentation. The applause was nothing compared to what they saw in each other's eyes. In all their private nights of making love, no night had begun with such a wide-open celebration of Kick's exquisite manliness. The world for the first time had acknowledged what they had privately known and pursued so intensely for so long together. The victory belonged to them both. They were united. They had gone public in their quest for manly excellence, and the crowd had eaten it up.

Naked, in his All-American prize-winning glory, Kick moved toward the bed. He lowered himself slowly down on Ryan's naked body.

"I've wanted all my life to do this," Kick said. "This way. This time. On a night like this. Tonight's a special one."

He meant make muscle-love, man-to-man, lover-to-lover, bodybuilder-to-coach, in those triumphant first hours after the winning of his first physique contest. Their separate boyhood dreams of manhood had conjoined.

It's you, fly. This is my personal best. From me to you. There's no other man."

At the start, the only promise they had made was never to become ordinary to each other.

"I want to lay it all on you, coach."

The energy between them was stronger than ever.

Hours later, exhausted in each other's arms, in the quiet before the San Diego dawn, Kick whispered to Ryan,

"You won't laugh," he said. He rubbed Ryan's belly frosted with the dried glaze of their cum. "I mean it seriously."

He moved his golden face in close to Ryan's and announced it like a mandate to the writer whose cheek rested in the fragrant undercove where Kick's arm and shoulder joined his chest.

"Someday," Kick said, "I want us to be a story told at night in beds around the world."

Ryan's hungry heart came running. □

This story is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any similarity to real persons, living or deceased, characters, places and events is coincidental. The reader may encounter references to real names or real events or people or events that seem real; they are only coincidental guideposts on an imagined journey through a personal dream. The intersection of 18th and Castro has no more memory than the remembrance we give it.

TIES THAT BIND

TOPS: OUT IN THE COLD??

"The squeakiest wheel gets the grease" (probably an ancient Hittite) —proverb

For some time now, the information available about the scene especially from a technical point of view has been dominated by a forest of safety information designed primarily to protect bottoms from physical and psychological injury at the hands of nept, inexperienced or inobligent Tops.

This preoccupation with safety concerns has had several results:

1) Some bottoms have begun to feel safer when they play, even with strain. Other bottoms feel less safe because they now know how much there is to be concerned about. In general, folks think about it more now than before.

2) Tops and bottoms have become more technically proficient, and willing to explore take more technically demanding and risky scenes.

If it seems that there are fewer untrained SM scenes than happened, say in 1973, Breath control scenes remain the most likely way to do... my opinion.

3) Novices, both Top & bottom, can become technically proficient much faster than was possible even a few years ago.

4) The dissemination of technical information has given the SM clubs a focal point for outreach and network building in the community.

5) Our communities, increasingly obvious concerns with safety have helped us gather a larger measure of acceptability in the mainstream gay population.

Certainly there have been other benefits to this preoccupation with safety concerns as well. But there has been at least one important downside to all this that has been ignored.

What about Top's needs? In the rush to make the world safe for bottoms, Tops have been forgotten about, partly because the risk of physical injury, that is to say more easily detected injury, has detracted most of us from noticing the "injuries" that happen on the other side of the SM exchange, to Tops.

Unfortunately, Tops have come to be seen as the ones to watch out for—the loose cannons on the ship's deck. All the preoccupations with bottom's needs for safety have had the effect of psychologically bludgeoning many Tops into belie-

ving that they must severely restrain themselves and become technical wizards or else risk getting a terrible reputation in their respective communities, and thereby lose access to newer partners. This is sad.

Tops I speak with about this say they feel frustrated by the bottom centered values that have come to dominate the SM scene in the late '80s. Tops that feel castrated are not happy Tops, and some have just plain given up on the likelihood of having a good 'ole rip roarin' time working some guy over, putting him through his paces.

While it is true that a Top must be technically competent enough to avoid unwanted injuries and protect Himself and his partners from disease, it is also true that the SM encounter must be a hardon for Top once He gets on the other side of the safety issues.

If His encounters are technically correct but not erotically satisfying, He will most likely blame himself in some way. If He thinks more about it, He may recognize that He is feeling topped Himself either directly by a bottom or by the prevailing tribal attitudes about standards for Tops in general. In any case, he won't be happy about the state of affairs.

It is unclear just how the SM scene became dominated by bottom centered thinking, but my suspicion is that it may be largely due to the fact that it is currently much easier for bottoms to talk about what does NOT work for them than it is for Tops to talk about what DOES work for them.

Consequently, we have a lot more information about what bottoms need from a scene than information about what Tops need from the same encounter. In short, many Tops have a hard time talking about what they do and do not want out of a scene. Being a Top, it seems, is a more private experience than being a bottom. Even in friendly conversation with Tops, it can take a while to learn they are interested in more than the bottom's good time.

Some Tops like to witness suffering of their own creation. Others are into controlling another man. Still others are terrorists and like to scare or threaten bottoms. There are those Tops who thrill to demean or otherwise humiliate their partner. Arrogant Tops will sometimes enjoy ignoring or prick teasing the bottoms they play with. Some Tops like to be worshiped as demigods. Yet others seek only the reputations that go with becoming a skilled technician. The idea of using another man as a per-

sonal sexual toy is the turn on for most sorts of Tops in general. Depersonalization is what gets other Tops off. The range is not endless, but it is vast, and may shift from day to day or year to year. But this is almost never talked about. Why not?

In American society, like it or not, being dominant and/or sadistic is unfortunately (my opinion now) associated with self-sufficiency and independence, privacy, and, above all, the big "M" word—Masculinity. Conversely, being submissive and/or masochistic is also associated with dependency, neediness, cooperation, letting feelings show, and vulnerability and the big "F" word, Femininity.

Given the pull of these stereotypes, who can be surprised that we have more information about the needs of bottoms than the needs of Tops? According to the Masculine stereotype, a Top is supposed to be self-contained—the strong, silent type. In the SM scene, that translates to isolated—maybe even from himself.

Many hours in the therapy room have led me to the conclusion that the association between masculinity, dominance and being self-contained has fostered the mistaken impression in many Tops' minds that they don't even NEED bottoms, and that needing bottoms is an admission of a weakness. For some, it feels like a character flaw to "need" anything or anyone.

From my point of view, Tops and bottoms together form a kind of erotic team (yes, I've said it before). Without our respective counterparts, we are frustrated and can not get these rather exotic needs met. It seems that we do need each other to create the kind of experience that we desire, and in which we find a special kind of fulfillment.

It is clear to me that our (yes, Tops' and bottoms') mutual enemy is our unconscious allegiance to a screwed up masculine stereotype that doesn't work any better for us than it works for straight men or women. I think that it is this stereotype that makes it so tough—often impossible—for Tops to talk about their needs in the scene.

I fear that until those of us with dominant and/or sadistic needs can free ourselves of the need to APPEAR so damn self-contained and start to talk with each other about what we need to feel and do in a scene with a hot bottom, the SM scene will continue to be bottom centered simply 'cause bottoms talk better about what they need out of the SM experience.

What can be done about all this? Here

are some suggestions that hopefully can begin the process of seeing to it that the tribe supports Tops as well as it has begun to support bottoms.

1) You Tops can begin the process in the privacy of your very own bedrooms, if you like just be spending some quiet time with yourselves thinking about what you want for yourselves from an SM encounter. If you feel safe about doing so, keep a journal of some sort in which you tell yourself the truth about what you want. It is useful to distinguish what you want in an ideal world versus what you want in the Real world. Remember to protect your own confidentiality by sharing such writings only with those who seem likely to understand. The very act of writing these thoughts down is helpful in itself even if you tear it all up when you are finished.

2) Those local organizations with SM as their focus could consider instituting an ongoing discussion group for Tops and switches, the purpose of which would be to share honestly your thoughts and feelings about what the SM encounter holds for you. Try not to allow these meetings to become a setting in which Tops try to outdo each other with hot stories about past exploits. In this context, competition is also not a helpful part of the "masculine" stereotype.

3) The writers (both fiction and non-fiction) and other artists among us can start to produce a more emotionally balanced exploration of the dominant sadistic mind set. We need more good poetry, and Tops need to read it—reading poetry is ALSO a "masculine" pursuit. Remember the Samurai warrior!

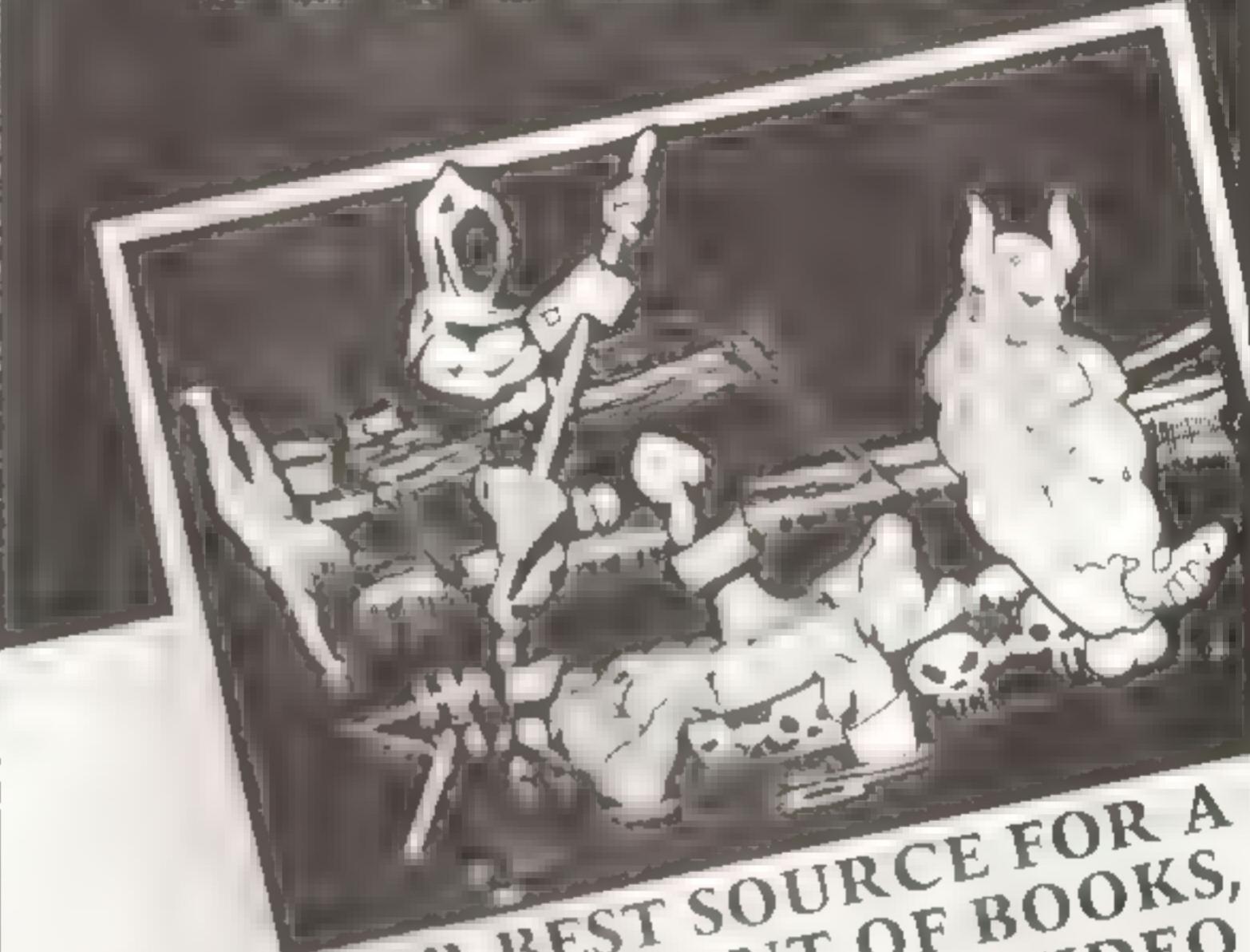
4) National organizations can consider offering workshops and other sorts of presentations that provide settings for the exploration of the dominant/sadistic experience.

Most importantly, Tops can start talking to Themselves, with each other, and with bottoms about their needs in honest ways. It will be from these conversations that the germinations of a more balanced set of values can grow, and the SM scene's preoccupation with bottom values will be ended. Pay well!

Inspirations, ideas and insights for this piece came out of a breakfast table conversation between Alex, Dorothy Allison myself, Race Bannon, Michael Blackburn I.C., Pat Catia and Geoff Mains following the Living in Leather III conference in Seattle, October-1988. Thank you all. □

Guy is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontiers.

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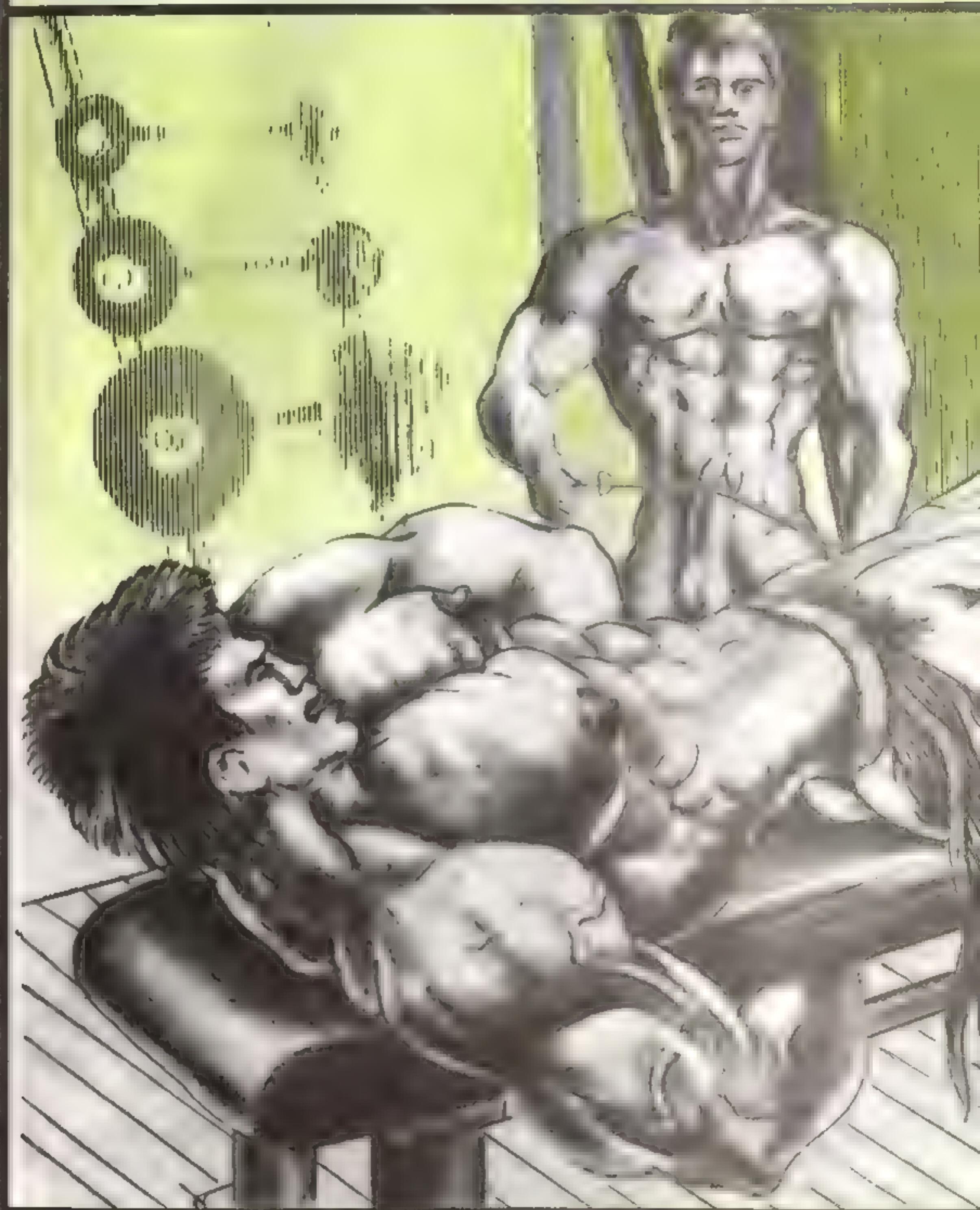
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Jock Strap

by
Jay Shaffer

Frank thinks he's hot shit.

He's wrong. He's just your regular garden-variety shit, but I'm not about to tell him that I make a lot of money with him. My camera loves him. Always has. So like everybody else who gets off on the way he looks, I let Frank get away with way too much.

You've seen his pictures. You've checked off to his videos. Black hair. Green eyes. Square-jawed, clean-shaven, smooth-bodied. Six-feet-four and right now I'd say about 250 pounds of chest and arms and butt and thighs and dick. Maybe that dick is his real secret. Fucker doesn't have a bad angle and it's half again the size of some men's arms. I'd been shooting the rest for years, helping him mold his competitive image the way he was molding his muscle. When he took off his posing strap for the first time, even I got nervous. A star, like they say in the business, was born. When he stood in a tidepool and spread those cheeks and backed down on a forearm the size of his own, I was there. I took the stills. A five-man crew shot the video. The print sets and tapes disappeared from the market faster than we could replace them. The star supernovaed—and burned himself out.

He took over a gym. Made an ass of himself. Intimidated everyone, or tried. Men who'd been working their tits and their bellies for years quit or moved when Frank wouldn't let up. He showed himself off as a schoolyard bully. The body of death with the heart of a corpse.

I was one of the men who left. The gym went under. Now Frank is broke and alone. I've got to give him credit, though; he's back in competitive form. He may be a mess but he knows how to eat off his tits. He wants to do pictures back here in his old gym. He wants me to take them. What the hell it pays the rent. But he wants straight muscle shots. He thinks he's too big to show dick. He's wrong again. But he'll find out.

The place is closed. Some midwinter holiday I don't pay any attention to them anymore. It's colder than shit outside, but the light through the windows is perfect. In here it's hot. Frank's been working out and he likes to sweat. That's fine. He wears it well. He's stripped down to gym shorts and sweatsocks and shoes. I've got him flat out on the bench press. Pushing too much weight! Everything's bulging. His pecs, his arms, the veins in his big bull neck, even his basket is packed. Sweat soaked. Straining. His ankles are crossed and those shoes are tucked into the crotch of his ass, up on the bench. He's always pressed like this. That's why I set the shot up this way. It's perfect. I'm down beyond his feet. All I see is calves and thighs and bulging crotch, square chest and square chin and dripping armpit hairs. "Shit Max," he grunts. "This is too fucking much." I know that's why I goaded him into it.

"Just one more time, man." I answer from behind my shutter. "You can do it. Piece of cake. Now push." He does. "Now do it again. We need this shot. Come on, man. Don't you wuss out now?" He used to talk to me this way. Me and the rest who were trying to learn. I hate the words. I have my reasons.

I push him again. And again. I'll push him until he breaks this time around. I race all around him. Shoot frames from odd angles. Too much. Not yet. Too much? No... more. More, Frank. Now Frank grunts and howls and seizes the bar. "Holy shit, Max. That's it. I'm all cramped up." He lies flat, exhausted, heaving, spreading his thighs and dropping his feet to the floor. I set down the camera.

"Sorry Frank," I say, stepping closer. "You almost made it. Relax. Let your arms fall. I'll massage your chest."

Frank is a pig when it comes to his own pleasure. He closes his eyes while I work on his shoulders. His knuckles lie flat on the floor. I knuckle his biceps and triceps. I move down his tree-trunk-sized forearms and mash. He moans

He loves it. I kneel behind his head and dig into both wrists at once with my fingers. "Hey Max," he mumbles, "you been working on your grip?"

"That I have," I tell him. "Just lie still. Relax." He does. He smiles. His eyes are closed.

I stand and walk over to one of my bags. I strip off my shirt and I stuff it inside. I pull out a good length of white cotton rope. Walk back up to Frank, kneel, and work on his hands. He grunts.

"Here," I say, moving his arms with my words. "Stretch out your chest. Pull your wrists back. Together." His forearms sweep under him. He offers no resistance. I rub them. Uncoil the rope. "Clasp your hands," I tell him. His fingers lace. It looks like he's praying. God can't help him now. I work fast to tie both his wrists to each other and fasten them tight to the bench's crossbrace. Three, four loops around each wrist. Between them, a couple of figures-of-eight. Two runs to the metal, now, and every Boy Scout knot I know.

But the asshole still doesn't know what's going on. Maybe I'm better at this than I thought. "Feels good," he says again. He's relaxed.

"Just stay like that," I answer. "Don't move." I go back to the bag for more rope and my knife. "I'm changing clothes," I tell him. "It's hot in here." He grunts. I strip naked the body I've worked on in other gyms. Tight-bellied. Hair-covered. Muscled-up enough to serve. I catch my reflection in all of the mirrors. Time for a self-portrait. I scowl. My mustache and my eyebrows bunch. My hairline recedes, but it accents my fur. I like it. A lot. Maybe later.

"I'll work your ankles," I tell Frank now and I crouch down, massaging one calf. The noose knot goes quickly and smoothly; it slips over his foot when I raise it up off the floor. I set that foot back down and pull my knife close. The rope is draped across the bench, right between Frank's knees. I work on his other calf. Frank is in heaven. "Relax," I tell him. There was no need to speak. I think this side of beef's asleep.

I cut the rope down to a couple, three feet. Another noose knot. I tie what's left to the length between the nooses. I lift up the free end, the base of the "T", and walk back and tie it to the pulldown machine. Rope connects to cable. Ankle connects to weights. Now there's just enough slack left to go for the other foot. I pick up my knife.

Frank starts to stir when I lift both his feet at once, the knife clenched between my teeth. He mumbles and lifts his head just as the noose slips up over his foot and he's bound.

Frank howls. I expected this. I back away quickly. His arms bulge. They can't move. His eyes bulge. They can. His square chin thuds into his high, square chest with a meaty thud that makes me hard. His legs are suspended, stretched out beyond the bench by rope and cable and weights. He thrashes them. The weights fly up. The weights slam down. He wrenches his body. His struggle is beautiful. I sneer at him around the knife blade mauling my tits and my dick.

"WHAT THE FUCK, MAX? IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?" he screams. "Let me the fuck out of this. Fucker. This isn't funny. No dick shots, remember. Shit. Shit—you're naked. Hey, man. I'm not into bondage. Come on, buddy..." He bubbles and pleads and he works every muscle, straining and twisting and grunting between words. I'm strong now, much stronger than ever before, but I still would have lost him if he'd wised up sooner. Lost him and most of my teeth. As it is, it's perfect. Beautiful.

I drop my dick and turn loose my tit and take the knife out of my mouth. I set it down. I pick up my camera.

"Shut up, Frank," I say, very quietly. "Shut your mouth." I start shooting pictures of fury in motion—as much motion as he can manage. Not much. His eyes lock upon the lens. The shots will all be perfect. He howls obscenities. You'll be able to read his lips in the film. Real bondage photos. Nothing posed here.

I'm covered with sweat. It swamps my pits. I keep having to wipe my eyes so I can focus. Sweat of release of fear suppressed. Hot gym sweat. And the sweat of control.

I finish the roll. I reload. I grow tired of listening to Frank's abuse.

"Frank," I say, swapping the camera for my knife, "you are an asshole. Shut up." He continues. "I don't have to listen to this anymore." I step up to his feet. He tries to kick me. I give him a touch of the knife on his thigh. "Shut up, Frank, and hold still," I tell him. So quietly. He doesn't. I nick him. Draw blood.

"Hold still, motherfucker. And shut your mouth. I'll cut you. I'll scar you. Don't fuck with me, Frankie. I'll make you so ugly you'll never do pictures." He quiets down. His eyes still rage.

Whiteringed. Wild. I like them like that I slide the blade down to the crotch of his shorts. Frank whines. "Shut up Frank," I tell him. "We're going for dick shots." I press in and up slowly, until the tip slices out through the fabric. I carve and I tear. I do like the results. Full-packed jockstrap. Ripped shorts. Knife "Don't move," I tell him. "You'll castrate yourself."

"Motherfucker," he howls as I prop the knife up under his nuts. "Don't you leave me like this . . ." I back away and pick up the camera. Focus. Snap. Advance Twice Three times. Four Frankie whines. He talks to God. Frankie begs. But he holds still.

"Good," I tell him. "But you can do better" I set down the camera and untie his shoes. I pull them off. He sucks in a breath as the knife shifts. I pull off his socks. Wad them up. Reach in and scrape the blade over his nut sack and slice up and cut up his jock. I sever the waistband. Rip it off. Stuff the wad of socks in the pouch and walk up to stuff it all into his mouth. I lift his head and tie the band around it. Green eyes flash. Grunts gurgle up. I stand away and watch for a moment. So nice. I stroke myself. So fucking nice.

I don't want to get too hard. I let go my cock again and pick up my camera. I straddle Frankie's face. I shoot down his belly at his hanging legs and his half-hard dick. Even like this, the fucker's huge. And throbbing. Frankie may not like it much, but he's hot for the treatment he's getting. A couple more shots and I aim straight down. I frame those incredible tits and the tip of my dick and his fantasy chin and his mouth full of jockstrap-sack gag. No more.

"Piss with me, Frankie," I tell him. His dick wilts. "I'm going to piss in your face." His eyes slam shut. One tear slides out. Quick shot. So nice. He shakes his head. Thrashes it from side to side. "Oh, yes, I will, little boy. You'd better believe it. I'm going to piss on you just like you've pissed on me and just about everyone else that you know. But I'll have pictures. And you're going to join me. You're going to piss on yourself, too." He is watching me watch him again. Green eyes glitter with tears. The shutter releases. So nice. "Don't fuck with me, Frank. Not ever again. The first time you mess with me after today, the whole world sees the big boy with the hungry butt lying flat on his back with a face full of piss. Not your image, is it, Frank?"

My bladder throbs. So long I have waited for this. My belly is full to bursting. So long. So nice. I let loose a drop. Frame it and snap. It fractures the light just like Frankie's tears. Another. A spurt. A stream. A hot stream that starts up in back of my balls and slices through my dick to stream out over his face. Frank sputters. He groans. He whips his head to hell and gone. And I catch it all on film. I look back at his cock and I clamp off my flow.

"Frankie," I say, "you're not pissing with me." He's not. And he knows it. What he doesn't know is that I'll get what I want.

I back away and walk to my bag. I pull out a box with a medical logo. Photographers collect all kinds of things. I collect something new every shoot. Last week I spent two days shooting a catalogue Hospital supply. I kept most of the props. This one's a catheter. Indwelling Foley. I open the box and I set to my work.

I lift Frank's meat. I pinch it and torture it. I swab it all down with the kill's antiseptic. I open the packet of lube. Squeeze some down into Frank's slit. Skin back his foreskin and squeeze in some more. Put on one sterile glove. Pick up the catheter. Show it to Frank. Show it? Hell, I wave it in his face.

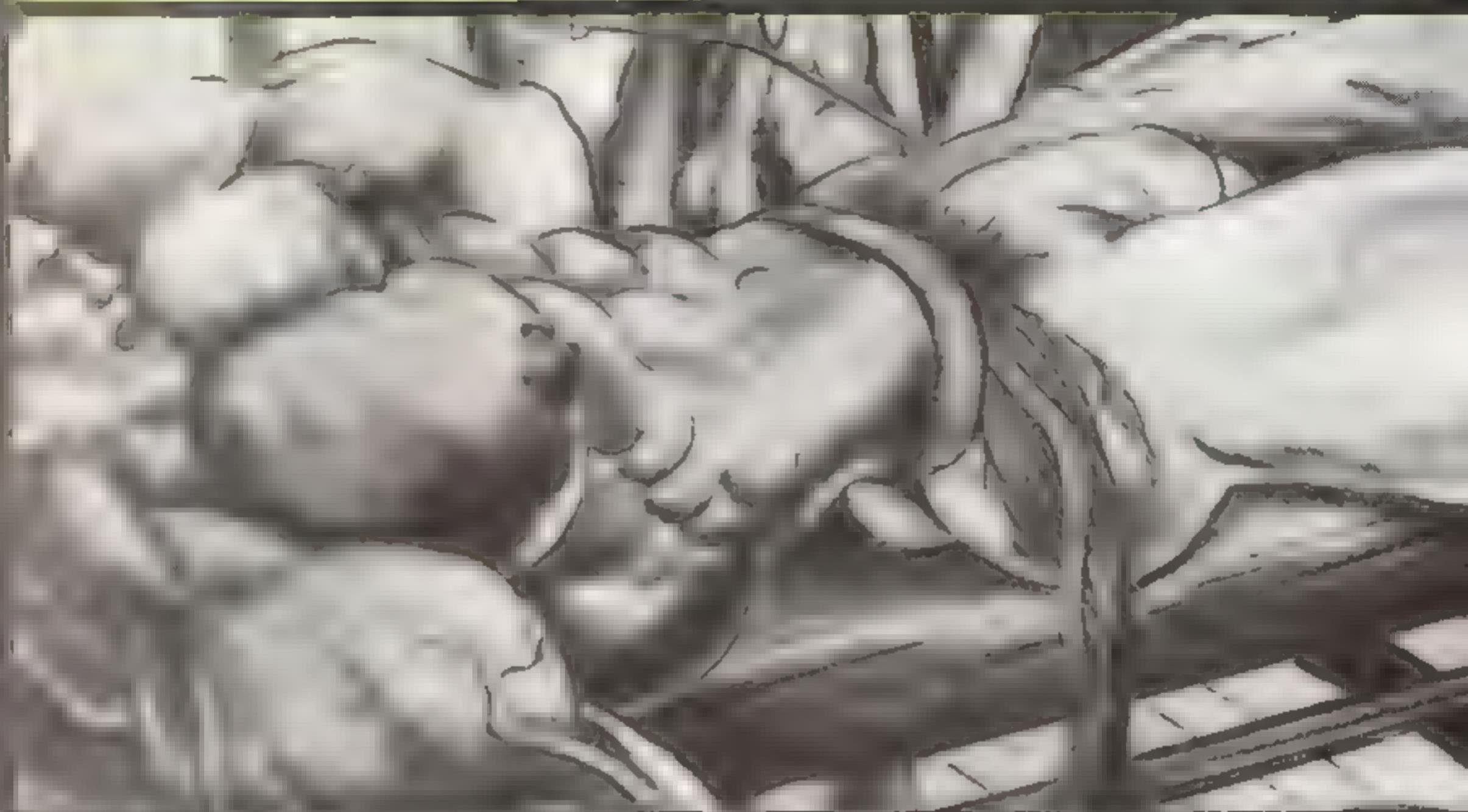
"Do you know where this goes, Frank?" I ask him, pushing more packet lube onto its tip. Frank lets his shoulders slump. Yes, he knows. I take the little plastic clamp and I squeeze off the top of the long rubber tube. "Good. Get ready."

I lean over Frankie and grab his cock. It's hefty. A handful at least. It feels just as good as it looks. I stroke. It throbs in my fingers. It starts to get hard. I like that. I like that a lot.

This time when I skin him back he stays retracted. I slip the tube into the hole in his tip. Frank cries. I just love this. Frank groans. I slip more in. I fuck him from inside his dick with the catheter, sliding it in and out and at last, home. I pick up a syringe of some sterile solution, connect it and fill up the Foley's balloon. I pull the syringe off and I pull on the tube. Good. Sealed tight. And now Frank's fully hard. I stroke him. Jack him. Big motherfucking dick. God, what a waste this is, stuck to this boy.

"Are you ready?" I ask him. "Cause you're going to piss." Frank just stares back at me. Poor, frightened child. I pull up a tripod. I set up the shot. I keep my hands out of the field of the frame and I let the clamp loose and now

**Put on one
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Frank lets his
shoulders slump.
Yes, he knows.
I take the little
plastic clamp
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long rubber tube.
"Good.
Get ready."**



Frank is a fountain

Yellow piss shot out hard high in the air and then down. Down on his belly. His killer skin thighs. His crotch and what's left of his balls. Down on his chest and his ruined bed frame. Finally, it lands on his face. I snap the shott. Fast Frank's urine will flood in nothing.

Then I step back up over him, my knife in my hand. His fountain flows fast and looks dry. Snap. I step up. Sigh. The sounds of men pisssing and groaning and crying are mixed with the sound of the motor advance. Frankie's all wet and I'm sweating.

"Now that won't go hard, wat?" I ask him, shooting the last of my piss in his face. "I made you look real good, Frankie. And now you'll do something for me." I walk back down between his feet and shove his knobs up to his chest. He tries to kick me. I grab my knife. He sell os down. I set the knife down. I grab his shaft in one hand and shove more than half the other up hard into his hungry ass.

And Frankie comes. No strokes, no nothing. This one I won't get on film. I hit his prostate and tickled his glans and the poor boy went off like a shot. Creamy white jism slips out of his piss

sit and flows smoothly over the catheter's sides. No spurts. Just one constant stream glowing like milk in the cool winter light. I pull my hand out of his ass—none too gently—and rub his load onto his belly and thighs. I push those legs up further, running the rope up over my shoulder and pulling the weights all the way to the top. I crouch and I shove both my balls up his ass.

"Fuck you, Frankie." I feel my balls slip home. I yank on my own dick with one of my hands and I keep stroking his with the other. His butt's not very tight, but he's hungry and holding on tight and massaging my balls with each stroke on his dick. I ball-fuck him 'till I can't wait any longer.

My cock slides alongside his, sloppy and slick with his juices. The look in his eyes, now defeated, excites me. The feel of his meatlocker thighs makes me high. His butt rises. Clamps. Squirms. He writhes again, moving as much as he can. It's too much. My chumming starts. My strokes speed up. I knock his dick around, piss droplets fly off the catheter top. His foreskin slides back up and kisses the tube. I mash my hand down on his fistful of meat and I spray my come up to his face.

I slide in his slime. Now I slide in my own. So long, I have waited. So good

So nice. I howl and I shudder. I'm swimming in sweat. I keep working my crank as I yank out my balls. I reach up with my knife and I cut the rope down. The weights fall with a crash.

Frankie's eyes fill with hope. Not for long. He tries to move. I stop him with a warning knife.

"Knees to your chest, Frank. Remember—I'll hurt you." He looks questions at me. He's compliant, but puzzled. I take the tag end of the rope and I wrap it just tight enough on his nuts so it won't slip. I tie it off. Check for color. I can't have Frankie losing his sack.

"There," I say. "Now Don't you let your eggs down." His gagged bellows follow me into the shower.

I clean up and pack up and dress up to leave. Frankie keeps watching me, as best he can. I move all my equipment outside. I walk back and look at my beefcake in bondage.

"I've called someone, Frankie," I whisper, leaning down over him. Right in his face. "You'll be free in an hour. Or two, at the most. Do you think you can handle that?" Frank shakes his head. "Well you'll just have to try, mister. No pain, no gain."

Then I spit in his crumpled face and turn to walk out into the early winter evening. □

DRUMMEDIA

1946 - 1988
TOM OF FINLAND



1946



1962



1972



1987

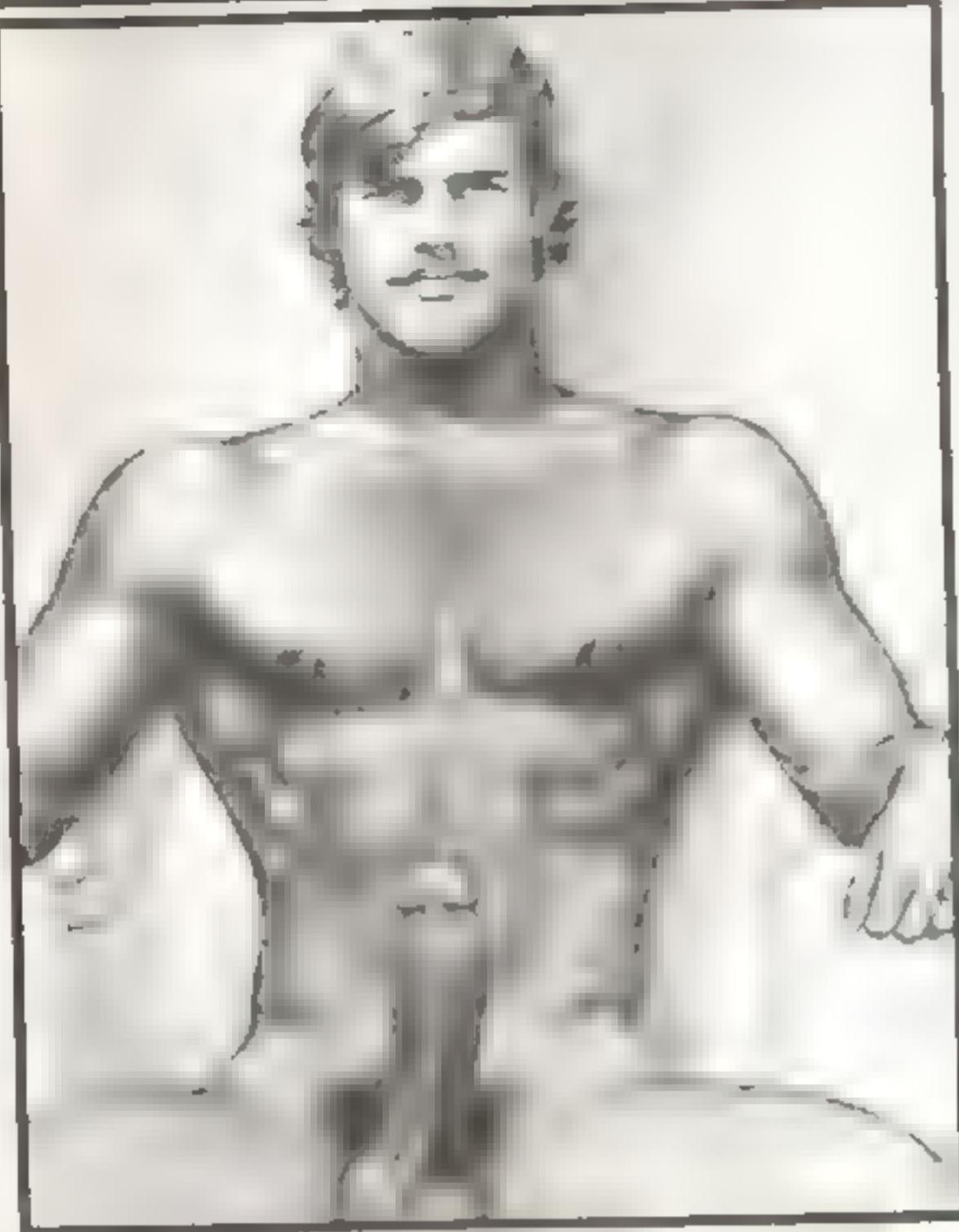
MAN AND SUPERMAN

Masculine Iconography

by Tom of Finland

I doubt that there is a gay man on the planet who cannot appreciate the idealized homoerotic world depicted in the illustrations of Tom of Finland. For more than four decades, this prolific Scandinavian has created an evolving gay "folk art" of archetypal masculine perfection. No other gay visual artist is as universally beloved, or as influential upon gay popular culture. Who among us has not sighed longingly over one of Tom's sublime supermen and wished fervently that flesh-and-blood men could really look like that? How often have we heard the supreme compliment conferred gushingly on a great looking hunk in a bar: "He looks like he stepped right out of Tom of Finland!" I believe that there are very good reasons for the unprecedented and lasting popularity of Tom's work, and for the importance of the preservation of these images for future generations.

As a man who confronted his own homosexuality in Europe during the dark oppressive period immediately prior to World War II, Tom encountered a great deal of shame and fear among gay men. In his art he deliberately seeks to uplift the collective consciousness of gays by consistently drawing his subjects as proud, physically prepossessing and unafraid. Tom uncompromisingly portrays a sunlit, guilt-free domain of butch men without bogey-men. Tom's men—purposefully exaggerated, impossibly handsome mega-studs—are idyllically free to satisfy themselves and each other in a lusty camaraderie with no consequences. Each new drawing is a robust paean to masculine self-confidence, a portrayal of male bonding between gay supermen. These men have absolutely nothing to fear: their dicks are always huge and hard and preternaturally beautiful. The



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roughest thing they have to face is an artfully arranged five o'clock shadow. Even the hyper-macho, uniformed authority figures have eager and enormous hard-ons! In this erotic otherworld, men of mythic proportions smugly indulge in an impeccable, never-ending game of grabass.

Who could ask for anything more? Fundamentalist Christians have their Garden of Eden, and men who love men can delight in the fantasy realm of Tom of Finland, a paradise where malesex is ever rowdy, carefree, and poetically, yearningly safe from judgment.

In an increasingly sexless time such as our own, when censorship, guilt, fear and hysteria are so pervasive as to quench the strongest, most ardent sensuality, it is indeed a comfort to have access to the many varied images Tom has so skillfully evoked. To ensure that Tom's work will be made permanently available in the future, the Tom of Finland Foundation was created to accomplish archival preservation and mass promotion of his huge body of work. Through its devoted efforts, the artwork has not only been collected and stored in its original incarnations, but made available to the public in a variety of attractive formats.

FINNISH PRODUCTS

The Tom of Finland 1984 Calendar is a slick presentation of twelve evocative examples of Tom's work, spanning a range of styles, but concentrating primarily on the sophisticated "photorealistic" style he has most recently developed. Retailing at \$8.50 (plus \$2.00 shipping and handling, if ordered by mail,) it makes a great gift for any Tom fan.

For the collector who is interested in studying Tom's overall career, and the subtle evolution of his style, I recommend the elegant "Tom of Finland Retrospective," a 192 page volume with some 200 drawings. This book will be on the coffee tables of leathermen around the world, and is available in both softbound and hardcover editions. The softbound version sells for \$22.00 (plus \$3.00 postage.) The hardbound edi-

tion is signed and available in a limited run ONLY for \$45.00 (plus \$3.50 postage.)

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—Ken Lackey

The Tom of Finland Foundation is a tax-exempt, non-profit corporation, and gratefully accepts your deductible donation. The Foundation advises owners of original versions of Tom's artwork to protect them for posterity, either by giving them to a friend, or to the Foundation itself. It also seeks to know the locations of originals for its records. For information regarding membership in the Tom of Finland Foundation, contact PO Box 26658, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

HOT DYKE PORN



Hot dyke porn? Why! There's a ton o' it out there! Isn't there? Well a lot anyway. Not I guess we are kind of short of the stuff. But don't panic. There's hope! You see in 1984, a cult melting book hit the book stores. Well those bookstores that would carry it, that is. And behold. Rayling Peatle turned into a trilogy that entertained a large audience of dykes starving for raw sexua

readin' materia. The best reaction I have seen to Nighthawk so far has been a pair of raised eyebrows, pulled cheeks and pursed lips accompanied with a heavy "Whew!" Seeing as how this response came from a man,

was intrigued as to whether or not this meant that he liked the book. He didn't comment at the time, but in subsequent conversations concerning Nighthawk, he simply smiles and nods his head. A good sign.

Nighthawk begins with a dutiful young woman, by name of Lori, setting out to meet her lover at a private club in an extremely rough part of the city. By the time this hapless ass reaches the designated bar, however, she finds that her lover has split with another woman. Nighthawk, the gang-lord who owns the bar, takes a fancy to the big-titted white girl. Lori's introduction to the black woman and her turf is a gang rape by Nighthawk and her followers. The rest of the bar's patrons are invited to finish the humiliation. (This all takes place by page fifteen, fyi) Now that Lori is an established piece of property to Nighthawk (complete with tattoos and shackles), she becomes obsessed with performing any and all duties set to her by the black gang-lord.

Of course, a gang-lord rules over a specific area in a city. Nighthawk's turf is sketchy as to the size and type of terrain. But it is definitely hers. And few people have, it seems, tried to wrest her position of power from her. The focus of the story takes place in Nighthawk's headquarters/home, the "Subway Club." Here the author unfolds her cast of diversified characters with the skill of a cunning spider.

The Bartender, Maggie, is a cool-headed Puerto Rican who befriends Lori. With Maggie's guidance, Lori is able to survive Nighthawk's rites of captivity. Nighthawk's right-hand woman, Tien Le, a young Vietnamese refugee, is lucky with lottery numbers, and has the same taste for rough living and kinky sex as her leader. And there is plenty of kinky sex in this book for any hungry dyke.

Trouble begins when the aloof Nighthawk actually starts falling in love with her captive white girl. Not only does she have to deal with the constant dangers of the turf, teaching Tien Le the ropes of being

gang-lord, and her own womanhood, but now she must face her feelings for someone foreign to her life. Nighthawk's realizations (and lack of them at times) are intermingled with the tender romance that blossoms between Maggie and Tien Le. These two have demons of their own to contend with as well as their leader's. Tien Le is preoccupied with the age difference between herself and Maggie. The emotional exchange between the ex-hooker and the Vietnamese girl tugged at the heart strings of this hopeless romantic.

Something tells me that the author suffers from the same malady!

When Nighthawk's turf explodes in an episode of gang war, each of the characters proves herself, not only to her demanding leader but also to the reader. This, I promise. Artemis Oakgrove weaves a web so mixed with reality and fantasy, that the tension in this story grips you. I found it difficult to set the book down so that I could get some sleep before work the next day.

Part of the book's appeal is its only hang-up. There is so much to deal with in 189 pages that a few people may be left shaking their heads. Hopefully, they will simply re-read the book and capture all of its nuances. Artemis Oakgrove's writing is fast-paced and easy to read. Even though she delivers a great deal of information in a short span of pages, her style is smooth.

If you have a weak stomach, or thin skin, this book may not be for you. Nighthawk's complicated characters give your usual girl-meets-girl plot several wicked twists. This is a book that I recommend to the woman who likes controversial sex (controversial for some, that is!) gang war, romance, and power — plus a few more "titbits." And a whole lot of action! I would also recommend to the guys out there who are curious about some of the women's fantasies, to read this book. Not that it is every woman's fantasy; but this is how some of us like to spend our one-handed reading time.

Not that I'm telling any of

you what to do, or anything like that; but hurry out and buy a copy! Oh! And if you can't find a copy at one of these politically correct or uninformed bookstores, you can send in an order to Lace Publications, P.O. Box 10037, Denver, CO 80210. 1137

Shadow Morton

CALL 911!

During their fifteen minutes of fame, the Village People enjoyed pop celebrity status by packaging acceptably sanitized versions of traditional gay stereotypes. In their burlesque of the cult of macho, macho Man they quickly turned to two of the most potent and powerful masculine fetish images: the police officer and the bodybuilder. Remember the "hottest cop on the disco scene" and the thrills of playing drop-the-soap at the YMCA?

With varying degrees of credibility, gay hardcore pornography has served up countless scenarios based on the sexuality of cops and muscle men and their interaction (Zeus Studios' video "Recaptured" is a current example). But let's be real. While many models are bodybuilders, very few indeed are policemen as well. For those stone fetishists who have long yearned for an authentic video interpretation of the exhibitionism of actual peacekeepers, you now have a treat in store. Available from P.D. Video, the **Police Olympics Bodybuilding Video** is 120 "arresting" minutes of true Boys-in-Blue muscle for your one-handed pleasure.

This videotape is imaginatively-photographed coverage of a real-life sports event. It won't be for everyone, but for the law enforcement devotee and for those who've jerked off to the Mr. Universe physique competition one too many times, I recommend it as a refreshing alternative. If your dick gets hard at the mere mention of the long arm of the law (and I know you're out there!), you're bound to be satisfied by this revealing survey of the Man Behind (Beneath?) the Uniform.

As an historical footnote, this

tape (and the six other "Police Olympics" titles offered by P.D. Video — see their "Video" ad in "Dear Sir") is a chronicle of the last Police Olympics. From now on the event will be called the Police Games. Justice is served, if belatedly.

If you're interested in seeing 200 pounds of cop beef stuffed into a 4 ounce posing pouch, these bods are for you. If you agree that there ain't nothing like the real thing, cop a feel of this one quick!



Police Olympics Bodybuilding, 120 min., 2 hrs., \$69.95 plus \$4 EACH tape postage and handling. State VHS or BETA. Specify delivery by UPS or LPS. Money orders receive immediate attention. Available from P.D. Video, 2755 Blucher Valley Road, Box #8, Sebastopol, CA 95472.

Ken Kissoff





PART FOUR

Beirut, Lebanon/1983

David lies alone in the darkened cubicle. The lamp remains on—in Benny's place, the lights always stay on in the private rooms—but the switch is turned to the lowest wattage, bathing the room in a hazy dreamlike glow, amber and soft, like the last light of dusk in the dusty streets of Beirut.

The room is hot and airless. David lies nude atop the soiled and rumpled sheet, glazed with sweat, too exhausted to move, every muscle stiff and aching. His eyes are closed, hovering between sleep and waking. His body seems as weightless as mist, defined only by the points that throb with a cloying erotic ache . . .

His throat and asshole, raw and swollen from Rezi's cock.

His nipples, throbbing in time with his heartbeat, too tender to touch.

His balls, heavy as lead, drawn up tight at the base of his cock, aching for relief.

His cock, jabbing stiff against his belly, sore and stinging at the tip. He longs to touch it, but he keeps his hands at his sides. Benny might be watching.

This is all he is: A mouth and an asshole, two nipples and a penis. The holes are for fucking. The rest are toys to be played with and tormented, pinched and whipped by the men who fuck him.

Vince Zorio did this to him. David did it to himself, in payment for the life he took from Sergeant Richter. If the sergeant could see him now—see what's become of the all-American kid who swore he'd never suck cock, who said he'd kill any man who tried to get a stiff one up his ass . . .

His mind flashes back to the murder in the sleazy bar called Chez Fez, to the instant when the heavy bottle connected with Richter's skull and the whole world was suddenly awash in a sea of blood and wine. To the miserable weeks on the run, hunted and helpless in Beirut. Alone, speaking no Arabic or French, his wallet growing thinner by the day, sav-

ing the little money he had by eating scraps from refuse piles, counting himself lucky when he could steal an orange from the open bazaars, sleeping in the rubble, dodging the bands of guerrillas who patrolled the streets at night. Waking every morning in the cool hours just before dawn, bathed in cold sweat and trembling from the nightmare memory of Sergeant Richter's face at the instant the bottle struck his temple.

The meeting with Abdul the forger made him realize just how desperate he was. The cash in his wallet counted for nothing. He had nothing to barter with, except the one thing he refused to give up. The thing Sergeant Richter died trying to take . . .

David had been on the verge of giving himself up. Then, like a guardian angel from Hell, Vince Zorio entered the picture. Zorio, who walked the dangerous streets of Beirut as if he owned them. Who said he could get David out of this mess, away from Beirut, alive and free. For a price.

David's eyelids flutter. Dreaming or awake, he can see it clearly before him now. Vince Zorio's cock. Sleek and massive, obscenely beautiful. Thick as a forearm, smooth as satin, laced with veins. Perpetually erect, constantly demanding validation. The cock that took his cherry. The cock that turned his mouth into a cunt. The cock that turned him into a pussy.

Pussyboy. That's what Vince started calling him. For good reason.

Vince had only to enter the room, to flash his cocksure grin and casually grope himself, and David was reduced to nothing more than two holes at either end of his body, two cunts, warm and slick inside, both aching for the terrible pleasure that only Vince could give him. Desperate to please, willing to do anything the big man demanded.

And once Vince had him hooked, Vince never gave it for free. David had to beg for it. David had to crawl naked on his hands and knees, whimpering and pleading for Vince to fuck him. Even Rezi is a pale substitute. If God himself had a cock, it would be the cock that hangs between Vince Zorio's legs.

Step by step, Zorio has changed him beyond recognition. Twisting David's body inside out, rearranging it to please himself. Turning David's asshole into a mouth, a drooling, hungry hole kissing, sucking, swallowing cock. Making his mouth into an asshole, fucking it with long, hard, relentless strokes. Twisting his nipples into little cocks, standing up erect to be milked between the man's forefingers and thumbs, working them till David can almost come through his nipples. Turning his cock into a toy, a whipping post, a tender stalk with an overgrown nipple at the tip to be nibbled and pinched.

When Zorio took him to the specialist to make the permanent changes—denuding the hair from his body, injecting the silicone into his nipples—David allowed it with hardly a whimper of protest.

Still, it was never enough. The price is steep for the things that David needs—phony papers, safe housing, transport across international borders, petty

bribes to a dozen bureaucrats along the way. Escape becomes more dangerous, and more costly, every day. Beirut slips deeper into chaos hour by hour. The Marines are still looking for him. So are the local police. And any one of a dozen terrorist groups would be delighted to capture an AWOL American Marine, for fun or profit.

Zorio has all the right connections. Zorio can get him out of Beirut in one piece. Zorio can even arrange a new identity for him back in the States. But Vince Zorio never takes on charity cases. David has to earn the money. That was how he ended up working at Benny's place.

"How long?" he asked after the audition with Benny, as Zorio was getting ready to leave.

Vince shrugged. "A year. Maybe less. Depends on how many clients you can handle in an average week. Benny takes most of the cut. Only fair. He's giving you room and board—plus all the dick a cocksucker like you ever dreamed of. Besides, he's taking a big risk just having you here."

"The rest of your income goes to me. Once I collect my cut, we'll start a little account toward getting you home. Did I say a year? Maybe two. Jesus, stop sniveling, pussyboy. You can do hard time, or you can do easy time. Relax. Enjoy it. Now open wide and say goodbye to Daddy's dick. Won't be seeing you for a while. That's it . . . all the way down your throat . . ."

David has been here for seven weeks, but it might have been seven months, or seven years. Time stands still at Benny's place. There is no day or night in the little basement cubicles, only twilight. Clients come from all over the world, Old Rich and new rich and commoners on a splurge, men with a craving for the special services only Benny's boys can provide. The customers arrive at all hours, one after another, a constant parade of cocks to stuff David's ass and cram his throat.

They make him work hard for the money. Once upon a time David's surly good looks and muscular build intimidated other men. One look at him now, standing nude and submissive with his hands behind his back, and the customers know they can do whatever they please. A boy with a hairless crotch and nipples like that couldn't have any shame. A boy like that couldn't say no to anything.

If the sergeant could only see him now . . .

David is awakened by a hard poke in the ribs.

"Rise and shine, cocksucker. Almost midnight. You got company coming." Benny pokes him again, using the sawed-off handle of a toilet plunger, his favorite tool for keeping his boys in line. Groggy with sleep, David rolls over, turning his back to the man. Benny gooses him with the wooden pole, poking it rudely between his cheeks. David gives a yelp and tumbles off the low bed, falling face-down on the floor.

"I said, rise and shine. On your feet. Now!"

David staggers up. Benny helps him by grabbing a fistful of hair, then wakes him up with a few slaps across the face.

"That's better. Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed." Benny laughs. David has never known an uglier sound.

"Like I said, you got a client due any minute. You'll like him—big blond guy, American. Got all excited watching you do circus tricks for Rezi this afternoon. Told him you'd be a lousy fuck after the Turks, but it seems like he's on a limited schedule." Benny picks up a sack from the floor and empties it on the bed. David glances sidelong at the odds and ends, unable to make sense of them. "Guy had a few special requests. You know the kind, likes a boy to dress up special for him. And you know the role at Benny's place—we'll do anything to please our clients. Right, cocksucker? So let's get started . . ."

David stands shivering and alone in the center of the room, waiting for the customer. What kind of man would want him this way? What kind of things will a man like that expect him to do?

The high-heel pumps feel awkward on his feet, forcing him to stand on tip-toes, pitching his whole body forward in a lewd posture—legs rigid, ass high, abdomen slightly protruding. To compensate he has to throw his shoulders back—not hard to do with his wrists handcuffed behind him.

The sheer silk stockings feel strange against his hairless legs, held up by the black garter belts around his thighs. The stockings themselves are almost transparent, turning shiny and opaque when the light strikes them, giving his sleek, muscular legs an almost metallic shimmer, a kind of see-through nudity more provocative than bare flesh.

Above the waist he wears nothing but a studded leather collar around his throat, and a pair of shiny silver pasties with long black tassels attached to his oversized nipples. The bizarre accoutrements oddly accentuate the broad, deep-clefted muscularity of his shoulders and chest. His body shimmers with oil and sweat in the dull orange light.

His cock stands erect, almost numb, strangled at the base by a metal cockring two sizes too small. Benny had to whip his cock to get it soft enough to fit through the ring; even so, it was a bitch getting his balls to pop through. They snuggle up against the base of his erection, defying gravity like tiny helium-filled balloons. Like his cock, they look swollen to the point of bursting. The angry red color isn't completely natural; Benny applied a bit of rouge after he got the cockring on, then applied the same coloring to David's lips and cheeks.

The final touch is unseen—the eight-inch rubber dildo inserted up David's ass. The thing is like a pin up his spina. Together with the high heels and the handcuffs, it makes it almost impossible for him to move in anything resembling a normal fashion. Benny had a good laugh, forcing him to stagger and stumble in a circle about the tiny room, goading him on with the plunger handle.

Now Benny is gone, and David waits, standing stockstill in the center of the room, staring at his reflection in the mirror with fleeting glances, feeling

hot and ashamed, dreading the long night ahead and wondering again about the man who wants him this way. The man who might be standing beyond the two-way mirror at this very instant, staring at him. David feels a sudden chill, a rippling of goosebumps across his oiled, sweat-misted flesh. He bites his lip and lowers his eyes to the floor.

He hears a sound from the hallway outside. His heart begins to race. The customer must be here at last. Then the sounds become clearer. Benny, shouting. Another man's voice, raised in anger—perhaps two other men.

Something is wrong. Very wrong.

There's a loud thump against the door, then the sound of a scuffle. An instant of silence, then a loud voice, speaking English with an American accent: "Open it up, goddamnit! Now, you motherfucker!"

The key jangles in the lock. The door swings open. At the same instant, the two-way mirror explodes into the room, shattered into a million fragments.

Two of them. Two US Marines. MPs in uniform. One stands in the doorway, his firearm drawn; Benny cowers behind him. The other stands where the mirror used to be, knocking away the last bits of glass with his rifle butt.

For a moment they stare at him, expressionless, slowly looking him up and down. Then they stare at each other. David blushes bright red to match the rouge on his cheeks. His heart beats faster still—so fast it feels like it might explode in his chest. His head goes dizzy. For a moment the MPs vanish, obscured by the oily spots before his eyes.

Their voices are muffled, as if his ears were stuffed with cotton:

"Damn! The sergeant was right on the money."

"Just like he told us—the mirror, the room. The way he's dressed. Jesus . . ."

"Think we oughta let him change—"

"No. We take him in just like he is. That was the arrangement."

"Except we'll need something to put over him in the street. Tell the fat guy to get something—some kind of overcoat . . ."

The next half-hour is all a nightmare, reality reaching his mind only in splintered fragments. Benny yelling and blustering—one of the MPs punching him in the belly with the butt of his rifle. A moth-eaten overcoat thrown about David's shoulders, and the Marines hustling him down the hallway, up the stairs, past rooms echoing with the sounds of sex after midnight—the slap of flesh against flesh, the crack of leather on skin, squeals, whimpers, sighs, moans—and finally, suddenly, into the moonlit street.

A third MP waits in the jeep, with the engine running. The jeep is the biggest shock of all. He hasn't seen one in so long—the memories . . . Only in this instant does he comprehend what's happened. The MPs are taking him in. David is being arrested. Captured. All the months of being on the lam, all the things he's done for Vince and for Benny—all of it

comes to nothing.

"Hey, Smitty."

"Yeah?"

"Didn't you forget something?"

"Oh, right." The MP next to him pulls out a big handkerchief, folds it, ties it like a blindfold over David's eyes.

They drive for only a few minutes, then the jeep comes to a full stop. The driver cuts the engine. The Marine encampment is miles from Benny's place, they can't possibly be there yet. Or perhaps David's sense of time is askew from shock and sightlessness.

They hustle him out of the jeep, down a cobblestone walkway. David staggers behind the blindfold, trips in his heels. The dildo is like a spike up his ass. The men snigger and grab his arms, dragging him along. A door opens and shuts. Carpet beneath his feet. They step into a creaky elevator and ascend. Two stories, maybe three—they step into a hallway, then through another door.

David senses another presence in the room. The MPs push him forward, pulling the coat from his shoulders. He feels utterly naked and defenseless. The numbness between his legs tells him his cock is still erect, kept that way by the strangling metal ring. His skin prickles with a mixture of shame and dread.

"Here he is, Sarge. We found him, just like you said we would. Smitty, what time is it?"

"0100 hours, sir."

"Right. Look, Harge, we can kill a few hours, say the arrest took more time than we thought. But no more than two hours. That's all I can give you. After that, I've got to get the prisoner back to HQ to start the paperwork. Two hours, okay?"

"Good enough. I've got an early-bird flight to Tel Aviv, anyway."

The unknown sergeant's voice is deep and flat, with a genteel Southern polish. Without quite knowing why, the sound of it does something strange to David, making him shiver even harder, making him blush a deeper, hotter red.

"Fair enough, Harge. Shit, I figure you ought to have a crack at the little weasel—after what happened and all. Come on, Smitty, let's high-tail it out of here for a couple of hours. Back at 0300, Sarge. Until then, whatever happens between you and the prisoner is strictly on the QT. The little faggot's all yours."

Sometime later, the bandit hanging from one of David's nipples. Laughter. The door opens. Two sets of footsteps depart. The door slams shut.

David can feel the man approaching. He flinches at his touch—the calloused fingers brush his face and undo the blindfold. The cloth drops away. David blinks, dazzled for an instant by the dim candlelight that illuminates the room. A squat little hotel room, four bare walls and a ratty bed, like a thousand other rooms in Beirut.

The first thing he sees is the man's back, walking away from him, clutching the blindfold in one fist. A

big man, broad-shouldered, the bulging muscles of his back clearly defined against the starched fabric of his uniform shirt. Blond, with his hair cut in a classic US Marine Corps high-and-tight; his ears and the back of his neck are red from the sun. The man stands still for a long moment, then turns on his heel.

The candlelight casts deep shadows across his face, bathing his cheekbones and forehead with a ruddy glow. But even in the dimness there can be no doubt. David would know the face in his sleep—sleep is where he most often sees it, haunting his nightmares. A dead man's face. A demon from hell. The big jawed, all-American, movie-star handsome face of Sergeant Richter, who died in an off-limits cafe called Chez Fez when a wine bottle smashed his skull.

David should know. David killed him.

"What's the matter, Private Patowski? Cat got your tongue?"

The ghost can speak. David is struck dumb. He opens his mouth—nothing that comes out would surprise him: a scream, a curse, a cry for help. But the only sound that emerges is a hoarse, ragged exhalation of shock.

The sergeant steps toward him, holding his trademark riding crop, tapping it against his boot. The sergeant always was a Virginia gentleman at heart, with old money and old school connections. Even in Beirut he found the opportunity to go riding on Saturdays.

He raises the crop in the air and brings it down with a whoosh, stinging-hard against the tip of David's quivering penis.

David finally finds his voice. He lets out a howl and staggers backward. His heels catch in the carpet. He falls forward on his knees.

Richter steps closer. "What's the matter, Patowski? Maybe you thought I was dead? Just a scar." He absently reaches up and caresses the three-inch discoloration that marks his forehead and interrupts his hairline. "Take more than a little weenie like you to put me out of business."

David shakes his head. The last few months have taught him the difference between nightmare and cold reality. Richter is no hallucination. The sergeant is real, here, now, in this room. Which means he never died. Which means that everything David has done since the incident at Chez Fez has been utterly meaningless. Assaulting a superior officer would have landed him in hot water—or perhaps not, given the circumstances. Richter was only unconscious, not dead—there was no reason to flee. And no need for the annihilating guilt of the past months, the terror that's haunted him every hour, awake or sleeping. His arrangements with Zorio, his servitude at Benny's, the needless punishments he's inflicted on himself—all meaningless and unnecessary. Because Richter is alive.

And more than meaningless—because, despite his protests and resistance, despite the bottle he used against the man's skull at Chez Fez—the truth is that

David wanted Sergeant Richter's cock all along.

"Look at you." Richter towers above him. A bottle of whiskey in one hand, the riding crop in the other. "Look at yourself, faggot. Slutboy. Scumbag. That dildo feel good up your cunt? Huh? Feel all sexy in your silk stockings? Why don't you shake your tassels for me—see if you can get me hot."

Richter steps closer, until David's nose is only inches from the sergeant's crotch. The bulge is unmistakable. Hung like a horse—everybody knows that, common gossip in the whole platoon.

"This is how they'll all see you when the MPs bring you in." Richter laughs and takes a swig from the bottle. "Just like this. Damn, they are gonna throw the book at you, cocksucker. After they finish hooting. No mercy for a piece of trash like you. A US Marine working like a common whore at a Beirut brothel, letting every camel jockey from here to Teheran shoot a load up his butt. Shit, once they stop laughing, the brats is gonna bury you so deep you'll never see daylight. And I don't think they'll be much impressed by your excuses. Saying you deserted the Marines because your sarge made a pass at you—it just ain't gonna wash."

Richter steps even closer. His crotch brushes against David's lips. His voice is a whisper "Know what it's like in a Marine prison barracks? Got any idea? What do you think's gonna happen when you show up, with your pretty blond hair and your smooth, pretty muscles—not to mention your reputation. And how about the first time they see you naked in the showers? Not a hair between your legs, and those big, puffed-up nipples. Sure hope you've changed your mind about sucking cock, boy. I got a feeling that's gonna be just about your only pastime for the next five or ten years."

Richter's crotch is pressed flush against David's face. The starched fabric is stiff and scratchy against his lips. He can feel the heat of the man's sex through the cloth. He can smell its musk.

Richter reaches down and undoes the clasp of his belt. He undoes his pants and peels back the right-hand panel. The zipper descends with a faint slithering noise.

David draws back and takes a shuddering breath. He can see the outline clearly through Richter's boxer shorts. The big cock gives a jerk and tumbles out the fly. The head butts against his mouth, squirting a dollop of semen onto his lips.

David stares at it, cross-eyed. A big, blond cock, plump and meaty, just beginning to stiffen. He narrows his eyes until the room disappears, and even the cock is a hazy blur. He parts his lips. Opens wide.

And smashes sideways onto the floor, his face stinging and his ears ringing from the force of Richter's slap.

"Get back up on your knees, bitch."

David rolls dizzily onto his knees and manages to lift himself upright. He swings about and accidentally slaps his cheek against Richter's cock. The contact burns his flesh. He flinches back and squints.



The fleshy tube is firmer now, projecting at a pliant angle from the sergeant's open fly. Somewhere above, Richter is unbuttoning his shirt, pulling the tails from his pants, shrugging it from his shoulders.

David's mouth opens of its own accord. He leans forward. His lips make contact with the smooth, shiny crown of Richter's cock. His tongue touches the moist tip. He pushes his mouth onto the pole. The flesh is marvelously warm and sleek.

A slap and a pop, a squeal and a muffled crash, all in an instant. David lies sprawled on the floor again, his head spinning. Richter has a strong right arm.

And heavy boots. He gives David a sharp kick in the ribs. "Back up on your knees. Right now, faggot."

David staggers up, his temples throbbing, his face aflame. Richter's cock is waiting for him. Bigger than before. Thicker. Standing up at a sharp angle from his pants, the first three inches glistening with a shiny coat of spit.

David leans toward it, lips parted. Close enough to kiss—the odor overwhelming him. At the last instant he flinches and retreats, eyes wide.

Richter towers above him, stripped to the waist. Everything a man needs to be loved. Muscular. Broad shoulders. A hairy chest with a light dusting of gold around his heart, square pectorals. Hands on his hips, standing cock proud with a forearm of flesh jutting sleek and naked from his open pants. The same cock he offered to David long ago. The cock that would have claimed his cherry, if David had only allowed it.

David leans toward it, feeling its warmth against his face, fueling a gnawing hunger in his belly and a strange emptiness in his throat. "Please. Please let me suck it . . ."

His mouth makes contact. He swallows half the pole, stretching his lips around the width. Richter slaps him to the ground.

Over and over Richter allows him to suck it, but only for an instant. Richter slaps him down. Richter forces him back up to his knees, then brandishes the thing in his hand, taunting him with it, bobbing it up and down, slapping it like blackjack against his face. The cock seems to grow bigger and stiffer each time.

David begs. Devilishly. His mouth on the big cock. Richter slaps him to the ground.

Until the sergeant at last finally grabs him by a fistful of hair and pulls him upright, driving him to his feet, spins him around and drives him against the wall.

"Ass in the air, faggot."

David obeys. Instantly. Without question. He spreads his legs and bends deep, pushing his cheeks up and open, bringing his face almost to the ground, striving to keep his balance with his hands cuffed behind him.

Richter seizes the butt of the dildo and pulls it out with a pop. David gasps. The musty air feels warm and humid against his exposed hole. The sudden emptiness is like a wound. The craving moves

instantly from his mouth to his ass.

Richter grabs his belt buckle. The black leather slithers out of the belt loops. He wraps it twice around his fist.

"Seems to me, Private Patowski, that my memory must be a bit hazy. Seems to me I recall a little speech you gave me one night at Chez Fez. You recall that night, Private?"

The belt slashes through the air. David screeches "Yes, sir!"

"Like I say, maybe my memory's off. Never been quite the same since a little accident I had. Some stupid shit hit me in the head with a wine bottle."

"Sir—please, sir—" For some reason, David starts to cry.

The belt whooshes through the air. Leather strikes naked flesh with a sweaty crack. "Shut up, Private. Speak when you're spoken to. Now help me refresh my memory. What exactly was it you said to me that night? Before you swung the bottle at me?"

"Please, Sergeant, I don't remember—"

The belt swings down and connects with a sound like a rifle-shot.

"Stop blubbering, faggot. Repeat the words you spoke to me that night. Do it now."

"Please, sir, I said—I said—"

A whoosh. A crack. A squeal.

"I'm not a cocksucker!" David shouts the words. The belt comes down. "I'm not a pussy!" Richter swings the belt. "I am not a cocksucking faggot, Sir!"

Richter drops the belt. Two steps and the head of his cock is flush against the strap-marked opening of David's hole. He lays his hands on David's cheeks, grabs two fistfuls of piping hot flesh and squeezes hard.

David hisses through his tears. Richter's cock probes his asshole. In his mind's eye he can see it, bloated to maximum erection, glossy with spit, poking at the entrance to his bowels.

"Now say the truth," Richter whispers. "Say it. Tell me what you want, faggot."

David grits his teeth. The hole between his legs yawns open, enormous and empty, needing a man to fill it up.

"Go ahead, queerboy Cocksucker. Marine pussy. Tell the Sergeant what you want."

David shouts the words, tears streaming down his face. "Fuck me! Oh, please, Sir! Please, for god's sake, fuck me, Sarge!"

Richter swings his hips back an inch, then plows forward, driving his cock all the way to the balls in David's guts.

Promptly at 0300 hours, there's a sharp rapping on the door.

Richter is checking his appearance in the small shaving mirror that hangs above the rusty sink. "Just a minute," he calls over his shoulder. He finishes knotting his tie, straightens it with a tug, then turns about.

The bed is a shambles. At some point, it actually broke in two. The mattress lies askew in its frame, collapsed on one side with broken slats beneath. The pillows are scattered on the floor. The sweat-stained sheets are rumpled and twisted into knots.

On the floor in front of the bed, David kneels like a Moslem facing Mecca—ass up, feet pressed together, face against the floor, hands cuffed in the small of his back. His buttocks are covered with angry red marks—handprints, belt marks. Deeper welts inflicted by Richter's crop. A white, opalescent fluid streams from his nostrils and the corner of his mouth, forming a pool on the floor. The same liquid oozes from his raw, chafed sphincter, trickling down the insides of his thighs—Richter's semen, leaking from every hole in his body.

A man like Richter can shoot a lot of come in two hours. In two hours a man like Richter can do a lot to a boy like David, especially when the boy is nude and handcuffed and does nothing to resist.

Richter walks to the bed. He ruffles through the sheets and finds the dildo. Without ceremony he bends down and shoves it into David's rectum. The hole is so worn and stretched that the hourglass base of the dildo won't catch; it oozes out of David's ass with a fart and falls to the floor with a thud.

Richter scowls and gives a snort of disgust. He steps behind David and gives him a hard kick in the ass, punching the toe of his boot square against the boy's gaping sphincter. David responds with a whimpering grunt. More semen leaks from his holes.

"So long, sucker. See you at the court-martial."

Richter plucks his cap from the bedstead, straightens it across his brow, opens the door.

The MPs, all three of them, are waiting in the hall. Richter smiles and casually salutes. "The prisoner is all yours, gentlemen."

The MPs salute in return, then file into the room without a word. The one called Smitty closes the door behind them.

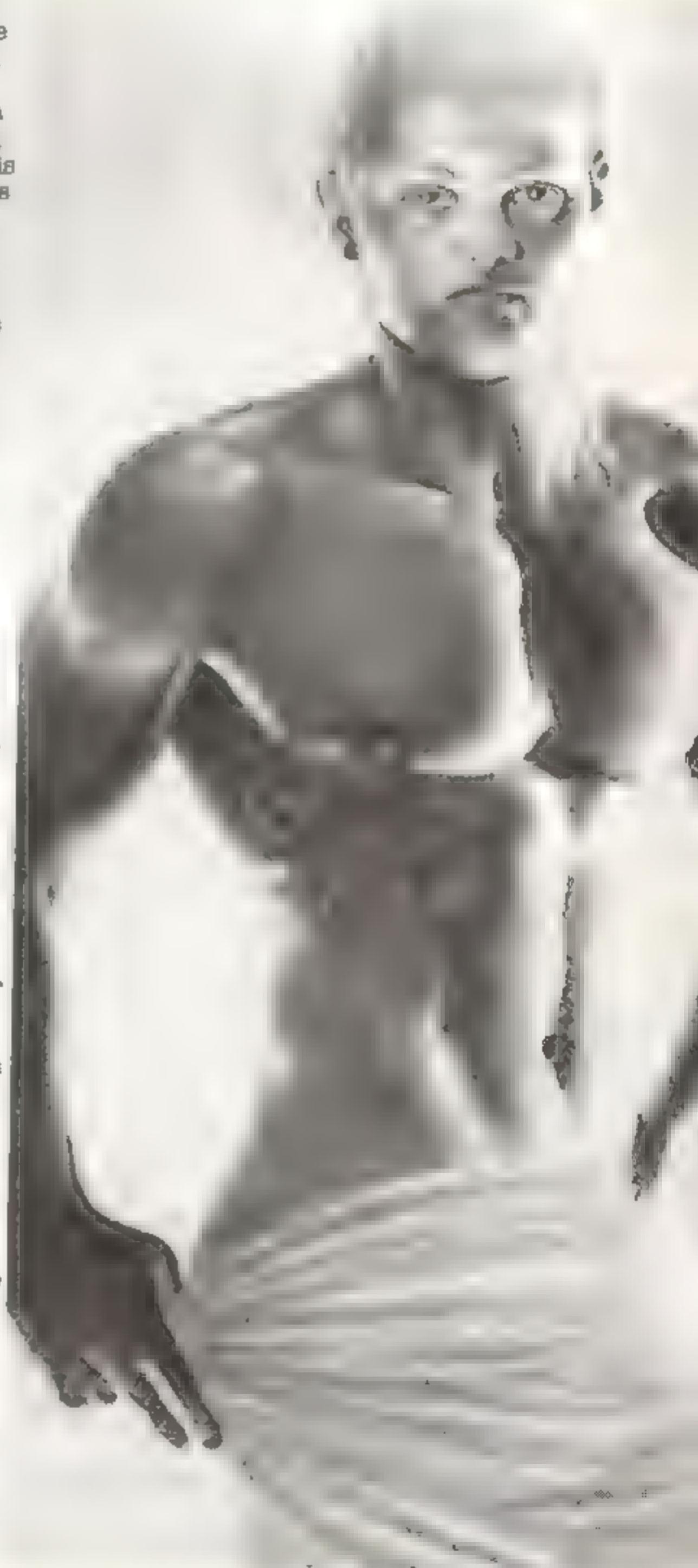
Richter steps toward the elevator, then pauses for a moment and inclines his ear toward the door. From within he can hear sounds of slapping, punching, a hoarse grunt followed by squeals. The sounds cease for a moment, then continue again, louder.

Just as he thought. The MPs are in no hurry. The 0300 cut-off was so they could get their own crack at the prisoner. David probably won't arrive at HQ for another four hours.

Just as well. Richter would have liked having those extra hours for himself. But he's gotten his licks in; let the MPs have their fun. A little reward for a job well done.

Richter steps into the elevator and pulls the grill shut. The cage lurches and begins its descent. Even above the hum of the old motor he can hear David's high, shrill whimper, desperately panting and squawking. *Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me, Sir!*

Or perhaps the voice comes only from his imagination, an echo of sweet memory. □



LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

Here's another one of those "masochist type questions, but maybe you'll be up to answering it. I'm 38 years old, and I've been around the leather scene for most of my adult life. I've got lots of friends who are also into everything I am—but when it comes to sex I'm sort of a loner, i.e., I go out on my own and I don't really discuss my affairs with anyone else. Although I am basically a top, I really dig an occasional workout as a bottom. Nothing unusual in that, I know. However, the guys who turn me on as tops are always smaller than I am—sometimes a lot of puny, sometimes even effeminate—but not the muscle-bound type you read about in the movie type story in fact. I'm really not turned on to this kind of guy as a top—maybe as a bottom, okay if they're tall, even one hand. I've never really discussed these preferences with my friends; mostly I guess because I'm the typical 90% top who doesn't like to admit he swings the other way. Anyway, what would your explanation be for a guy's having tastes like mine?

Anonymous, East Coast

Dear Easterer,

"Everyone to his own taste," said the old lady, as she kissed the cow just as no one can dictate our sexual orientation, neither can conventional wisdom tell us who is going to turn us on. If you are looking for an explanation of why you dig a "lesser man" as your top, my guess would be that you are seeking a degree of humiliation. After all, what could be more humiliating than to submit yourself to a guy who would not be able to subdue you on the basis of relative physical strength? I've seen similar situations where an older man likes to submit to a younger guy (not just because he's pretty); or a wealthy man to street trash; or an intelligent, professional man to an uneducated punk. It's all part of the reverse psychology that underlies SM sex. In this context it is quite normal.

Dear Larry,

I know that the word "sadist" comes from the Marquis de Sade, but where do we get the word "masochist"?

Phil, Houston TX

Dear Phil,

You have obviously not done your homework, as this is explained at some length in both of my *Leathermans Handbooks*. The term is derived from the 19th Century Austrian novelist, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. He wrote such books as *Venus in Furs*, in which he extols the pleasures of submission. Although they deal with heterosexual protagonists in settings much less graphic than we find in contemporary novels, you might still find his works tantalizing. His prose is very elegant, even in translation.

Dear Mr. Townsend,

I have recently read a couple of your novels" and I found them utterly disgusting. You have glorified every form of vice and perversion, without ever considering the disservice you do to the beliefs which form the foundation stones of our civilization. How do you reconcile these vile forms of behavior with our established Christian faith? I'm sure that God, Himself must blush to read such blasphemy.

A Christian, St Louis MO

Dear Christian,

If the bible were set down in contemporary English, I think most people would find it quite sensual. In fact, many seem to get a charge out of it, even as it is usually presented. Be that as it may, my writings—and those of my contemporaries in this genre—are not intended as entertainment for the up-right, constipated bible thumper. Under our constitutional form of government, there is supposed to be a sharp separation between church and state. This means that my writings, or anybody's writings, are supposed to be free of religious restriction. Likewise, no one is constrained to read anything that displeases him. Since you claim to have read "a couple" of my novels, I can't help but wonder why you subjected yourself to the second, having already been appalled by the first. Could it be that some degree of sexual desire has survived your indoctrination in Christian guilt?

Dear Larry,

I have been trying to buy both your original *Leathermans Handbook* and the sequel *Handbook II*. I can't find either in

any local bookstore. Are they still in print?

Gene, Houston, TX

Dear Gene,

Sad to tell, the original *Handbook* (3rd edition) is now completely sold out. I had "cornered the market" on it a couple of years back, and continued selling it until my supplies recently ran out. The sequel is presently out of print and no longer available from the publisher, but a second "AIDS updated" edition is now in galleys and should be released early in 1989.

Dear Larry,

Have you ever heard of a group (religious, I think,) called the Penitentes? If so, can you tell me something about them? Also, I recently read that Ramon Navarro was supposed to have been associated with them, but he was an actor, not a religious type—and gay, no?

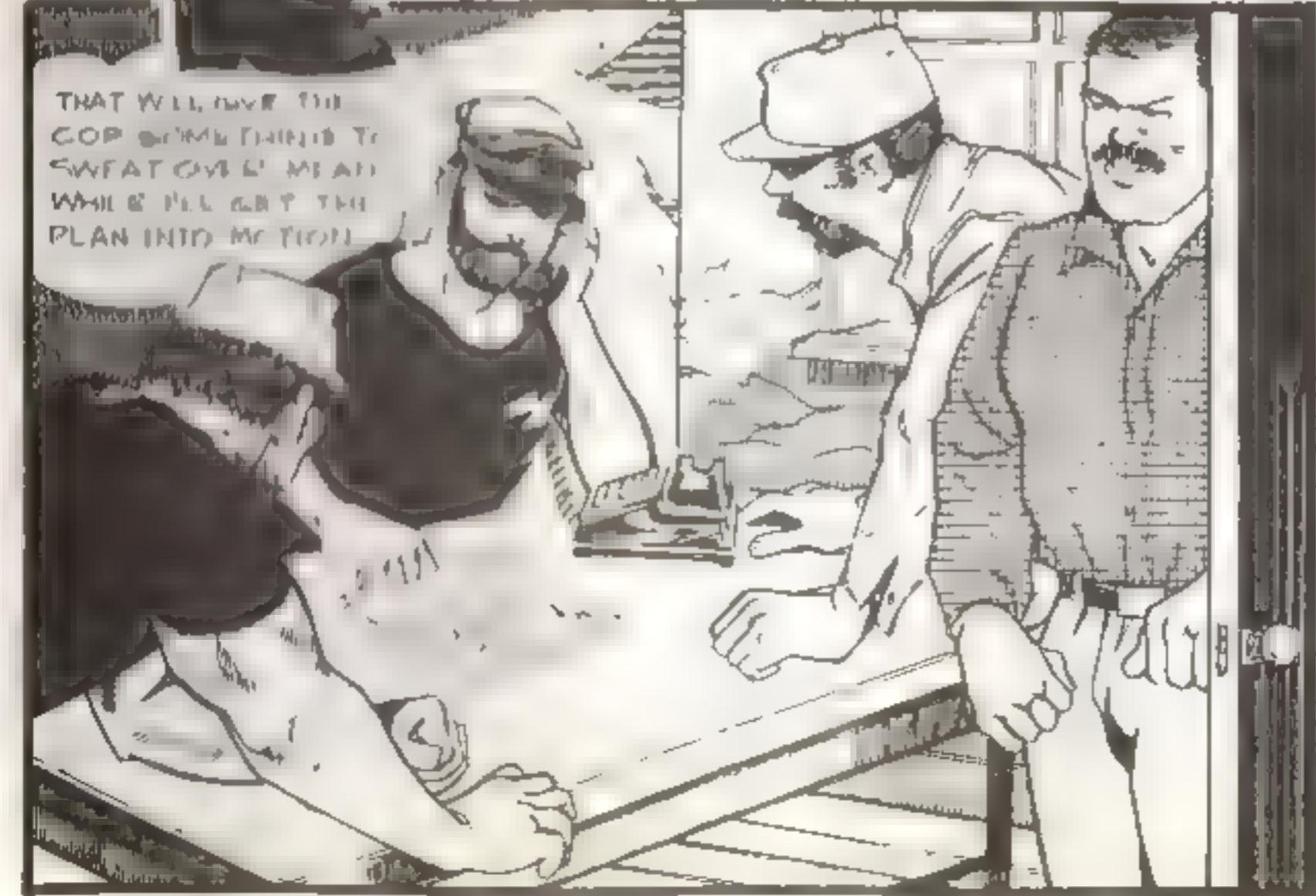
P.R., New Orleans LA

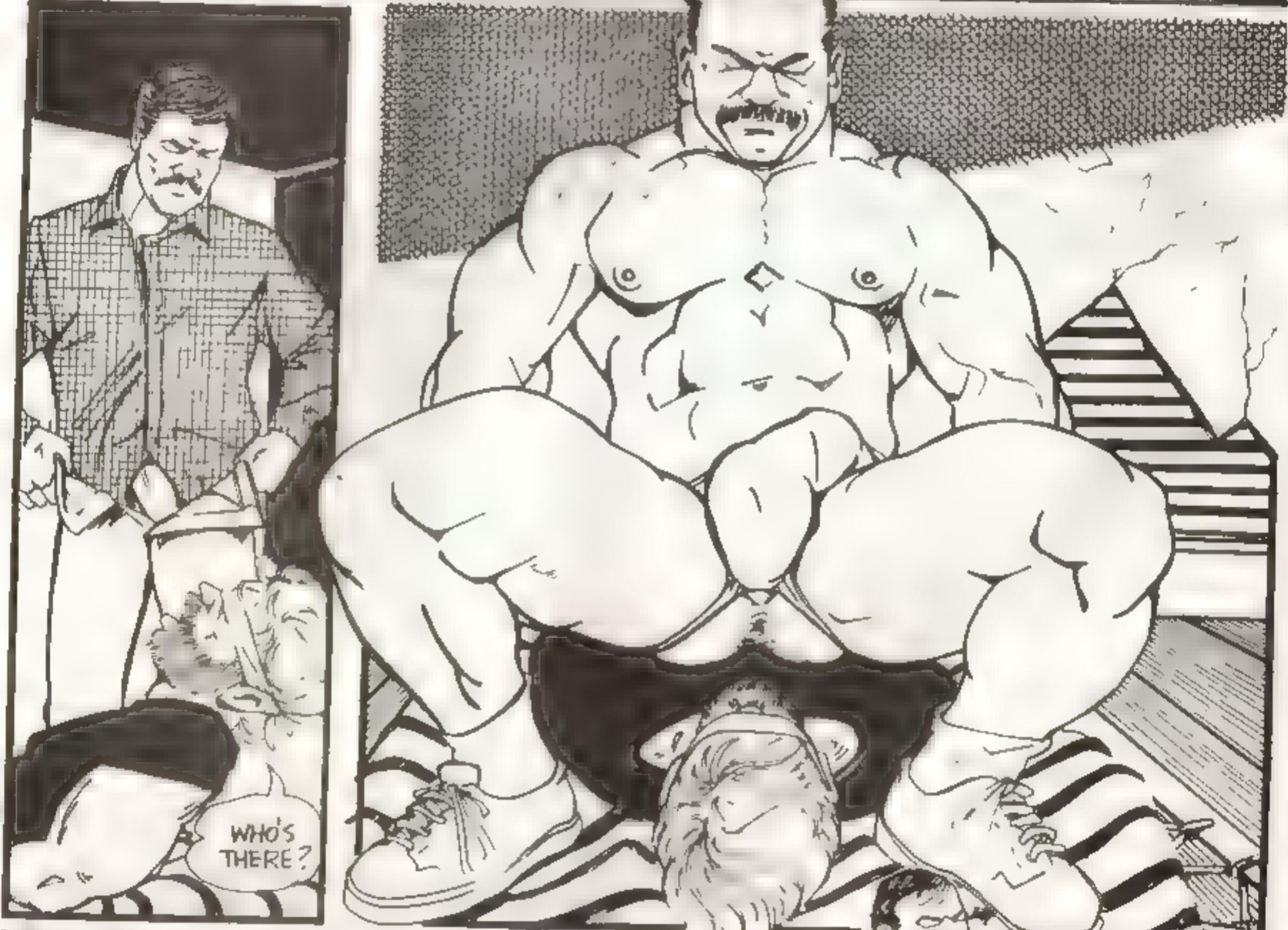
Dear P.R.,

The *Penitentes* are a secret Catholic religious group—not really an "order," as such. A couple of hundred years ago, they had monastic settlements in several places throughout northern Mexico and New Mexico. I know they still have a place on the Rio Puerco, near Albuquerque, but I'm not sure what others remain. There have been many stories told about them since their beliefs led them to "mortification of the flesh" as an act of spiritual purification. The modern day practitioners deny much of this, and it is difficult to know just how much was true. Ramon Navarro may well have been associated with them, since he came from a part of Mexico where they were (then) functioning. After his murder, I was contacted by an investigator who was unable to identify some of the articles found in his bedroom, and I know that some of them were items reportedly used by *Penitentes* to cause wearer discomfort (much as ascetics in middle ages would commonly wear shawls woven from horse hair.)

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101-1314.







TO BE CONTINUED...

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IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine are a communication center for leather people everywhere. And applying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges,

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DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



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Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No Sir! provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And of course you must be 21 or better.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Charge your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There's no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 75¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

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Please make checks payable to DESMODUS, INC.

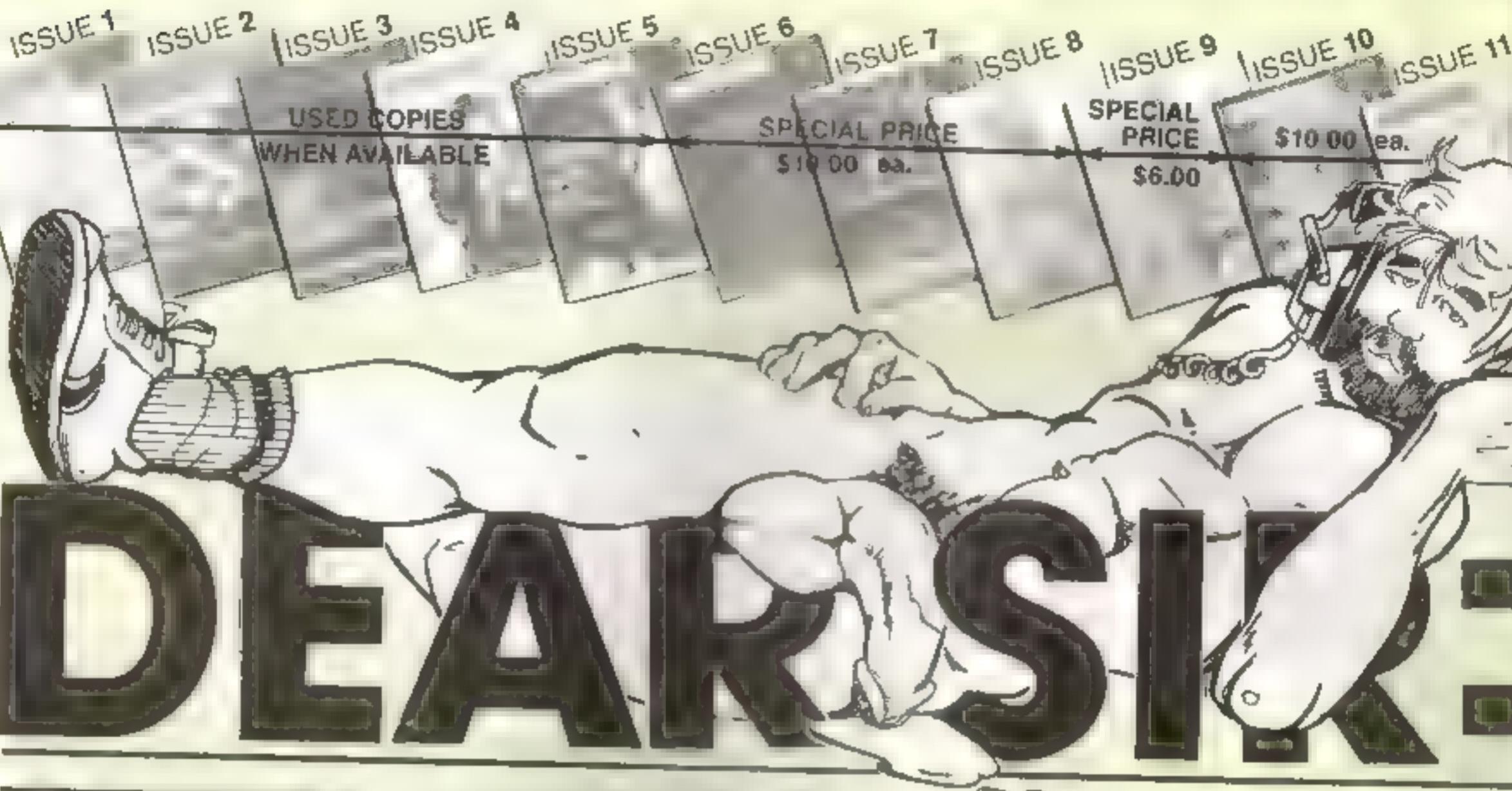
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NATIONWIDE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Aggressive bottom looking for one night of being completely controlled. Bind me gag me make me beg for more. You're in control if you're man enough. Send your photo and detailed letter of intent Box 6692

CREWCUTS, USMC HI & TIGHTS

Flat-top haircutting, or bodyshaving turn you on? Meet others sharing these interests video photos, local parties, newsletter CLIP PERS Box 5877 Santa Monica CA 90405

LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories! Let's lie him down gag him roll his nipples. Ing his butt; tickle him mercilessly then milk his dick for a finale. Straight and bi guys who need cock, control, punk'd. Thugs, cops, military jocks and businessmen Mr. N.P. PO Box 40 36 Berkeley CA 94704 Box 6695LF

BLACK SPANNING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR'

I'm licensed to massage and highly skilled at ass whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides making your bowels explode loads of paydirt So all you naughty business types, laborers jocks etc pick up the phone John (212) 889 5477

MASTER-LOVER

wanted by oriental slave 38 5'1 130lb Dog training Leather rubber B.D. Controlled breathing Catheters Enemas Piercing Medical Safe sex HIV negative Long distance relationship first live-in possible after release from military (602) 343-0384 after 6 pm Box 6848LF

BOARD-STRAP-LIGHTS-ACTION

DC AREA hot guy 5'10" 175 seeks studs into swapping, getting, or giving ass punishment with the frat paddle, razor strop, etc. Can make home videos. Like it work, crotch worship etc. Ass kicking, other rough stuff optional. Box 27082 Washington DC 20038

BOOTS BOOTS - BOOTS!

Do mine or I'll do yours. Lace up varieties especially. 35-170. 5'10" BL GR. Also like B&D. C&BT. VA, lots of leather. Phone JD ok 305-426-8087 ABSOLUTELY NO CALLS AFTER 11 PM EST

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DISABLED?

See Organizations heading

STARVING ARTIST

GWM 23, blond, blue eyes, swimmin g (but) wants to suck your cock until it's dry. Cum & W 5 (602) 886-8052

BLACK MASTER WANTED

HOT, tan W M slave animal 34 5'9" 172 lbs. blond, seeks demanding, innovative master hung Black Master for whippin g, S M / paddles, mirror toys. Will heavy (not French). B.D. just about anything w fantasy action Master may write to Zack PD Box 14630 Phoenix AZ 85075 Letter photo photo instructions, please (116400).

CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot solo lockstraps, body hugging etc., shaving, fantasy trip etc. worship Dad can give or take. Son top bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo phone - At Box 1356 Mid Sq 91a NY NY 0159 Box 670011

Q: What do Max Bear and Roger Rabbit have in common?

A: They're both suitable for framing

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5'10" 160 lbs black hair brown eyes good build and looks, very masculine dynamic stable successful intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well built with gentle stimulating and thrive on dominance submission, send letter with photo to M. PO Box 9395 Scottsdale AZ 85252 Hot 6398F

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters. 28 3t bearded tattooed and pierced seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest, into leather discipline bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submissi sive letter and photo immediately. Box 6377L

MUSCLE LEATHERMAN WANTED

Gay white couple, me 5'8" 155 lbs. brown hair blue eyes, mustache 46 look 35 Nautilus body. Into CBT VA, FF weights, stretching safe sex. Partner 5'9" slim brown curly hair blue eyes, mustache 37 very cute into muscle body worship. Your picture gets ours. JDR 107 Wood Hill Trail Augusta GA 30909

LEATHERMAN WANTED

Leatherdad 56, 5'9" 170lb gray hair full gray beard glasses motorcycle man into display fucking. WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfill client has life partner needs bright, hard working son servant 21-45+, to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family. Let Box 11265 SLC, UT 84151-1265 Box 4733J

LOVER MASTER WANTED

GWM 30 6'2" 175 lbs. well built successful educated owns business. seeks tall healthy hung, in-shape, protective and caring Master Dad 32-40 for lifetime and business. either I seek a man who is easy going, easy financially independent open to new business ventures. travel I can and will relocate Letter and photo to Box 6703LF

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-bulshit relationship. Me unusual WM. 37 5'11" 175 lbs dark moustache and beard. Taller, masculine, muscular, hairy, successful confident in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark 227 N Federal Highway Dania, FL 33004

WICCAN MASTER AND HIS SLAVE

are interested in networking with similar minded men. Absolutely no Satanists. Please also wants to locate man to do quality processing of 35mm b w & or color film. Write Panman, PO Box 80053, Minneapolis MN 55408

SLAVE

6'1 200 lbs. goodlooking, brown hair brown eyes 38 years old, a novice looking to become a slave to Master(s) in a long-term relationship. This slave looking for total worship and feeling of belonging to his Master(s). Can relocate myself. Will answer all mail. Last request before ownership is Master(s), to be 40 or under years old. This slave is ready, are you? Uni 6786

U.S. MUSCLE-EUROPE

See West Germany section

JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed to men into leather, bondage toys etc. Send a SASE to PO Box 9221 Stockton, CA 95208-9221. For fallen angels 21 and over

NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS

for Life Partner by successful professional. GWM 40, 6'2" 230lb black hair beard mustache, hazel eyes, 8+ cul, tattooed, pierced Harley rider, non-smoker. Looking for a MAN who would be proud to stand beside me. For details, write DPR, PO Box 572 Worthington, OH 43085-0572 Box LF6440

COUPLE SOUGHT

By lean, dark Mexican bottom 32. Seek to develop, contribute to working, trusty, hear by, open. Sexual relationship in love, in sex fun. Responsible fun (sometimes partying hard), and stable partners/buddies. 21-40, desiring third mate committed to contributing, and serving everything moderately, please write. Will relocate Box 6705LF

COMPETITIVE TYPE BBs

Opportunity for real beefy BB who needs a master to transcend routine for fun her muscle gain and discipline. Letter with photo to GBL, B P 13809 F 75422 Paris, Cedex 09 France

UNIQUE UNIFORMS

WWII sheepskin flight jackets & pants. American or RAF, Yukon jackcoats, Canadian hunting jackets, full leather turn on this over 6' 190 lb blue eyed early 50's to all bottom who needs a top-daddy master into "unique uniforms" to work him over with heavy ill (fetish, FF, bondage, dildos, B&D, CBT (no French). All ages, races welcome to reply picture if possible. PO Box 476842 Chicago IL 60647

LEATHER NAZI

38, 5'8" seeks same or redneck cop-type Heavy-duty Nazi conversation. Fucking around relationship. Gott Hewell, POB 272364 Concord, CA 94527

LEATHER TOP

Seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and oral submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year old BB. 5'8" 165 lbs. Top LF4883

MASCULINE BOY

Stable W M bottom 30 handsome 5'9" 150 seeks strong secure top for cock worship, ass play, forced celibacy, infantilism, fantasy. I'm more than a one-dimensional man, you are too. Non-smoker, no drugs. Rich Box 268 606 W Barry, Chicago IL 60657



HOT AND KINKY BODYBUILDER

38 W M hairy and healthy BB has a big hairy hole for an aggressive man. Truckers, cops leathermen serviced to your specifications. Gloved paws a real turn on. No scat or speeders. J.B. PO Box 410034. San Franisco CA 94141

FACESITTING

Safe No scat Top or Bottom. Letter Photo to PO Box 204 Station F Toronto Ontario Canada M4Y 2E5

FF CUNT WANT FF TOP

o give doublewide deep penetration. Interns nipple cum lip enlargement. Head against the ases utilized. Carry (303) 832-3000 or write PD Box 8020 Denver CO 80201

COCK SLAVE

Passing through and east. Many 3-0 hours. J.W. If you're serious about having your cock and balls tortured and fucked by a big throat gookucker call Hammer (207) 338-422

COPS ONLY

You project yourself W M 27, non-smoker. Mail by discrete No photos or bulletins. Photo appreciated. Return to G. 10001 Box 204 Hwy 11 Napanee ON L4L 1A1

BOTTOM DADN'T CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy top needs other bottom for a good physical mutual pleasure. Must be fit shape that other is able to submit to be controlled by father of 4 years into spending, defining, getting fucked great and come to play. Want a long term relationship with dad. Proud to be a boy's bottom! Call now 11-2-682-4558 after 6 PM. No tape or no

GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? If you're hot chick open. Hot kinky guys. Strength starts slow. His Africa

DAD SUCKER & BONER

Desperately W M 30-50 yrs old. and provide opportunity for top down. willing to do it for submission sex. Please free item in your own place. G.W. PO Box 372 Madison KS. K 66202

15 YRS AVT

for a 15 year old boy. Training, safety. Mail to 1510 7th Street

91 AVE BODY

A healthy looking fit top to train the proper moves. Photo ok possible. San Diego. Mark 619-284-0111

WRESTLER WANTED

Wrestler. If you think you've got what it takes drop a line and photo. Box 6818

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy 38-41 180 lbs trim hair. Masculine dad who enjoys reliable seeks submissive professional retired dad over 55 for lifelong relationship. Leather is great, so are business suits. Want to worship Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered. Will relocate. Photo a must. Box 6308LF

GENTLE MASTER

His left. slender bald. glasses, educated. Seeks thin, quailty type live-in slave capable of obedience giving and receiving love in Los Angeles. Send detailed letter photo, and return now to Box LF 6309. All applications & answers. Box 6109LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week-weekend training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out age her to get there. Master is 36 5'11" 710 lbs. blue blond, demanding—whether. Leans, boots, whips, bondage, pain, vice, torturing and servitude. Hank. (612) 476-1163 (LF6452)

ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

18 looking for WM bottoms. other hot tops for last dash to heavy encounters. Big brawny hand G-MC cop BB pro-wrestlers. Football plus a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the fags. Send photo phone Oct., PO Box 141 Henderson NV 89009

CORIACEOUS

Impatient, academic quiet, peripheral to me and the scene, generally openminded. Not leatherman. Late 30s Boston, MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

In shape 5'11", 175 lbs, 42" c, 31 w, size 10 cut and attitude seeks same—any age or race. for mutual physique tribute by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So get it off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man. Box 627DLF

MONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE

Need ticklish guys (tops and bottoms) for bantering, pleading, hysterical laughter. Box 616

LEATHER OFFICERS/BIKERS

Leather Topman seeks serious and submissive helmen for SM tit workouts strict and heavy bondage. Patrol Boot service and leatherworkship imposed PA, OH NYC NY DC ONT Box 6803

SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome experienced, muscular him well built 5'6"-6'1", 150. seeks slave—over permanent, temporary weekend who is trim, under 35. well built station accepted but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195 New Hope, PA 18938 (LF6453)

LEATHERED BOOTTED MASTER

Tall tough top needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man. Box 6523

I SUBMIT

Top like body slave mind. I need to be shackled trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control; secondary interests leather, VA, CBTE, bondage, body-punching. One-nighters OK prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave dog, punching bag, your desire. Me: 6'2" 190-35 You: 25-45. Facial hair: non-fat or fern. Texas Box 6896LF

HORNY PHOTO FREAK

gets his nuts off on your dirty photos. Anything goes, the raunchier the better. Solos duos gangs, cum shots, piss, you name it. Let's swap and get it on. Box 2251, SF 94126

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W.M. 42 5'9", 150 lbs, bearded, pierced. seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain, torture, verbal humiliation, heavy G ball pulling, twisting, pinching, stretching, vacuum pumping. Beer drinkers, safe launch, spit, W.S., etc. Safe Sex, Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write anytime Karl, 836 Wheeler St. Woodstock IL 60098 (815) 338-9137 (LF6608)

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old 6'2" 195 blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy, houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25 intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF

WALT WHITMAN TYPE

DRUMMER DADDY

(artist) awaits volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings. 25-55. Some bondage sale, physical intimacy. Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or long-term relationship possible. Serious-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47 8 175lbs employed tall, dark, and GO handsome. Homosexuals only. Box 627DLF

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive 57 year-old, 5'11", 172 lbs, silver moustache, 7 uncurl. seeks 18 to 36 to 59 masculine boyish horny jock ass stud commanding body worship rimming. Watersports. This hot bull Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ass beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking. Call (415) 929-7124 (LF6242)

LEATHER CROTCH/HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Dude needs a Hungry crotch-cannibal. My leather cock is screaming to be sucked into your leather-head. Reveal yourself my brother as a Sexual Beast/Leather Brat. Obsessed with Lust Plug into power flowing from my throbbing Harley engine under our 2 Hard-On leather crotches. Yeah, fucking the machine. Fucking you! I'm hunting for Part Time sex-slaves leading to uncomplicated, but serious meetings. You are bottom, masochist, submissive. You're younger firm bod, healthy and workwise self-sufficient. I am 50+ tall, firm bod, healthy, bearded leathered, rubbered. In Top Sadist Master obsessed w/FETISH-SEX in codpiece leather pants, hoods, high boots, and indulge in Black-Rubber! Those are my DRUGS and fucking Obsessions. I'll rush our sensas with Devil-Gas for a Rebel-Mass. And will drill my thick cock into your hooded head! I live in SF. No need for "medical students" (no tubes, piercing or enemas on premises). "Live-In" NOT available. You are malleable. I'm not. Apply w photo to: WIZARD PO Box 640033 San Francisco 94164-0033. (6897LF)

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

32, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile. seeks buddies into leather. Levis, boots, uniforms, S&M, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch Photo to Bindwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago (LF6608)

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

G.W.M. 27, 5'11", 140, black hazel eyes. muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into dominant and physical control. need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into groveling Slave animal thru severe torture discipline use and abuse. Box 6239LF

Q: Who the hell is Max Bear, anyway?

A: He's big and hairy and he's cumming to glitch!

LEATHER/RUBBER/RAUNCH

Two bearded, booted, hung leather/rubber studs into cigars, piss, scat, aroma seek of hot, raunchy men under 40 with skin interests. Upper Midwest; some US/Euro travel. Box 6748

SHIT FREAK

Looking for a fellow shit-eater and dirty smeller for monogamous living together relationship. Let's keep our noses up each other's shiny assholes and eat each other's shit. You're as turned on by shit and raunch as we are ready for a one-to-one relationship. We're committed to staying healthy, let's get acquainted. NYC relocation necessary. Am 165 average build, masculine. Box 6800.

BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in bondage hood, oil jocks, biking, soft weights, rigid service, shaving, G&B, work tube. (312) 274-5478 Box 6260LF

LEATHER BUDDY

G.W.M. 45 5'8" 145. Br Hair, Blue Eyes, loves wearing black leather. Looking young white male with dark hair and tan hair in shape who loves to wear black leather all the time. Looking for permanent relationship. Write ED, PO Box 192 Three Bridges 68887 (LF6899)

COUPLE SEEK BUTCH BOTTOM

Hot hairy masculine Sir and his boy looking butch masculine bottom with good attitude, the right place. Must be in shape, healthy, willing to take orders. Sir-boy both handsome 210 lbs., 185 lbs. good hunky built, well-hung. Novices welcomed, will train. Respond w photo. Boxholder PO Box 1572 Paramount CA 90723

MACULINE, MUSCULAR

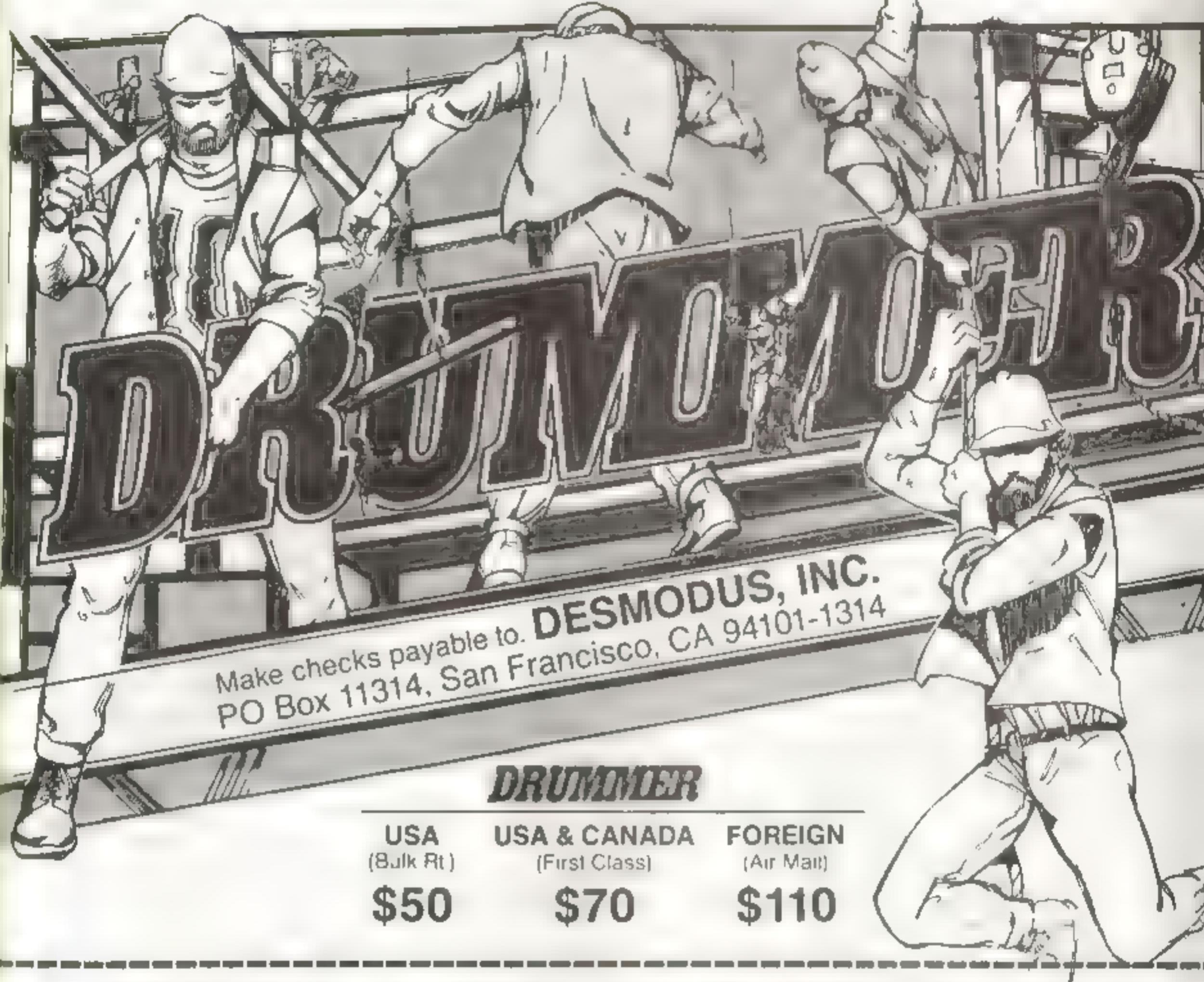
G.W.M. 41, 5'9" 155, hairy chest, bald un-cur, hung & versatile. Must like nipples, work & have a nice hard round receptive body. Kiss & cuddle a plus. A photo would be nice which I shall return. Thanks. Kent. Box 6800

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY BOY

Shy, passive boy kid next door (31, 5'9" lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and mustache) seeks top muscular dad, big brother (30+) that can guide both in brains (mentor), brown (BB). Enjoy rough sex and into leather uniform, and western fantasies. Box 6239 or call (303) 237-5515

100% TOILET BOTTOM

Men living, visiting, or passing thru Seattle. I'd be honored to be used as your toilet. Jimbo, bootwiper boy. Singles, groups welcome. Age looks not relevant. Mutual bitch freak OK—tall 6'2" brn/blu stash, 200 lbs, 37 yrs. Anxious to feed Sir(s). Write: Box 6840LF



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MASOCHIST SLAVE

SIR WM 34, 5'10" 165 lbs needs to suffer pain torture & to provide for all toilet service for Master slave needs bondage, piercing hair removal whipping, permanent marking listing, dildoes, CBT & training in ass worship & total obedience please give this wretched piece of shit a chance SIR Box 6839LF

300# GWM SADIST MASTER 40

Any age, race, looks but slim skinny or muscular build Long sessions 2 or 3 times daily Relationship possible Send photo with shirt off for inspection along with letter of limits and other details Mr. Jones P.O. Box 33335 Coon Rapids Minnesota 55448

READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative master rugged attractive male 30 yrs, offers men slaves under 45 without training in erotic facility W/M you have never read or fantasized about be my baby Descriptive let me receive your application Become exceptional baby slave and for all Tom. Box 28852 St Louis MO 63121 40 5760LF

HUNKY FOOT MAN

Tall broad weight 180 lbs, 5'10" 168 lbs into Folsom gymnasium for all activities etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. orders training leather belt strength discipline Box 3338L

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch baby & hot willing male cunt pussy desires harsh man handling to make me gasp with pleasure pain Command this whore on perverted ways to service you Shaved gash twat with cicles your dock or fist with lubricated lubricated lips Write kinky intentions your picture gets mine Box 6376LF

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy hot, young, virile stud 5'10" 180 lbs. I want to be dominated and must respond with a photo to prove it or forget it Box 6126

HOT TOP SAN DIEGO

Exceptional hairy WM 33, 5'10" 180; great physique. In shape mind and body in hot masculine bottom. Mild domination sex scenes Not interested in cock suckers. Send photo, details and address to Occupant P.O. Box 16532 San Diego CA 92116 (Box 6836LF)

HOT COPS UNIFORMS

Exceptional police phot 34, 5'11" 168 lbs & cut thick with straight CHP LAPD uniforms animal men Worship my tool, zipper hourly Photo photo Box 6852

NYC CAN TRAVEL

WM. 35, 205 6'1" beard, husky attractive seeks younger, verbal, in-shape man into using piss to degrade and dominate some homo turning his mouth into your oral and him into your on-call pet cocksucker foot licker asslicker, serving boy No whimp queens, pigs, drunks, fags. Send details, pic Box 6224-LF

LONGJOHN-UNIONSUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits longjohns and underwear 39-51" 175 lbs into most underwear uniform scenes Humiliation discipline and bondage also in underwear Write Jay Box 179, 608 WBarry, Chicago, IL

CONTROL EQUALS RESPECT

If you can't control me I can't respect you Man, 40 needs a physically tough top who won't tolerate my usual bullshit Command my respect, force my obedience earn my trust and you determine my limits. Write 1530 locust, R22 Philadelphia PA 19102 if you can handle this challenge

WHERE IS MY PIMP?

This white boy needs you Sir Please write Box 6886

DOWN UNDER LEATHERMAN

Hot Australian male, 33, 6'2", 180 lbs. Lives in country beach-house with well equipped Dungeon in Sydney, invites other Top-Men (USA only) to try to dominate this master of bondage shaving, and heavy SM. To broaden his experiences, by written fantasy, photos phone or in person. (Macintosh user, Box 6732-LF (International Postage required

RANCH-FARM SLAVE FOR HIRE

5'2", 185 lbs, youthful goodlooking masculine Navy vet, no vices disease free sensible intelligent, middle-aged horse farm experience, can operate tractors, trucks, etc. You owner of sizable operating ranch/farm wanting hot hunk for physical labor slave training and discrete lasting relationship. Modest pay required Box 66 6-LF

HOT-READY TO PLEASE, SIR!

Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leatherman. Slap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole Cops—Military—Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir! Write Box 6624-LF Hot talk call Rob anytime 312-472-5664

CHEESE CADET

30 5'6" 135, blond, 6' cul seeks cutouts only 30 plus. Vanilla to extreme kink. Southern Connecticut Box 8877

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HANDSOME BITCH LEATHERGOD
Heavy duty Nordic bodybuilder Top stud
pecs, hung pierced pussy ripper throbbing
manhole enlarger encased w/ bulging cod
piece tan shaved for exhibition My ripped
manhandler body needs a mature well
positioned hungry fuckmouth, pissace boot
licker muscleslave, pigman to suck worship
vice. Tough hard action. letter phone photo
required Box 6835LF

SLINGS AND TOYS

Bondage, fistis and sweaty jockstraps is what
turns on this 23 year old leatherman I'm 5'7'
170 pounds, black brown and a moustache
Reply to Box 6847LF

or party times. Several gathering every month
Write 2nd floor 187 Christopher St. New York
NY 10014 We carry on in Moeshaft tradition

EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER
who is also bottom into FF dildos & leather
would like to hear from any other AFA NCS or
bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge &
limits Washington state Box 6116LF

Q: What does Max Bear need
to make him happy?

SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE
WM 40 5'11" 195 bin hair and eyes, seeks
others for mutual pain and pleasure S&M
P&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, ene-
mas, hood, gags, toys, aroma, smoke turn
you on??? Primarily bottom but have had
training and can switch for the right person if
that's what you want! Let's trade photos
and phone numbers All letters acknowledged
Get your leather ready!! Box 5514LF

HARD MUSCLED FARMER

This middle aged farmer is looking for an
opposite aggressive partner into motorcycles
leathers, boots, tight tucks, muscles, hard
work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits and R/C,
bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life.
My specs Scandinavian hard physique, HIV
negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 37
Riner VA 24149

RUBBER RAUNCH CIGARS

Cigar smoking, footmouthing rubber raunch
pig WM 43 5'10" 160 beard uncult marks
other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in
the Boston MA area. Uninhibited raunch
including piss shit fun drugs booze leather
uniforms lots of smoke & rubber CBT T
enemas castration Satanism etc Box
6438LF

A: Only the bear necessities of life

DAD SEEKS SON

40 yr old into BB seeks son to coach in daily
workouts and wrestling training with some
bondage and leather sex. Good home and lots
of training & discipline to right young man. Will
help you reach your full potential physically
mentally and sexually. Write w. photo, phone
to Box 6832LF

MOTORCYCLE-MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are into
motorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots
and equipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy
scenes. You should be into boots, leather
uniforms, bondage and cop workovers. Need
info on how to get genuine police motorcycle
helmets. Box 8204 Richmond, VA 23226
(LE6366)

BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eat wood daddy, 42 mean and hung, audi-
tions healthy, obedient slaveboy BB, 18-30
anxious to please and train for BB competition
for daddy's pleasure and public display. If not
unison he will be shaved. Send interesting
photo and imaginative letter of application
Box 6348LF

PROPERTY

Trained male houseboy body servant 5'11"
160 secure healthy, rarely used for SM. Would
be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose
interests would include total men at physical
domination and complete retraining resulting
in a piece of exemplary slave property existing
solely for its MASTER'S pleasure. Well-being
and lifestyle Box 6369LF

CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER

Looking for one special man to build life
together I'm honest, hardworking, responsi-
ble, strong, successful, understanding, mascu-
line, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder
Background College, Air Force, construction
crane/heavy equipment operator, trucking
Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being
outdoors, raising/training horses/dogs wear
leather good friends Box 6550LF

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MR. GOLDEN BEAR CONTEST (CA
STATE FAIR), 70 min

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COP WRESTLING 2, 90 min.
COP POWERLIFTING: DAY 1, 90
min
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110 min
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min
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laws prohibit. (2755 Blucher 95472) FREE BROCHURES!

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80 min

BIG UNCUT 9" BLACK DICK BLACK, 6'1", 265#, 21" Arms, 80 min
UNCUT 9" MUSCLE MECHANIC MIKE WELDER, Foreskin Action, 80
min

THRASHER: KILLER MUSCLE PUMP & VA (Uncut w/cigar), 80 min.
UNCUT 8" TATTOOED PRO-WRESTLER CHRIS COLT, seen on TV,
75 min

DRUMMER-COVERMAN CHRIS BURNS KARATEKOCK WARRIOR,
75 min.

BLOND BB BOMBER SONNY BUTTS IN MUSCLE HEAT, 60 min

BB SONNY BUTTS IN 9" MUSCLE HARDON (LAPD & LEATHER),
75 min

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TRAINING & GUIDANCE

First the blue hankie right then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right lit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling. Is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant MO 63033.

HOT TIED DADDY KNOWS HIS PLACE

Tonguelashing the dicks, balls & asses of the bikers & studs lined up to sit on his face. Then tight hole hotlubed & spread for vibration en masse, as their condom-capped cocks gang bang his ass. Now cum-drenched in disgrace as rubbers and rods unpaid on his face. Bob Miami (305) 274-4773 after midnight.

TOP BLACK MAN WANTED

Goodlooking, masculine white bottom from Australia. tall fair medium build 35 mos. tache, uncil, tight hole. Looking for top Black man, bearded or moustache, into anything. These pages let's exchange hot letters and photos and meet later. (40¢ postage required) Write to Box 6853.

LARGE MASSIVE HANDS

With thick hairy fingers wanted by masculine WM 6'2" 190W 35 hung big nuts, hairy legs good build healthy bearded. Implicated looking equal same for mutual display, punch fucking, hole expansion. Open to sincere mutual relationship. Check me out for quality. Box 6855.

SPANK MY ASS

Goodlooking, 29, 5'11", 190 weight goodlooking big guys to 35 into spanking. TT, leaf, boot and armpit licking. Sweaty workouts, wrinkled nude. Send pic. Box 6856.

BOY NEEDS FINANCIAL HELP

Grad student in Rochester New York. 6'2" 180W, blond, hazel, hairy, 20 seeks Daddy Master for fun and mutual profit. Box 6871.

SON SLAVE WANTED

To serve Master/Daddy 6'170W 45 HIV Neg. Daddy offers love discipline SM BD WS commitment. Son is 18-30 slim smooth loving, submissive, excellent cocktucker needs to serve and be OWNED. Relocate San Diego. Serious slaves call (619) 224-1708 or send application letter with photo to Box 6877.

MASTER WANTED

To control/own so this GWM is never again free. Wants & needs to be collared/slaved hooded/shackled by monogamous Master for complete & total servitude/devotion. Box 6884.

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES FOR BOSTON MUSCLE BOY STABLE

Master: 36, tall, well built construction worker, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated. Seeks slaves: 18-30, smooth, hard, well defined bodies. Swimmers, gymnasts, body builders, needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college rocks a plus. I will develop your mind and mold your body to perfection. I am a protective and caring Master. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience and superior physiques. Work school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant. Physique photos, letter with biographical information, fantasies, qualifications. Telephone to Master Suite 296, 105 Charles St, Boston MA 02114 (617) 437-1821 (LF5304).

HOT AND VERSATILE

Well built GWM 6'2" 175 lbs. working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather Levi, S/M, heavy Assbeating, Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities to PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter, phone and photo Box 6829LF.

PETERBILT AT LARGE

Harry and horny trucker seeks good buddies for same man-to-man action and a warm bed. I drive Interstates 5 thru 95, north, south and all places inbetween. I like greasy levs, leather boots, horses, bikes, trains, trucks and the men who ride them. I like to pitch and catch. If you can help a trucker unload, please send me your phone number and the best time to call. Got a photo? Got a buddy? All are welcome. Write to Reb'l, PO Box 64094, Sunnyvale, CA 94088-4094.

SLAVEBOYS FOR DADDY'S NEEDS

Stripped naked & lubed & down on their knees. Holes milking Dad's condom-capped dick with the greatest of ease. Tonguelashing Dad's every square inch, ass & tits, rosy from each smack prod & pinch. HIV kids are ok, cause it's safe games we play. Bob, Miami, (305) 274-4773 after midnight.

YOUNG, HUNKY SLAVEDOGS

wanted by two safesex Masters to worship their masculine bodies. Earn that privilege with heavy VA, spankings, TT, CB/T. Be a real slave to us individually or together in hot threesomes. Photo essential with respectful pld. to serve Master George (52, 6'2", 190, NJ), Master Jim (42, 6'185, PA). Box 6879.

FAT WRESTLING VILLAIN

GWM 39, 5'5", 200, clean-shaven, hairy chest & gut, w/c challenges you to sweat out your hottest, darkest combat fantasies in my midtown Manhattan studio. No "real" wrestling, but our bout can be as fun, erotic, "brutal" as you desire. Costumes, nude, oil, lts, SS, w/o. You under 50, masculine, hot body, hotter mind. Ph. ph to 1J, Box 112, Executive Suite 330 West 42nd Street, NYC NY 10036. Where's "Havay"? The Granada Marine?

MANHOLE SPECIALIST

Long beach, FF Top, white, 47, good-looking, 5'9", 155 lbs, brown, blue, moustache, seeks white 21-40, good-looking, masculine, in-shape, FF Bottom, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FF Bottoms Nationwide PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call 213) 438-0817. Married & bisex also welcome to apply.

BRUTAL MASTERS

Slave is looking for very heavy scenes with one or several Masters. Bondage, torture, heavy flogging, hoods, electrotorture, immobilization, piss, cigarettes. Pig slave is 29 and likes to be punched and kicked by both blacks and whites. Box 6492LF (International Postage required).

HAIRY BEARDED MAN

In transition from top to bottom seeks nationwide contacts with Masters who can handle a strong cocky guy needing domination. I'm masculine, 6'3", 200 lbs, and prefer macho hairy non-smokers into VA, leather, humiliation, bondage spit. Also like blue collar guys and short, built daddies. Safe sex only. Box 6246LF.



HEY ARE YOU "FUNNY"?

If you love to suck cock and write comedy material we'll travel. Box 6887

YOU ARE SPECIAL & UNIQUE

a for real. Idiot-life sexslave-houseboy smooth & trim. young any age & healthy sensual & sexy. true to yourself & others totally committed & dedicated to serving. servicing & loving me 8½ years monogamous Masters. 40 6'2" 170 and 5'7" 6'10" 165. Masters Dick & Bill 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222 yes. boy here is a tomorrow. It's today. Box 6702LF

MASTER

Handsome muscular trim well-built. 48 5'9" 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim under 45. well-built. All scenes, into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF WS, scat C&BT hot wax electrofeture, piercing B&D branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

ALABAMA

LEATHER BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44 5'8" 165. seeks men into leather bondage rubber light-medium SM, CBT TT WS and rough Versatile Healthy sex only. Huntsville, AL. Send detailed information, photo, phone Box 6430LF

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BODYBUILDER TOP

W M 5'11" 46 c, 34 w, 17 a, 24. Thighs mousache, bald oversexed into tight S&M some bondage, light torture, face-fucking, fucking, rimming, hot sweaty action! Interests animal workouts, Sci-Fi movies, ethnic foods. You VERSATILE non-pushy, moustache, 30-trim. PO Box 5233 San Francisco CA 94101 No drugs, FFA. Relationship possible.

BONDAGE SLAVE

No long term bondage confinement sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment into the severest tightest most inescapable prolonged leather bondage. Plan to move to San Francisco in May 1989. I'm 45, 5'11" 175 lbs. Box 6786

SLAVE NEEDS TO BE TRAINED

And disciplined by Master Daddy. Slave craves physical and verbal abuse. Wants Master to share slave with his friends. My pleasure is bondage, boots, restraints, F/F fit and butt work, collars, leather gangbang, S/M watersports, toys, humiliation, getting fucked, paddled, spankings, chains & servicing my Master. I am young black male 5'10" 145 lbs 8 in cut Black hair and mustache, brown eyes. Send photo, phone & letter to Box 6676LF

WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35 5'10" 140 lbs. bi-bl. smooth. Primarily relationship-oriented. Enjoy collars, CBT TT, boot leather service. Looking for educated, stable man to serve—hopefully on a long-term basis. SF Photo appreciated, all answered. Box 6679LF

BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types. Black bears or polar (white) bears. Big tall hairy bears with thick fat long dicks. Bellies are but not a must. I'm 5'10" brown hair and eyes average build and not into SM just good old fashioned roll in the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

Q: How is Max Bear different from his fellow bears?
A: Max is the one in the jockstrap

HOT SLIM MUSCULAR BOTTOM

6'3" 170# muscular masculine dark hair (crewcut), dark eyes, handsome as military into prolonged Ass Play (FFA). Dildos (11 CBI) Hard dicks! Leather is big turn-on (better than being naked). Want to experience B/D hooded, hot dreams with hot trim, muscular loving. Top men with hot hands and big dongs. PO Box 14574 San Francisco CA 94114 0574 or Box 6631LF

TOILET PIG NEEDS ASSIST

Hol. handsome shit-eater 37 5'7" 145 seeks slim 18 to 45. Force me to smell, worship, smear your turds, eat my own dump by whipping, torture, humiliation. Also into piss cheese, dirty jocks and briefs, body odor, smelly feet. Reply with photo. Box 221005 Sacramento CA 95822

HOT SLAVE

Muscular GWM 36 6'100 needs obnoxious arrogant jock, punk preppie to administer humiliation, training, abuse mind trips into servitude, feet sweat, head trips. Walk out your nastiest fantasies on a hot dude. PO Box 421207 San Francisco CA 94147

HOUSEBOY SLAVE LIVE IN

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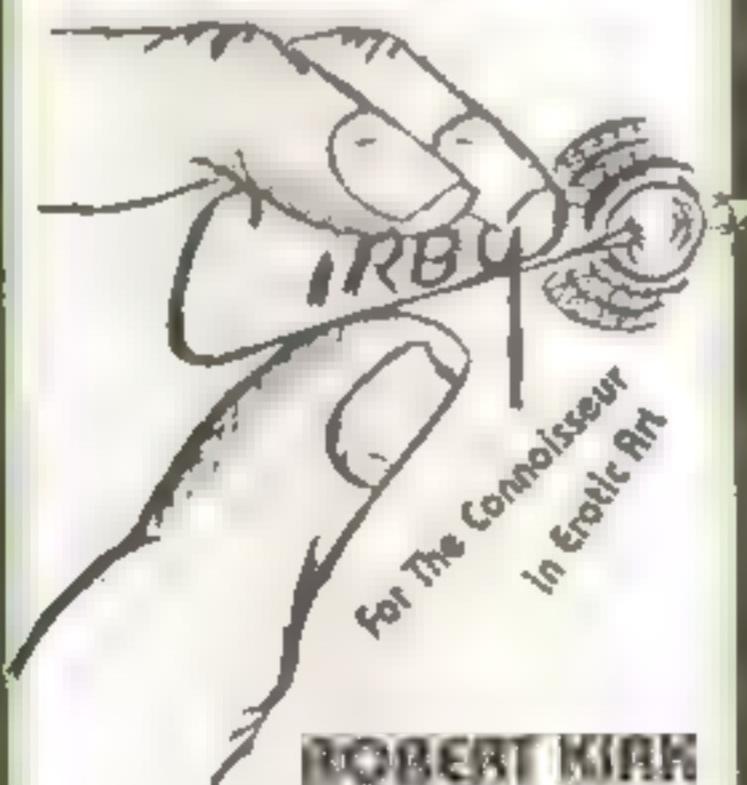
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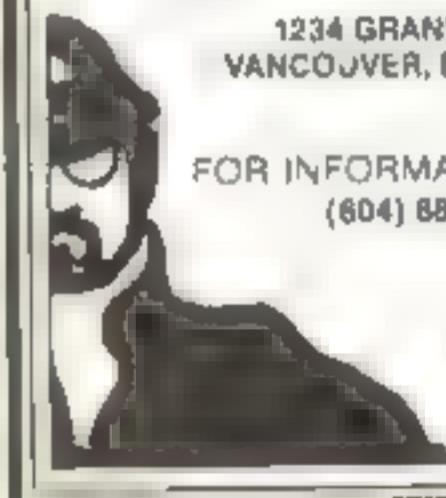
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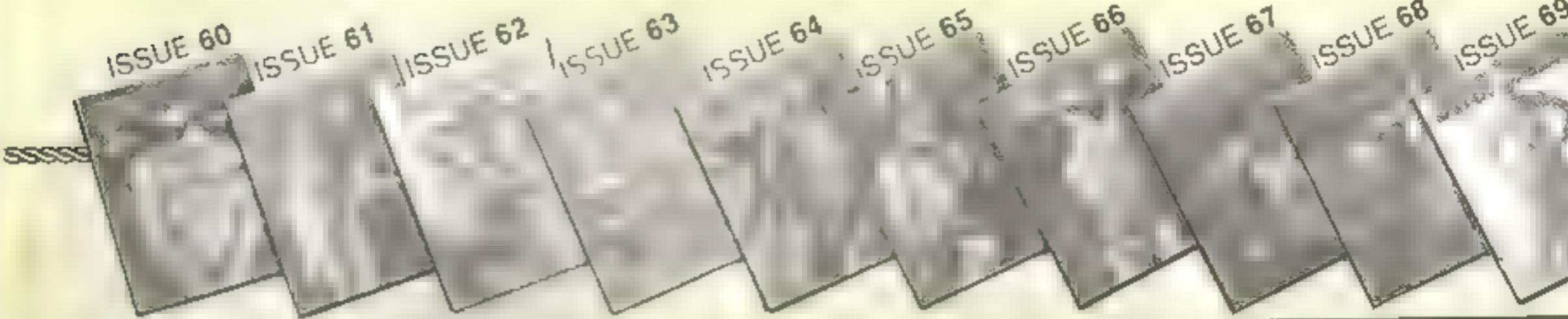
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Horny but frustrated novice (sort of) seeks nothing. Topman age 18-40 who'll give me his shit, not excuses. Proportionate body & nice face is a must. I'm 30s, 6'155, slim, moustache. Photo gets fast reply SF Box 6878

HAIRY HOT, HORNY

WM 27, 6'1, hairy, bondage. Top seeks willing bodybuilders who want their hands cuffed, balls stretched and nipples clipped. Will explore fantasies. Send photo/phone/letter. Box 6807

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

In a handsome masculine spirit. Mature man. Looking for same with man's best friend for erotic playful taboo scenes. Box 6885

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM, 63. You're 18-40, 5'9" or under, slender, smooth, submissive, drug smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking the arts. Accept shaving, nudity, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection, light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter, photo, phone. Box 6123LF

DRUMMER CALIFORNIA

HOT WHITE MASTER/TOP/DADDY
wanted by white slave bottom. 37, 5'11", 200 lbs, husky, hairy, brown hair, hazel eyes, moustache. Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, being G-P/F/A/P (front/rear), S/M, R/D, W/S, toys, fit play. Sincere only. Sir! Send orders & info to Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067 (LFS349)

HOT HORNY HOLES

WM 43, 6'1, 160+ seeks sensual versatile fist fuckers for erotic mutual ass, cock, ball. Fit play. Novices OK. Palm Springs (619) 321-8121

BLK, GREY, RED&? BUDDY

Seek imaginative stable fit hairy chest, 35+, leather, latex, dom buddy to share dreams scenes, challenges & more. Am same, 41-72, 188, n-shape, cat, p-nips, stacked, BL, grey, BL-Hz. GWM: healthy, antibody +, non-12 step, smoke, sensual-n-hot. Educ & trainable own home & mobile prof & love sleaze, intimacy & intensity. Foto-n-phone recip & Graham. Box 5412LF

LONG THICK CIGARS/COCKS

Muscular WM, 28, 5'8", 150 lbs. wants Cigar-smoking top into leather uniforms bondage and rough, rough sex & want it hot, sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream with pleasure. You should be white, 25-45, and experienced (mustache preferred). Call (818) 889-5475 or send letter w/ photo. Box 6777LF

Q: What do Max Bear and Roger Rabbit have in common?

A: They're both suitable for framing.

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom 47 into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB, T, T/T, Ass-T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11pm-9am. (818) 843-3428 Burbank, Box 6767LF

DOCTOR NEEDED

W.M. 5'11", 165, slender, needs Good Doctor to give me a nude physical examination. Especially my genital and rectal areas. Must be a doctor & simple as possible. Box 6-41

HANDSOME JOCKS ONLY

Xceptionally goodlooking GWM 27, 6', 175 lbs, brown/blue, great body, tan, smooth, hung & healthy wants to tie, gag, tease and pump college jock 18-29. Must be built & straight-acting. Photo required. Jell. PO Box 1693 Costa Mesa, CA 92627

SAFE W/S, SPANKING

Very hung, masculine, attractive, muscular and HIV negative 5'7", 28 yrs. Danny, 7965 Santa Monica Blvd #109-361 West Hollywood, CA 90046

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom 47 into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB, T, T/T, Ass-T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428

ANIMALS

WM 33, 5'10", 165 lbs, very hot, horny, wants to meet experienced novice in scene, returnable photo/letter gets same. Box 6726 LF

SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine, I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest, looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are Sammy. (714) 220-0513 (L566LF)

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves, to service my 9'x7' mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well-maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6'5", 220#, dk hr & eyes, mstch & try. Have five-in, full-time, KEPT positions avail. Serious slaves (king for a serious commitment) should send application, w/ photo & phone to Marcus. Box 6728LF

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285-3327

MASTER NEEDED

GWM 37, 5'4", seeks topman, 88 Master train me as your slave. live by beach in. Write Paul. PO Box 27003, Santa Ana 92799

WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am w/ 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy/sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes. private playroom into whips, belts, bone, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hood/gags. If in Southern California call Paul 657-5327. All others send detailed letter, current picture (A MUST) & phone to PO 691074 Los Angeles, CA 90069 (L5F5B)

PISS SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking Top wants to meal slim bottoms into bear. Weed fantasies salt m 5'9", 150 lbs or bl. good shape. Write Box 6881 Plk?

EXHIBITIONIST

33 Bl/W/M, horny and sexy, hung and built and beautiful. Experienced. Sex opportunities. Any scene OK w/o other help. Cue the spotlight, open the curtain and me. S/M, B/D, W/S, imagination. Give me the challenge, let's blow our minds! (714) 499-4079 (No J/O calls) Box 656LF

MASCULINE YOUNGER BROTHER

very masculine big brother W.M. 42, 250# dominate, very possessive younger brother to take under the wing. Brother must be 25-35. G.W.M. masculine, muscular Marine-type guy. Big guys are plus. Living in Pomona, Ontario also an L.A. Letter-photo to Tom, 12475 Central Ave #154 Chino, CA 91710 714-597-8095 656OLF

SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINING

Training might include VA, bondage, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Can be reached at "Puppy," Box 148, Santa Monica Blvd #109 West Hollywood 90046

HOT SURFER STUD

Blond bodybuilder 29, 6'180, ext. goodlooking, hung and experienced hot bottom for sweaty workouts and sex. Photo & musl. 6721 Santa Boulevard Apt. 644 West Hollywood 90046

HIV POS SEEKS KINKY BUDDY

Hot bearded GWM, 6'10", 165 pounds, 7 cut, seeks partner for mutual, kinky, and raunch scenes. Who is also HIV-positive. Father SM role playing, safe sex, oral, dildos and lots more. Send letter photo to PO Box 244, 6721 Santa Blvd, West Hollywood, CA 90069

WORKOUT PARTNER

Life is a verb, an action word. Han masculine W.M. 40, 6'165, self contractor, continuing-ed enthusiast, goer seeks workout partner for serious building (Eastons 6AM). Preter W.M. likely hairy and versatile. Any relation contingent upon gym scene. PO Box LA, CA 90046

ONE ON ONE

31, 6'1", 210 lbs, affectionate, con. good looking, looking for that special. Spend lifetime with You 31-45 hot & serious only reply. Phone & photo get Box 6892

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ISSUE 70

ISSUE 71

ISSUE 72

ISSUE 73

COUPLE SEEK BUTCH BOTTOM

Hairy masculine Sir and his boy looking for butch masculine bottom with good attitude in the right place. Must be in shape healthy, and willing to take orders. Sir-boy both handsome 210 lbs, 185 lbs good hunky build well hung Novices welcomed, will train. Respond with photo Boxholder PO Box 1572 Paramount, CA 90723

SUBSERVIENT BLONDE JOCK

30 wants long term relationship with dominant man 28-45 I'm goodlooking muscle bound educated, masculine employed, honest. Ready to share my life with one MAN who is as caring and loving as I am, but knows who's boss when it counts. Serious PO 16813 San Diego, CA 92116

FILTH-PIG RAUNCH BOY

Needs arrogant smelly abusive. foulmouthed cigar smoking Master/s Who require rep. total service, ass wipe, body shearing, bouts, leather bondage and shaving. Blind obedience. Serious we in Possible can relocate Pig awaiting instructions. Sir-s Max—(213) 741-17

JAIL SCENES SOUGHT

Clean-cut biker 6'1" 180 lb bl. 38 seeks strict Top for arrest-incarceration scenes. Uniforms, steel restraint while in brig-type rules, cells, cages, hard labor in纠正 shaving are turn-ons. Overall weekend or longer term. Box 680A

HEAVY B&D & HARD SPANNING

Submissive W M 29 into tight elaborate restraint/imprisonment. Leather ropes, chains, iron, masks, hoods, racks, blocks, suspension. Classic and realistic torture punishment scenes. Medieval Inquisition etc. Hard bare butt spanking strap crop cat o nine, hardwood paddle, cane, Birch, etc. Strict, merciless! No sex just discipline! Mail or correspond Box 6216

ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING

San Diego Area GWM 31 6'1" 170 needs shackling, handcuffing, confinement, humiliation. Will become guard's prisoner and slave if I don't escape. Looking for long term confinement/relationship. I'm HIV neg and clean same a must. Send detailed info photo Occupant. Box 1652 Solana Beach, 92075 Box 6838LF

GOLD S GYM MUSCLE FRAT

Fuckin aggressive overend muscle apes into rape fantasy. Get off throat fuckin yr cum-guzzlers handin at the malls. Young (18+) virgin mouth is best interested? Rowdy musclebounders only Box 6803

COLORADO

FIT TO BE TIED!

and ready to be abuted Novice 48 170 lbs hungry and submissive fucking expert, level handed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized tied up chained, spanked steadily but not brutally, till my tight round firm buns glow then use a condom to fuck me Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, come at work but no heavy pain No WS, FF scal shaving, drugs, damage please! Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom GW 8640 Jolene Dr Denver CO 80229 Box 678DLF

YOUNG WHITE ASIAN

for lite bondage and spanking. I'm GWM, 51, versatile, tennis, run, hike, travel. No S-M 303, 972-4177

CONNECTICUT

FISTING BUDDY WANTED

WM. 5'10" 170 lbs, muscular, versatile seeks similar for mutual safe sane action. Novices welcome. PO Box 37 Riverside, CT 06878 (203) 866-2053 9-9:30 a.m., M-F

LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s

Bear trucker type, self-employed carpenter WM 5'4", 160, 36 bearded hairy, pierced cock into jeans, recycled beer sweat clothes, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax cock modification electricity. Right stuff with lry? Blue collar bearded blonde a plus 06778 locals & photo/phone same. Box 6677L

HARTFORD TITS AND ASS

GWM 47 6'4" 200 lbs into tit ass and CB workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard sale sex HIV neg If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06025 Box 6632LF

DELaware

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather-Daddy just like boy who need to be serviced by a man. Prefer young, slender buns proportionate structure. No smokers, drugs, drunks or live-in. You don't have to serve me in tall stout, white non-racist experienced. When was your last good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated. Box 6326LF

DC-METRO

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM. 42 5'11" 175 45 chest, 30" waist well built, together toner, a bit lead muscular nonsmoker use abuse whipping salessex Ex-military special warfare. Relate Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O" 9½ Weeks, "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. PO Box 44029 Ft. Washington, MD 20744 LF5030;

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM 40 5'10" bi-bl, 150 lbs., mustach goatee seeking other men into good kinky b/sale sex, brotherhood and friendship. A versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn ons include titwork hair, tats PO Box 234 Manassas, VA 22110 LF4696

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation discipline, S&M, TT, C&B work whippings & whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200 5'11", blond, fit body hair pierced and ringed. Sir please me serve you. Box 6249LF

INSATIABLE APPETITE

I want to suck your toes while massaging your hole with my pole 5'9" 160 lbs hairy chest legs 50 yrs old Any age any race. You may be bottom. Long sessions required. Box 6874

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ISSUE 75

ISSUE 76

ISSUE 77



TORTURE METHODS

Seeking GWM interested in creative, safe experiments with torture devices and methods. You must be under 30 in good shape, willing to alternate between top and bottom roles. Novices OK if interested in real torture not merely fantasies. Box 6825

FLORIDA

ASSLICKER

39 yo WM 5'9" 158 smooth body 7' South Florida. experienced asslicker looking for sweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intensive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM 30s, 6'2", 175 lbs. muscular and hung seeking dominant big decked leathermaster(s) into boots uniforms, SM BD WA and more for hot intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs Photo phone please—all answered PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041

BONDAGE DUDE

5'10" 175 27 8' cut looking for young men (18-35) into bondage. Possible long term relationship with guy who really knows how to fuck around in bed make me pig wild. I've got a collection of leather toys gear for restraint submission & discipline Hood gags, etc. How about you? Ft Lauderdale area. Box 6496LF

BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED

active well experienced white slave desires strong rugged hairy muscled dark complexion to dark men—in tight well-worn levis, tabques, uniforms leather—for hot kinky sex. W S B D. S M G/F firm. Provide your hot sweaty body. I'll do the rest. 305-324-5754

CHAINED DADDY WANTED

Orlando—27 yo. 5'10" 195 lbs. GWM chubby, bearded, shy inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy-tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF

GEORGIA

SEMI-EXPERIENCED

GWM 38, 5'10" 155 lbs. moustache attractive professional, stable, mature, fun-loving anti-bar seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather, B.D., TT photos, S/M, etc.) Inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125 Atlanta, GA 30358 1125 (404) 636-1688 (LF6894).

ATLANTA

GWM 32, 5'11" 155 lbs. attractive honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber bondage dildos, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022 Decatur Georgia 30032 (5774LF)

RED DOG SALOON

Cigars,
Boots,
Cops &
Bears

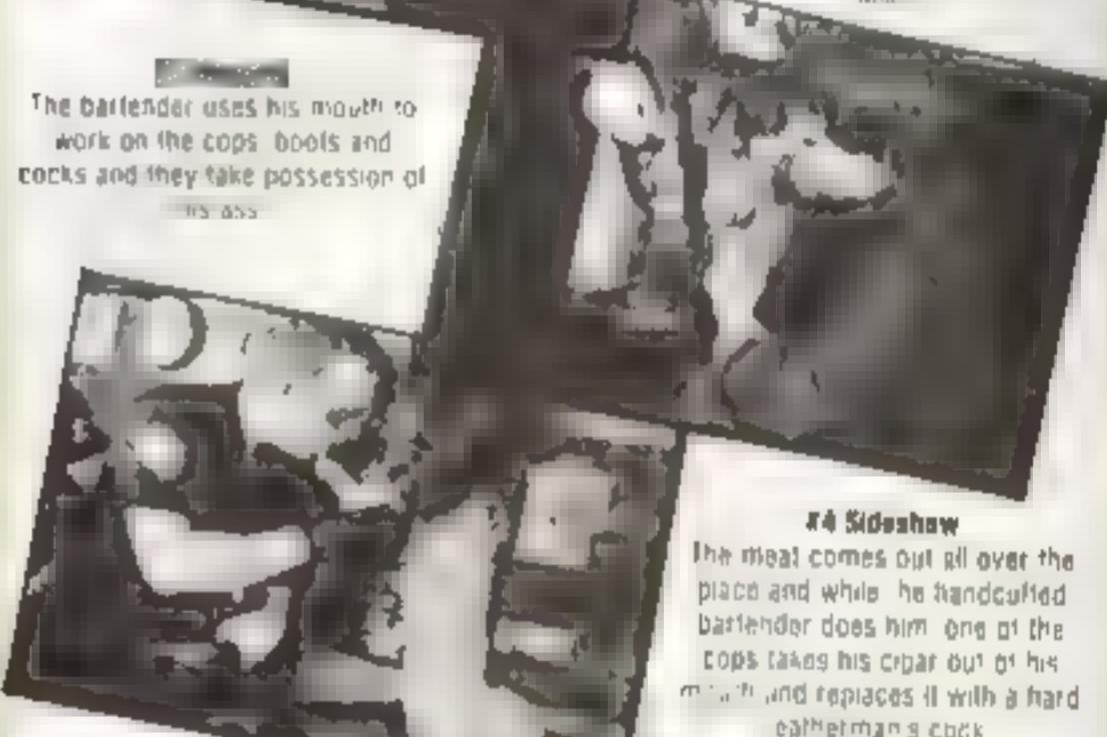
#1 A Bunch of the Boys

Willy, bartender, and other men stoking up with their cigar at the bar. (No nudity)



#2 Busted

A pair of cigar smoking cops arrive and take control of the hunky bartender laying him out on the bar, shoving his face into a tray of butts and ashes, pulling down his pants and mauling his ass.



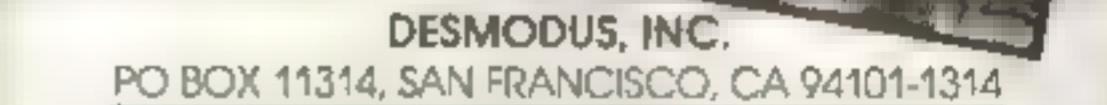
#3 Begging

The bartender uses his mouth to work on the cops' boots and cocks and they take possession of his ass.



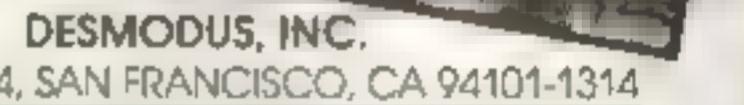
#4 Sideshow

The meat comes out all over the place and while he handcuffed bartender does him one of the cops takes his cigar out of his mouth and replaces it with a hard leatherman's cock.



#5 Free For All

The action gets heavier as everyone joins in to get a sample of the bartender's body, clamp on his tits, squeeze his balls, shove a cigar up his ass, and finally reward his performance with a cigar.



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- #1 A Bunch of the Boys
- #2 Busted
- #3 Begging
- #4 Sideshow
- #5 Free For All



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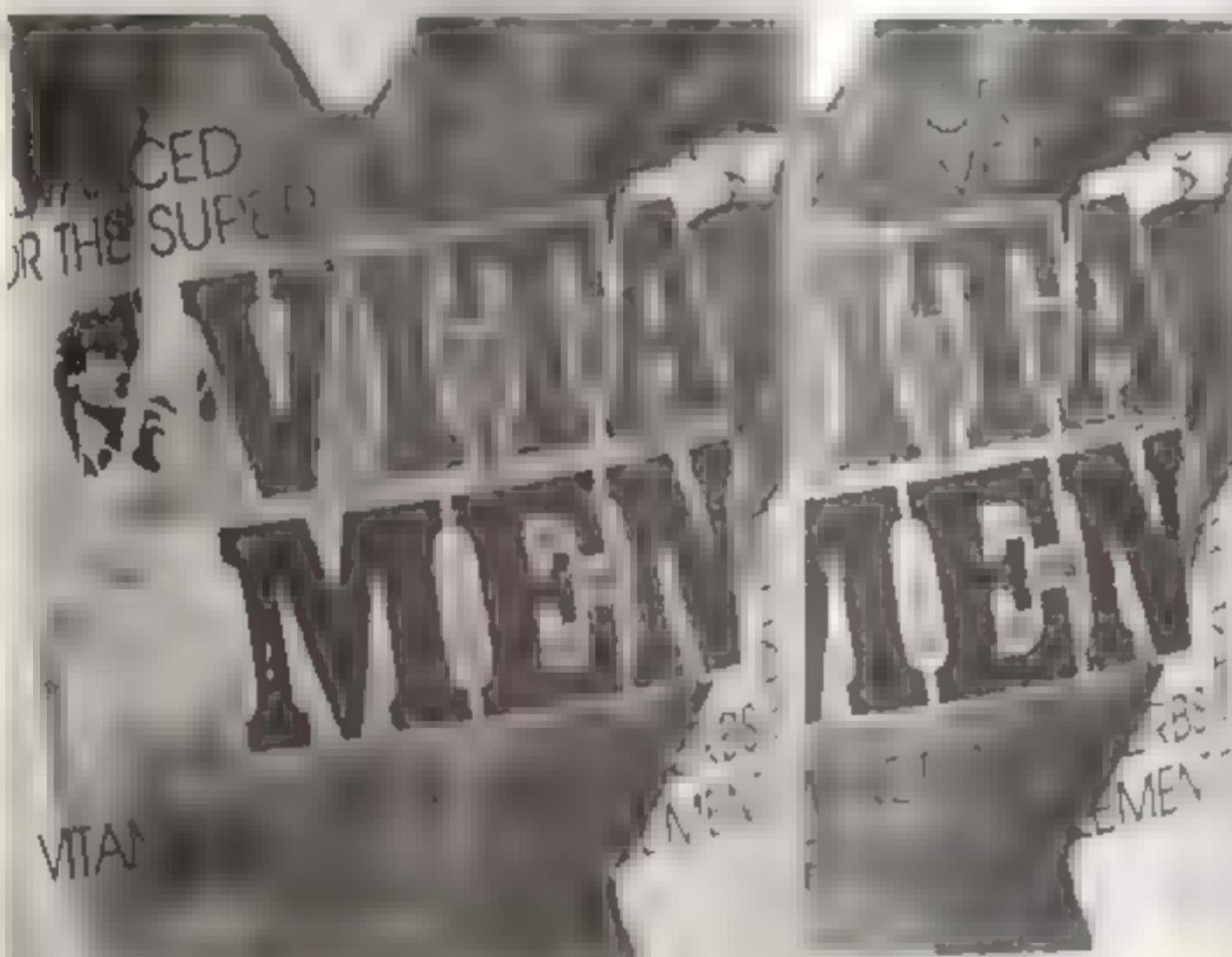
You probably don't need the VITA-MEN formula if you are not a male, 21 years of age or older. Or if you are and you consume a perfect diet daily, with little or no junk food, consume no alcohol nor smoke, keep regular hours and there is little or no stress in your life.

And if your idyllic life includes no exposure to whatever it is that causes colds and flu along with many of the other communicable diseases that plague mankind.

Now, we certainly are not claiming that VITA-MEN or IMMUNITABS will make you immune to all the things that are going around, but considering what is going around, we honestly feel that your chances are considerably better if your body is operating with its immune system on battle-stations alert.

There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the mega-formula brands with something for everyone.

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.



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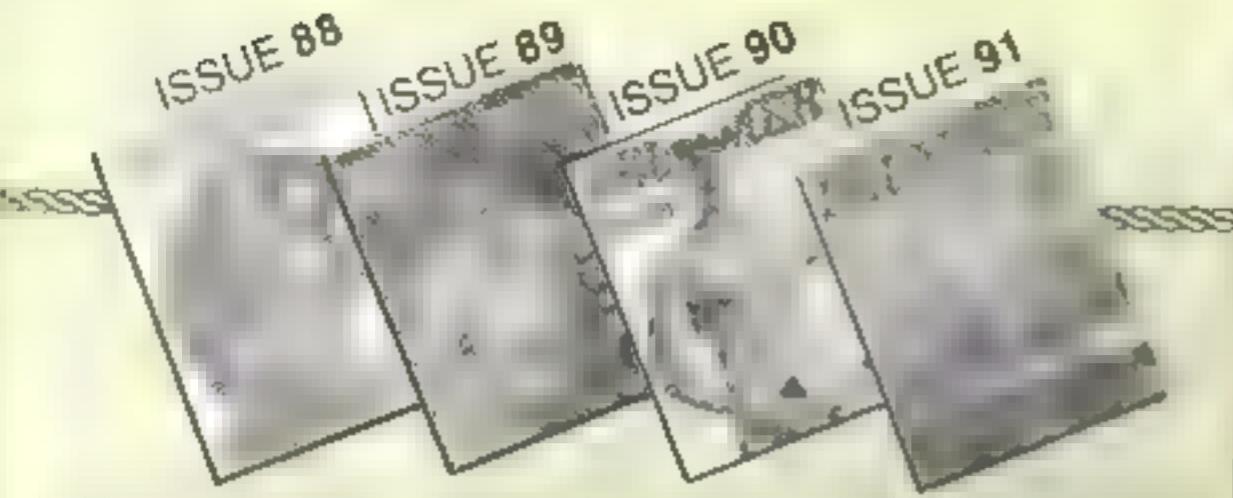
ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

Charge it to my VISA MASTERCARD

No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____



SADIST NEEDED

bedient 29 yr 6' redhead masochist slave obeys orders from cigar smoking Sadist Master Bondage ball stretching, heavy asswork (dildoes, FF) CBT, TT, VA & discipline with a desire to provide toilet and ashtray services Prompt reply to all demands Waiting with bound balls n Boston Sir Box 6863

MICHIGAN

HOT MASTER

as opening for recruit Send resume and photo to Rear Admiral Mark PO Box 50014 Nov MI 48050

SON SEEKS DADDY

14-yr-old WM 145 lbs 5'8 attractive seeks the guidings discipline and affection of his daddy Son's interests include light to heavy bondage TT CBT toys w/ lots of assplay safe sex spankings, shaving? rubber? Son needs muscular dad who is under 45 and has same breasts Box 6832LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER/COP

slave seeks police officer or leather master/biker for sale and sane B.D and uniformed interrogation SE Michigan or NW Ohio Class scenes more important than real pain No crowing ME GWM, 36 190 lbs, 5'9" trimmed beard professional YO., 30-50 masculineairy, intelligent genuine cop o plus I am very discreet and expect same Possible long term No silly verbal games Reply with contact info o Box 6857 or mail info for time and place to meet in public area on weekend Picture appreciated but not required

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Well trained bottom seeks experienced Master-Top Pain, fantasy, exhibitionism. 3 ways Reply w pic Box 6869

MISSISSIPPI

MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US
Ballding bearded booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for nature sensitive man who's also sensually turned to balls, bikes, lockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold mid-40s, enjoys classical music rather bikinied yardwork, home and crafts-related hobbies Join me for smoke drug free weekend of leathered togetherness POB 5172 Biloxi MS 39534-0172 (LF6386)

MISSOURI

2 TOPS-HUNG-HOT-HORNY

Looking for bottom into rough active, verbal sessions in our well equipped "playroom with sling, restraints, mirrors and lots of toys over-one bondage discipline cock tr ball work, fisting. W'S Both 40s 5'10" 170 lbs attractive tested neg. Dig young son/BB type PO Box 3831 Springfield, Missouri 65808 10 letters answered Box 6565 LF

LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS

GWM 37 5'10" 160N brown hair clear shaven hairy body trim, healthy and hot needs buddy daddy mutual fantasies: only 14-16 legitmate men who love man sex need respond. Want to learn from a sate hot dude what my limits are. Box 6697LF

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HUNGRY EAGER BOTTOM

WM 37 5'10" 160 lbs. muscular bottom Offers total service and obedience to aggressive demanding Top Long, regular sessions sought Boots leather a plus Attitude more important than looks North Jersey area Box 846

NEW YORK

PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB

CELL BLOCK 28 28 Ninth Avenue New York City NY 10014 (downstairs) Meets every Sunday from 3PM to 3AM Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 1PM to 3AM and parties on Fri 222 FREE CLUBHOUSE AND ST DA BAR BYOB Bring in this ad for a FREE MEMBERSHIP For more information stop by, write or phone (212) 733 3144

SUCKING DADDY B A89

Manly WM Daddy wanted by rimming obsessives, big tom Can take piss Will wear shirt for right man Me (28 5'9" 170 br gr) No skimmers or trolls NYC br Box 6798 F

ATHLETIC TOP

Dad seeks bottom (son) for unique relationship GWM 46 5'10" 170 lbs muscular aware, sensitive adventurous into D D S M spanking safi Gr A Fr p avtivity toys You

any face good body serious about committing Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774 203A W 10 St NYC NY 10011

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love water-sports and getting fucked Especially love big black cocks Flyby Leone Box 650 c/o DMS 512 W 24th St NYC NY 10011 (LF6389) or call (212) 367 7484

STOCKY BUTCH SLAVE

Italian 33 5'9" 210 solid, very masculine cut healthy bumpy, seeks dominant, bear hairy chunky brute cat & hung, into dominating a dog collared slave No hangups Smoke puppies anything else a-ok Photo-phone to Box 8716L1

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37 5'9" 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy heavy Y.A. whippings, pleasurable torture. IT IF W 5 scal A complete piece of shit needs to be treated like one Preferenced short chunky types Photo and qualifications to Box 5814LF

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes Call (212) 629-1990

MASOCHISTS WANTED

32 YO sadist has insatiable appetite for seeing wells and bruises while listening to screams and moans coming through a gap Call (212) 777 2632 but keep it short

STUNNING 'N BB NEEDS CBT

Handsome 165 lbs 5'10" 43" ch 30" w/ cut big balls bubble butt, inexperienced, needs stretching, light T/T, spanking by hard muscular healthy BB daddy Photograph/telephone please PO Box 7281 NYC 10150

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Well trained bottom seeks experienced Master Top Pain, fantasy, exhibitionism 3 ways Reply w/ pic Box 6889

THE PERVERSE CHIEF

W M Bklyn 26 5'8", 150 seeks same age or younger him into mutual bondage with hvy scal, piss, puke and foot worship All letters w/ photo answered Box 6817

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks hot Master to expand limits and lactates leather rubber gear hoods straitjackets mummification, kidnapping/dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving, piercing him in slave training, exhibitionism and safe sex No drugs Slave good-looking GWM 45 5'10" 179 lbs Box 6289LF

LEATHER BUDDY

Hot 8' 175 40. In shape needs real man 30-50. for imaginative scenes. Big guy leather, muscles, hairy chests, beards, mustaches, uniforms, piercings are turn-on Heavy into nipples. Let's explore police bikers, workouts, etc. Be men together as safe and let our fantasies go Box 6248-F

Q: What does Max Bear need to make him happy?

A: Only the bear necessities of life

SM REALITY

Not fantasy Very experienced masochist 38 5'10" 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restraining my power clamp my 2 protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif and Illinois Box 5444

BLACK SCAT J/O

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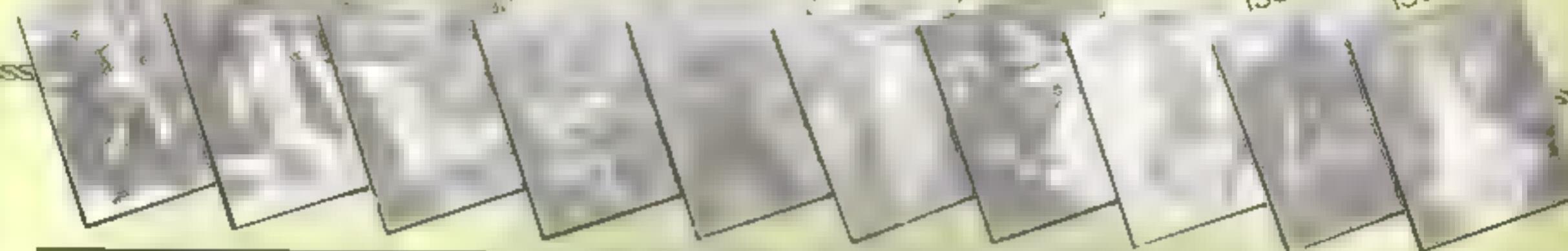
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publicly pissed pants & bladder control I can
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over & I will show you own body
or a small group of people to be
unconscious. believe me we are people who
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TOP Size

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UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

Hot leather-clad booted man into the smell taste and feel of black leather seeks same. Masculine, handsome white. 38. 6ft 160 lbs blonde mustache, good build. Full black leather jacket chaps, gloves, boots, uniforms, muscles. like SM BD safe action only. Poughkeepsie area. Letter phone photo to Box 6845LF.

SERVE ME

Small tick caress suck me from neck to toe. Verbal abuse butt paddling slapping domination. Safe sex. Me 48, 5'8", 150 lbs. You 40-55 healthy clean subservient NYC only. Weeknights. Telephone to be answered. Box 6751.

DADDY NEEDS US!

Sturdy WM 38 needs hot arrogant leather cock studs jocks bikers, mechanics and backs to work over use me. Mounted hardy J/C shit stomping ball busting WM to J/C have me as total bottom loyal pain lover suck machine. Fuckhole. Filthy mouth my leather forced buddy use & + Box 6844LF.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS

To train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first. Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow. Slave is Irish 34 B 160#. NYC & Upstate NY available. On call or scheduled to start. Box 6843F.

HOT SPANNING

needed for X football kick with fat booty ass experienced top guys only. PO Box 217. Ellicott Station, Buffalo, NY 14205.

NIPPLE ABUSE WANTED

Submissive Daddy, young 52 good shape seeking prolonged TT by young dominants especially latins. Blacks Asians. Oral service GR/P also provided. Box 81 NYC 10011.

TOILET AVAILABLE

38 year old pig craves shit, piss, snot, b.o. smegma verbal abuse humiliation degradation and lots more from imaginative filthy sluttin' Topmen in 45. Send photo. Occupant Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007 1725. Looking forward to a disgustingly good time.

HOT HAIRY ASS

ready for your pleasure. Sir Me 26 redhead 5'9" 150 lb into bondage W/S etc. You Black or Latin, hung and into hot white ass. Box 6875.

BANG THIS BONDAGE NOVICE

Some inexperience. Soulkissing, blabbering, cockchewing, bathmassages, holespanking. WM 37 5'11" 160 beard muscular versatile desires leave solid captivation trusted virile condonabuddy. Box 6881.

LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome Tough 30 5'8" slim defined. 135 lbs. Black hair brown eyes. Thick stash. Wants domineering type Y/F/Y Macho Top 25-45 Who craves prolonged oral service in action both in Total Leather Police uniforms light V A-B D 11 per & puppiness 45. Photo girls San in NYC & N. N.Y. 100-3A Box 6857LF.

B.G. PERCEDED TITS, UPSTATE

BEARSKIN RES Pierced bearded Leatherman mid thirties. 6'4" 200 lbs. handsomely and in good shape into sensual and/or heavy fit play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6820LF.

TOPS

Intr gang hanging hot 27 yo straight raunch bag write Box 6596.

POLICE BJFF...

Want to meet MOS to horse around with nothing heavy in and or out of the bag. I have flexible hours. No heavy drinkers. Parking is easy. If I am to contact you at a public phone allow several contact times. Box 6605.

NO TOUGH MUSCLE SON WANTED

by New York City Daddy. Live in with secure stable realistic GWM 40 and late CBT pec and muscle work. Gut punching and stand on abs. Use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and train for competition. Ph Ph a must for this hairy bear with good build. Box 4717LF.

SANE CREATIVE TOP NEEDED

WM 32 6'2" 170 goodlooking healthy swimmer & build brown hair eyes masculine seeks top tier and own leather Masters, disciplinarian. Darker Tops etc who enjoy creative S/M and kinky scenes and can respect limits. My partners butts need reddening via the strap belt, cane, crop or? Then split my hole with lots of lubes toys. like FF CBT VA, BD, SM or just giving a long great blowjob. Age race looks unimportant but prefer older types. Photo phone address a must. Serious only. Box 6876.

HOT TOP WANTS TO BE SLAVE

All blond 30 year old hard muscled hung hot topped Master needs to be bottom for hot hung dominating Top who wants groveling cock sucking slave service. Big prolonged intense fit and ball work. Turn a real man into your personal slave puppy. Bd. Bondage toys and mutual scenes also a turn on. NYC Box 6891.

SERIOUS SLAVE BOTTOM

wanted for intense relationship taken to infinity. Master loving, caring. 32 heavy 5'10" 215 hairy bearded. Objective: sublimation of the self thru mind body so that the spirit can join as one with the Master Method. Body: heavy S/M bondage, bullwhip, bell, CBT, TT, punch kick, raunch piss plus Mind humiliation. VA interrogation, brainwash. Intensely dependent slave experience limits must will expand. Qualifications: genuine desire, need-chunky, shorter 25-40, smoke drink ok encouraged; but all who understand may apply. Absolute oneness can be achieved and it's beautiful. Box 6865.

THE REAL THING

Master 38 has opening for slave trainee under 35. First, collar and leash. Later, cuffs, chains, heavy B.D. Immediately shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job, but you will still be my property. True commitment offered, mutual respect assured. Photo phone sincere only. Box 6678LF.

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough sane White Black Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch, catheeters, enemas, cock & ball verbal, safe sex, can be top. No phones. Tel 1718 SM 80-408 David PO Box 150 634 Brooklyn New York 11215 or Box 6687LF.

MASTER SEEKS BOY SLAVE

For weekend occasional use and abuse. Possible permanent houseboy. Safe sane clean and can travel some. Boy must be under 29, prefer smooth, swimmers build. I am 37, 5'11", 170 lb bi professional. Submit picture phone to Sir Plob 21561 Chattanooga TN 37421 Box 6549LF.

SEEKING BOTTOM COMPANION

Mostly top wants mostly bottom for moderate to heavy SM kink passion pain in Nashville. Top is 35, 5'9", 175# professional, beard very hairy, intense, caring, enjoys leather bonds, slaps, whips. Desires sexual bottom slave but in other respects, partner companion willing to explore, experiment and expand limits. Box 6873LF.

TEXAS

SLING ROOM VACANCY

urgently needs filling! Goodlooking horny leatherman 30, 5'9", 150 dark hair eyes hairy chest, deep throat, fat cock and hungry hole seeking dominant stud under 40 for long slow but stretching bondage, tight S/M and mutual exploration in my Dallas playground or yours. Box 6675LF.

NAKED RANCH STUD

willing to work outdoors naked to be stable breed enslaved. Hitched to no w/ as work horse. Keep naked in barn or trail off as work horse. Contact this fall. Name: Puddin' Ph 512 130 East 26 Springt. Texas 78114 Ph 512 876 3263 Box 6781LF.

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION KINK

GWM 50, 5'9", 145 excellent health. Qualified doctor medic to toyade bladder sys. Stretch my holes with catheters, stopper balls. Testicular manipulation. A lifetime No permanent damage. Your examining report. Please. Our will travel. Your description of self. Qualifications: scene gets more. Absolute discretion assured. Box 6686LF.

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Hot muscular jock WM 5'8" 160 34 yrs enjoys heavy restraint bondage. Wives may forced safe sex or no sex. No hits of tying and gagging. Mostly horatio but can be versa. Novice in TT and CBT but eager to expand limits. Discreet and safe expire same. Box 6158LF.

LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM 35, 5'9", 150 good build hung into CBT, TT, leather, jeans, wants to meet other M/F for in chain but safe training. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's in giving as well as receiving then I'm your man. Letter photo and phone to Box 6269LF.

LOOKING FOR DADDY MASTER

GWM 26, 5'11", 163 brown hair blue grey eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient looking for Drummer Duddy Master 30 to 45 to help me expand my limits. Will travel, possible relocation. Sir please reply to Box 5265LF.

HOT TEXAS TOPMAN

seeks submissive bottoms for my pleasures. Single or groups. Take it when I say how I say. 39 moustache 6'1" 195. Handsome and expect same. Photo Box 191102 Dallas Tx 75219.

PUNISHMENT FANTASIES

Safe whippings for British schoolboys, seamen or whatever arrangements by correspondence only. Box 101 1 09 Hyde Park House, London SW8.

NEED BIG COCKS/DILDOES

GWM 6' 185 lbs. 8 cut smooth HV neg brown blue want top, mutual buddy for prolonged assplay. Big cocks dildoes listing with light person hairy asses highs big cocks and balls. It play aroma, smoke turnons. Box 6804.

Q: You Bear has a weakness for picnic baskets. What kind of basket does Max Bear like?
A: Look between your legs dummy!

NEED SMALL HANDS/BIG DILDOES

Attractive GWM 40, 5'11", 175 lbs into as stretching activities w/ big toys or small hands. HV neg lets have safe exploratory fun in San Antonio. Write w/ photo & returned PO Box 290243 San Antonio TX 78280-643 6547LF.

WANTED DADDY

WM 6' 150# BA BR 38 seeks man 30+ who seeks loyal son. You must be strong, confident, ye, flexible. 713-526 6188.

HOUSTON AREA MASTERS

Attractive GWM 32 needs discipline by master, kept in man, rubberman, uniform. All scenes considered. Waiting your instructions. Reply with # and photo if possible. P.O. Box 55743 Houston Texas 77245.

UTAH

SLC ASSHOLE EXPANSION MAN

into deep fist, a de cucumbers, shaved ripe white ass sp. bad waiting. PO Box 26712 Salt Lake City UT 84260-0712.

VIRGINIA

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bi W male 34 seeks training by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me Bi hair, hazel eyes, 220, football player's build. You 24-35 experienced good build, clean shaven, no safe sex. Thanks. Box 6414LF.

2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE SON

GWM 33, 5'10", 165, 10' uncircumcised. 30, 6'1", 180, 8' cut cock. Seek slave son or training. Anything goes. We demand, you provide. Photo, phone David Miller Box 5300G, PO 15 smooth VA 23703.

EXPANSION WANTED

One 5'4" 130 WM 40s, seeks experienced Daddy Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir please send detailed lesson plans to Training, PO Box 13428 Richmond, VA 23225 LF6555.

30 YO UNCUT W/M DICKSUCKER

wants fat-dicked white dudes, especially w/ long foreplay. 20-50! Victor PO Box 8603 Richmond VA 23228 1804 285 1435. You photo get's mine.

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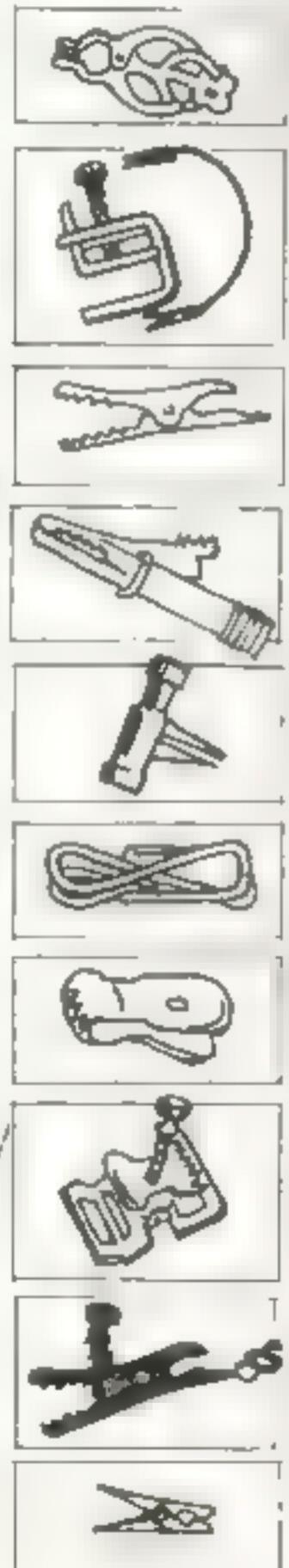
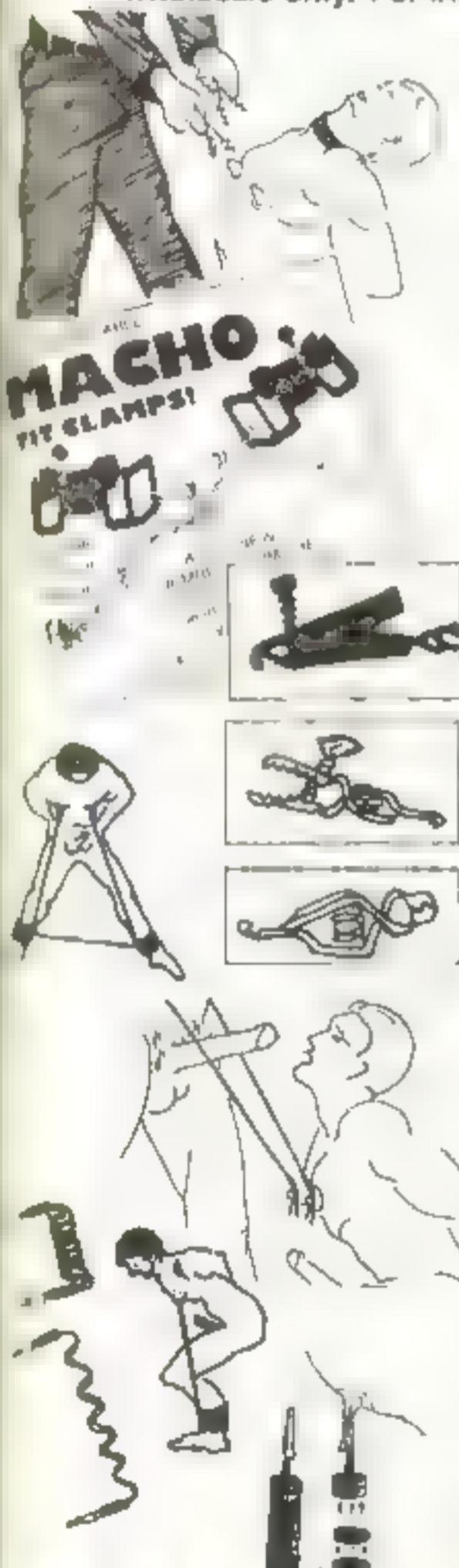
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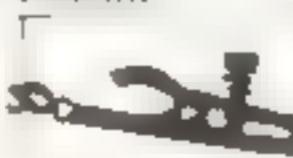


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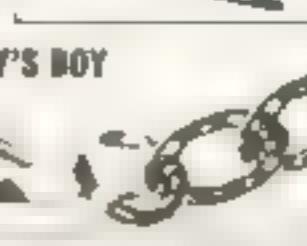
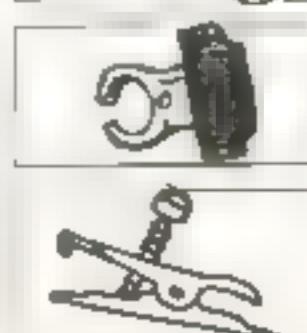
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GLEAMING
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DADDY'S BOY



DOUBLE
TROUBLE

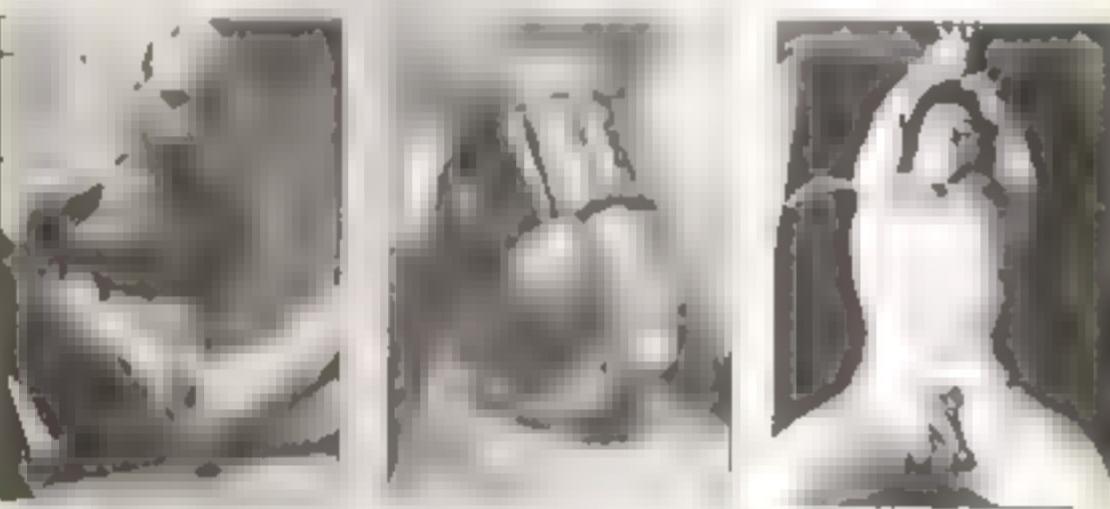


ZEUS
VIDEO



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STARRING "OFFICER R" SCOTT ANSWER/1988 ZEUS MODEL OF THE YEAR, AND MUSCLE BIKER "COP BUSTER" BRIAN DAWSON/1988 INTERNATIONAL MR LEATHER 2ND RUNNER UP PLUS ZEUS VIDEO PREVIEWS. APPROXIMATELY 60 MINUTE VIDEO.



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 CALIFORNIA FL. S.D. & N.T. ADD 6% SALES TAX
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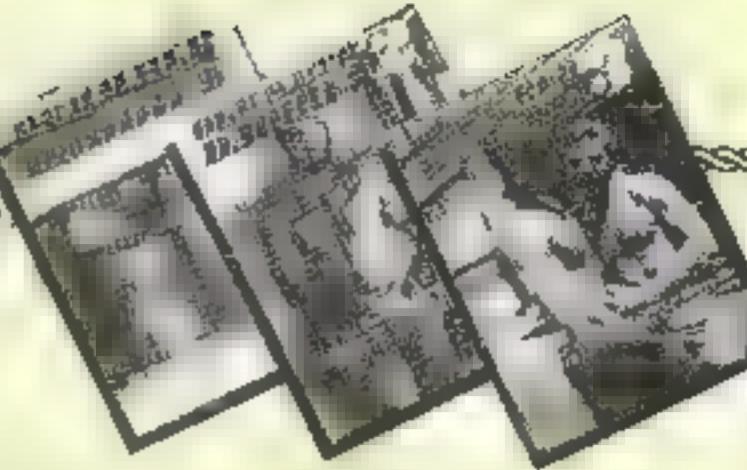
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ZEUS/BOX 64250/LOS ANGELES CA 90064

DRUMMER DADDIES

IN SEARCH OF
OLDER MEN



OHIO

WEEKEND SLAVE WANTED

Short, slim preppy type Cleveland East Side
 Phono, letter Box 6638

Q: What did Goldilocks say to Max Bear?

A: "Oooh Max you're just right!"

INTENSE

ME Gwm 40 5'10" 162 Bn. Br. Dominant Sadistic, Master. Moustache Thinning Hair Independent. Masculine, Hairy, your gwm submissive, masochistic, slave younger shorter, hot skin or hunk body, bubble butt, muscular, blond, swimmer student, jock bodybuilder construction farm or bluecollar punk but open to others DRESS. Leather, Uniform, Cowboy, INTEREST: SM. CBTT. Bondage Discipline Hot Wax, Spanking, Ass Beating Whipping Flogging Electro-torture. Constriction Split, Sweat, TOOLS Whips, Belts, Paddles, Straps, Canes, Cuffs, Restraints, Ropes, Chains, Gags, Blindfolds, Hoods, Clamps, Candles, Generators, Violent Woods, Cattle Prods, Rawhide, Collars, Brushes CONDITIONS: Me: Drug Free, you: non-abuser Safe Sans, Consensual, Brutal Prolonged, Intense RESPOND SIR PO Box 1555 NYC 10011.

WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman, 6ft 175lbs, 37 yrs old, full beard and mustache pierced tits and dick, needs Master Lover or playmate on a regular basis heavy into rubber latex, leather sports gear and uniforms, water sports, verbal abuse, shaving, diapers, used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turns you on and I'll give it a try. Box 6699LF

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good-looking WM 33 6'3", 165 lbs brown hair eyes mustache into leather FF FF dildos looking for a Top or versatile hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more Answer with photo for fast reply Box 6706LF

ALBANY AREA

Hot arrogant bodybuilder 25-40 wanted by submissive son/brother (novice-24) You are hot, superior to most men know it, and I know it. You are arrogant, macho, and very straight acting and you enjoy this magazine while letting it take over your life. I am of average looks and build (6'1" 185) with a lot of potential looking for someone to give me the discipline I need. Please Sir develop my mind and mold my body to your level of perfection while I service your every need. Uniforms, cops, gym teachers, boots, Italian Latin, a plus. Monogamy and HIV negative a must. Enclose phone photo all expectations Box 6882

18 TO ?

Hot men sought by photographer to appear in pix and video ALL types 18 to ? Here's your chance to show off your best Tony C Photography (212) 751-1437

NORTH CAROLINA

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM 34, 5'11", 160 lbs, wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. Would like a copy of the edited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Preleot seeks U.S. bulls for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM 41 PO Box 14056 Cleveland, OH 44114 (LF6895)

DungeonMaster

DungeonMaster

Year
Books



OREGON

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX TOGETHER

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome 6'4", 210, 29. Into Working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40740 Portland OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

MATURE M.C. LEATHERMAN

Harley-riding bootmaster seeks male sex relationship with bottom into on-going leather experiences. No pain or far-out kink. Just healthy leather sex, boot-licking fantasies. If young, you are mature and masculine. If my age, you are affectionate, intense in your dedication to the male leather lifestyle. Box 6764LF

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

Inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need to serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem, Oregon, without delay. Describe interests photo, phone for reply Box 5954LF

CIGARS AND SWEAT

Uncut, bearded dude hung thick with big balls, lookin' for mature hairy hunk into man-to-man action. C&B, big nipple work long, slow smokin' sessions (no anal or kinky). Beard what are musts, just natural, laid-back let 'em hang sex. Bare-ass leather men welcome. Box 6618LF

PENNSYLVANIA

LEATHER BOOTMAN

looking for young slim submissive cocksuckers that need to have their face plowed if you need long rough sessions, verbal abuse and having a man hold you on while you service him get off your ass and write. Leatherman is 45, 5'11", 160 and healthy. Photo and phone a must! Box 4840LF

YOUNG MASTER WANTED

Am 30 goodlooking, masculine and well built. I love to service boots, ass, cock or whatever. Am told to look & hope to be collared, trained and disciplined as you see fit. I travel often. Replies with photo answered first. Thank you, sir Box 132, 248 South 11th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19107

SLAVE BOY IN PITTSBURGH

Punk college student 21, 6' 165 lbs, nice body, seeks master under 30 or other young slave-type for occasional S/M B/D scenes into leather restraints, collars, leashes, hoods, gags, humiliation, discipline. Prefer someone willing to photograph and/or be photographed during scenes. No relationship - nothing unsafe - just fun (and photography). Send photo & phone to Boxholder PO Box 19004 Pittsburgh, PA 15213

ASS-EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater seeks top bottoms for regular action weekends & possible evenings in Philadelphia area. Phishes clean and shaved & stretched holes until into ass pits. Tit play. W.S. FF. Race not important. Photo and serious minded answered first. No fags or lems. Box 6902LF

RHODE ISLAND

MASTER/DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissives. Need training in SM. Please. Sir use my ho-masculine muscular body for your pleasure & interest bondage tit cock play obeying plus demanding Master Sir I need teacher to be naked expand my limits train me Hard working good-looking Box 6142LF

HUGE BUNS

400 lbs or over Any age to 75. I will be huge smooth buns. Send nude photo and info.

BOOBYBILDER SLAVES

wanted by two dominants. White 27, 5'7", 140 lbs. 27, 5'7", 140 lbs. Looking for submissive M. SCITE MIN who are into Bondage, S.M. dominos and erotic torture. Come sweat and strain your body for our video cameras. Watch and learn how kinky guys work you over. Pec Punish and Tit Torture is our specialty. Send letter with photo and phone to Tony Siva PO Box 6111, Providence, RI 02903 or call 401-438-2933

SOUTH CAROLINA

ORAL SLAVE SEEKS TOPS

WM 24 clean & healthy seeks 18-25 to serve their oral and other needs. I am sucking a big cock, hairy balls and a hairy ass. I am looking for men who will give me orders and teach me the way serve him best. I will also enjoy learning more about FF WS and D. Any dominant men who are interested please write with photo, phone to KM PO Box 6144 Columbia, SC 29260. Dominant couples & groups also welcome. No drugs or pain. Box 6622LF

SOUTH DAKOTA

NOVICE WANTS HOT TOP

33. Needs patient Top to teach Light S/M, T/F, CBT, Light Bondage, Spanking. Like Top in leather or policeman uniform. Can travel some weekends. PO Box 994 Aberdeen, SD 57401, 605-225-0375. Leave message. Travel Two Cities. Picture if possible. Phone JO 0K Box 6674LF

TENNESSEE

YOUNG EAST TENN. SLAVES

Hot cruel, master-daddy, firm executive mid-fifties, seeks total sex slave in East Tennessee area. Slave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy demanding scenes. Serious only. Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number. Box 6490LF



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Dungeon Master

WASHINGTON

ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES

Action buddies on the prowl Two young guys seek adventure Anything possible Send photo and ideas Will respond with same and or get together Greg PO Box 71001 Seal le WA 98107 Box 6680LF

LEATHER RUBBER BONDAGE

5'11" 165 31 looking for leather rubber sex B&D in Seattle area Erotic salutes P.O. Box 112284 Tacoma WA 98411 Top or bottom

WISCONSIN

SUMMIT

Submit to these dreams inspired by your current reading and mail a letter of application Degree of experience not as important as degree of willingness Box 40-B+

BOTTOM IN FOR LEARNING

FWM 35 6' 180 bottom looking for tight top & otherman to teach him the ropes Education needed in fishing, bottom, bondage and submissiveness Milwaukee Box 6707F

YOUNG MASTER WANTS SLAVE

Me 23 Hot & Hung wants hot and together young bottom into B&D F&B 11 young guys light K&M and saturated blood Masochism & Intelligence Must see photo helpful kink for her & rubber I need Can you be friend or lover DTF? Shaving prior my M/F in ownership must submit Box 6704F

INTERNATIONAL

When answering through
newspapers indicate the name of newspaper
and full address. Copy and one 30-cent postage
stamp will be sent. Write to Box 6867.

COCKSKIN ITALIAN DAD IN HIS TWIN
Short hairy bear out bear Dad and 6'5
ed Headlined obedient twin want more than
you've already had We lust first partner If
you're gonna fuck we want to see it Photo of
yours gets a photo of ours Box 2251 SF CA
94126

NEED BIG DICK UNIFORM BUDDY
Hot healthy bottom looking for group uniform
sex Hard dick cops especially No limits Groups
also Totally submissive to hot tops Box
6867

CRUCIFIXION

Anytime, anywhere Committed strong trim
healthy English masochist seeks ultimate fulfillment
Offering total mental, physical and sexual
surrender for any and all kinds of enslavement
torture, depravity, carnal and Satanic abuse
Help me embrace the cross and my destiny No
jesus just say where and when Quite genuine
Box 6299LF

32" CROTCH-HIGH ENGINEER BOOTS
This leather stud is booted to his balls and
looking for a special slave to kneel and worship
before him Write today with picture and
phone # and pray that I call Box 6467LF

ROUGH RAUNCH GROUP NEEDED

Need big dick rough group sex No limits
Weekend bondage session preferred Safe
like it nasty Will travel No games Just
rough up sex Total bottom Anything hot
uniforms and cop dick Box 6864

COLLEGE JOCK & U.S. NAVY

Young living young couple seeks interna
tional principals to visit (no sex) Box 270616
San Diego CA 92128

SWISS TOP LEATHERMAN

Muscular dark haired bearded early 50s
5'11" 160 in good shape and perfect health
(only mag rag tested) wants to meet you either
at his place or on his frequent visits to
USA and Canada—if you are 28-50, a willing
hot bottom masculine muscular preferably
hairy and with facial hair and a well-trained
active rear for extensive assplay FF lthwork

of raunchy action inc. W.S. scat and
nearly long mutual rimming sessions Perfect
health essential Also Europeans corresponding
to above requirements welcome Write
a photo Bernd Rahm Hardstr 58 CH-4052
Basel Switzerland (LF 5048)

NEED BIG-DICK UNIFORMED SEX
Hot big dick uniforms groups Need week
end or non stop sex No limits Like it rough
bondage Everything Total submissive hot
and sex Box 6866

CANADA

For more information on our services
use the back address section letters without
envelope postage will be destroyed

1st BROTHER WANTS BIG BROTHER
I'm 35 6' 65 lbs 9" cu. ps.
worship CBTT v A Fantasy Edi
cating 4 degrees. Seek education
as a slave. 3rd Domination or
CBT. Please teach v HOT FCP into
CBT. Please worship. Will travel
anywhere. Send photo to Mark McPh
1400B Vancouver BC V6B 3Z4 (6900LF)

501 LEVIS SNIFFER

Slave WM 37 wants to smell your tight 501
Levis (new or faded) Any age Guys with big
butts or long legs wearing tight Levis Enjoy
smelling crotch bum seam down ou side of
leg all over Enjoys raunch too Box 6858

JAY OF TORONTO

We met in Los Angeles night before you flew
back home Call me Tom (181) 508-4846

DR. SOUGHT

Young looking 33 6'3" 210, dark hair beard,
seems doctor to give me a complete naked
physical examination paying particular attention
to cock balls and ass Looking for a scene
that's as realistic as possible Photo phone
preferred Vancouver Box 5658LF

LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM 29 5'5" 135 lbs. bottom looking for
tough demanding TOPS into S/M B/D CB/T
T/T whips electricity leather boots toys play
rooms poppers torture scenes Anxious to
expand all limits Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman
into all facets of S/M Wiking to try almost
anything live in Vancouver but can travel
Photo is possible Beards and motorcycle a
plus Box 6619LF

B&D S&M COMES FROM TRUST

To me B&D-S&M experiences can only grow
out of really knowing and trusting my partner
I have no interest in "tan ases" with total
strangers or with people who only relate to
me from their fantasy role I'm very experienced
as a top and a bottom in B&D S&M
scenes, and I'm seeking contact with other
whole persons tops bottoms or 'both' I
experienced or not who want to get to know
each other as people first and then expand
into trust scenes I'm 36 5'10" 190 lbs
considered goodlooking Vancouver resident
Prefer non-smokers, my age or younger Van-
Seattle area. I will contact all (only) people
who reply with a photo and a phone number
PO Box 3874 Vancouver BC Canada V6B 3Z3

WEST GERMANY

WANT TO LOVE THE LASH!

Need muscular man(men) to teach me to love
the lash. More men the better Strip me tie
the spread eagle and use my back and ass for
your leather Discretion a must After my
flogging, please Sir shoot your cum over my
chest No FF scat etc Please I'm hungry for
your whips Also flog with other slaves Box
6854

Q: Yogi Bear has a weakness for picnic
baskets What kind of basket does
Max Bear like?

A: Look between your legs dummy!

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Uniformed Leatherman 38 6'1" 195 looking
for other Tops who like leather uniforms
fassimil and BMW or Harleys in the Man of
your dreams and the Man of your nightmares
Macho Men with Moustaches a Must all others
save your stamps Write 'Major Mauler' Box
6410LF

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE SOUGHT

SOUTHERN GERMANY Leathermaster seeks
slave who needs training in light to heavy B&D
Shaving TT, CBT humiliation etc as the fit
until you become the perfect boot-licking
leather slave Age not important Application
with photo and phone Serious only Box
6854

GERMAN LEATHER TOP

Leather and S/M turn me on German 42
6'4" 185 lbs uncut wants to get in touch
with interested leathermen top bottom into
CBT TT, B/D, shaving, breathcontrol and other
forms of the leather scene Will be in USA Oct
88 Letter with photo to Box 5755LF

U.S. MUSCLE

Stationed here BILIT dominant, W/M seeks
built W/M s. ? to 30 for wild safe time Can
travel or host PHOTOD Box 6798

K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather uniforms B/D Top or
bottom, can take what I dish out All military
MPs, SPs especially welcome Sale sand
discreet Cops, bikers, write too Stateside or
in Europe Often in US Here's your chance
sit on your ass and we won't meet If you're
legit write Box 6770LF

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Drummer Cover #1 & Palm Drive & Rage video star. This 6'4" 210lb pierced & tattooed stud does it all. Hang your shaved snot hole in my sling equipped holding cell. TIT enlargement, FF SM bondage wet scenes rubber, NYPD leather etc. 7 718 797 1802

Q: What do Max Bear and Roger Rabbit have in common?

A: They're both suitable for training.

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A L L Fraternity for the serious minded. Want to meet other L L brothers and get involved in our AIDS fundraising benefits. Write now for membership info. Founders of the Leather Daddy's and Daddy's Boy contests in SF & the Mr Leather NY contest. Box 410 112 West 24th St. NYC 10011

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FF NATIONAL NETWORK
Send SASE to ASP POB 14543 SF CA 94114

SONS OF SATAN

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SKINS

Free ads for uncircumcised men. SASE. Valve Box 14576 SF CA 94114

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Men who have em. Men who want em. Information SASE BCDR PO Box 1501 Pontona, CA 91764

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uncut dick... and I might let you lick it, look at...
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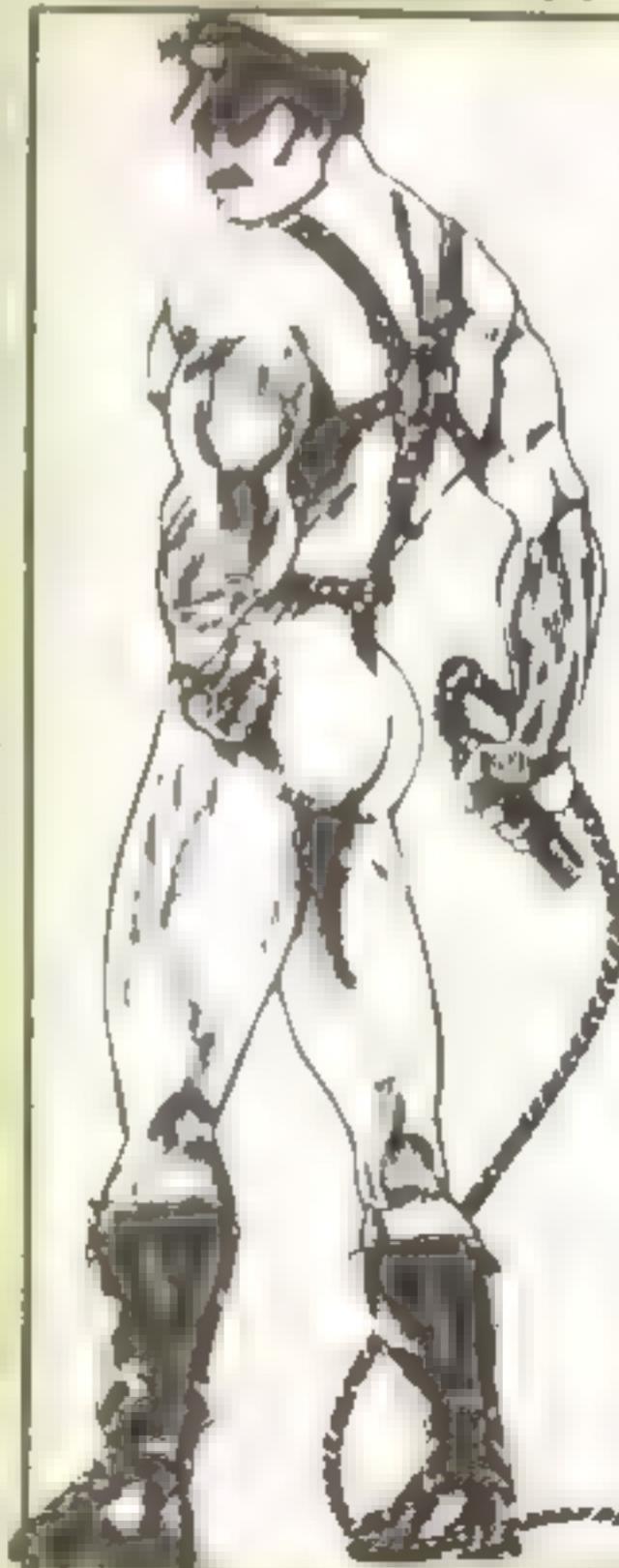
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VIDEOS

NEW S&M FETISH VIDEOS!

Former DRUMMER editor Jack Fischer's PALM DRIVE VIDEO says Palm drive your own dick. Free photo-packed brochures HOT FETISH VIDEOS include SUPERSTAR KEITH ARDENT from seedy's of Manhattan in 9-inch Pec Stew in BLACK RUBBER ULTRA LATEX VA 80 sleeveable min \$49.95 Uncut pre-wrestler size Big Black Dick Black 80 beefy fleshy popping min \$39.95 Gu Punchers 2 greasy muscle men SEX BOX for EROTIC FIGHT BOXING GEAR FETISH fans

6 min \$39.95 Straight Mud Fighters in slimy combat. 50 hunky wet MUDDIT min \$39.95 Giga Blues 5 guys 5 cigars 80 min \$39.95 Filthy Muscleman Jason Steele is Leather T. Animal massive DNGT cock heavy duty TT CBT pecs split knife whip super NTENSE aerobic S&M 90 min \$59.95 BEARDED BEAR Rugged Jack Husky n Nasty Blond Carpenter J D. cigar piss VA 70 min \$39.95 Double feature 10 inches Uncut and Foreskin Jerkoff. 8 lies say all 80 min \$49.95 DAVE GOLD S GYM WORKOUT seasoned Colt BB 9-0 inches very handsome DADDY iron pumping cigar FOOTBALL heavy VA 85 min \$39.95 Hairy 9-inch Swell Hog Jerkoff & Whipping, starring DRUMMER DADDY S BOY Whistler Lee Badwin heavy TT CBT WHIPPING cigar split knife pain & passion 70 min \$39.95 Bearded Daddy's Beer Belly in Bondage classic bearbut fat dick cinched down with black leather staps big load 70 min \$29.95 XXXXTAT C SAMPLE VIDEO PALM DRIVE S GREATEST HTS. 100 1 HANDED min \$39.95 SEND FOR FREE PHOTO PACKED BROCHURE! Add \$3 postage EACH video tape \$4 EACH UPS CA es add 6.5% tax You must state and sign you're 21 Money orders receive 24-hour turnaround you when prohibited Order VIDEOS & FREE BROCHURES PALM DRIVE VIDEO Dept. D PO Box 3653 San Francisco CA 94119 not 2755 Blucher 95472

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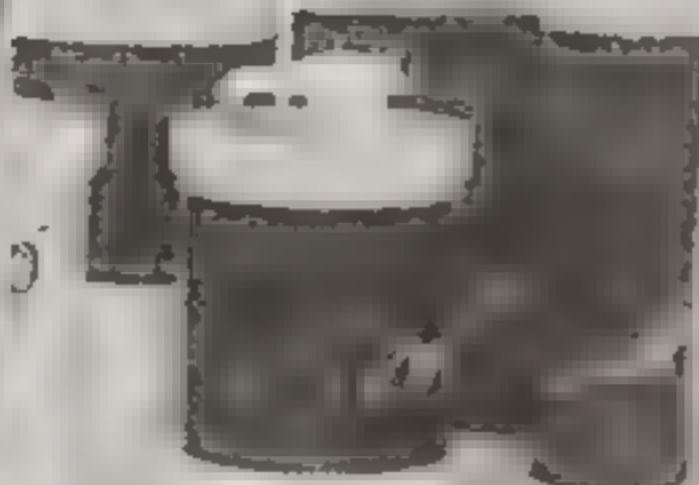
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ForPlay Sensual Lubricant is a water-soluble, greaseless, nonstaining gel. It is also colorless, odorless and gentle—nonirritating even on the most sensitive skin. This special lubricant is compatible with natural and synthetic materials. ForPlay's extensive laboratory testing and quality meet the highest pharmaceutical standards. Guaranteed.

FORPLAY 2 OZ. 3.50 / 8 OZ. 7.50 / 16 OZ. 12.50
ELBOW GREASE 4 OZ. 3.95 / 15 OZ. 7.50

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SHAFT

The purest ingredients, the slickest of lubricants. Removes easily with soap and water. 16 oz. \$9.50, 2 oz. \$2.49.

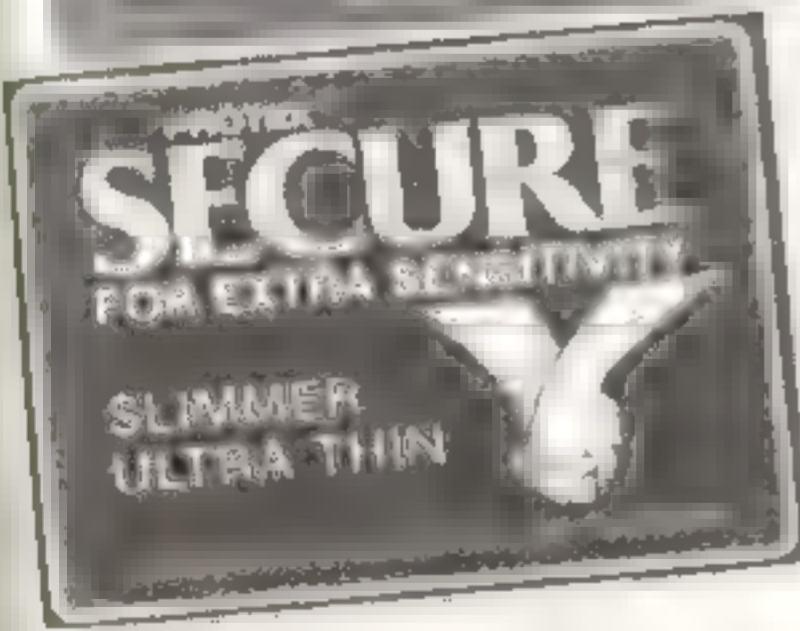
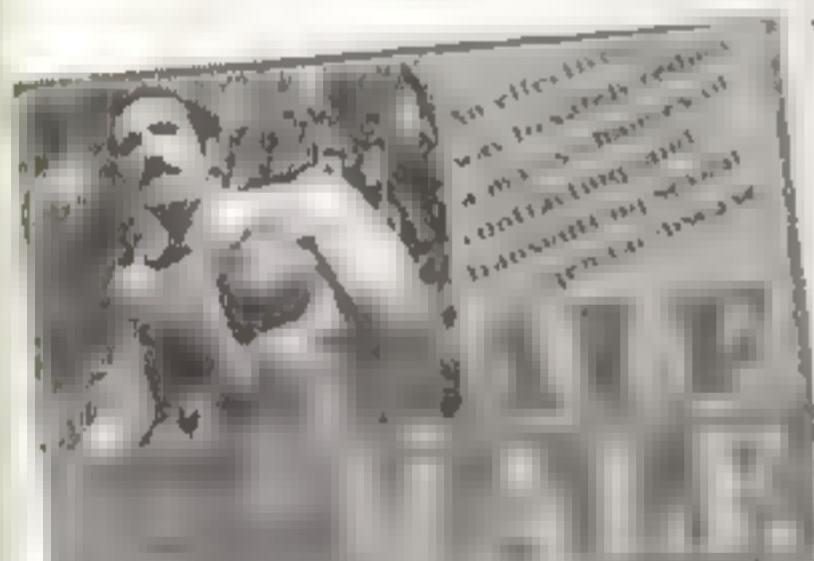
BUTTPLUG keeps his hole filled. This solid dildo is crafted to insert and stay in place until it is removed. Make him conscious of his position during the day...or during the night. *Regular \$8.95 Extra-thick \$9.95

YOUR CHOICE: 12/\$4 MALE TO MALE

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ERIK ALEXANDER WALTER THOMPSON III

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR

From Neil Moritz - Drove Photo by E.L. and P. Moritz

Erik is a muscle-stud with a thick . . . accent.

He's 165 well-sculpted pounds of serious Dutch Treat.

He's a blond, blue-eyed bruiser who works out four or five times a week. He says he's single, so you boys in the Columbus area should line up now for the privilege of carrying his gym towel.

"Bodybuilding is a major part of my activities," claims Erik. "I feel it's important to stay in good physical condition." So far, so good.

The contestant data sheet for the Mr. Drummer contest has a blank marked "Cock Size." Some left it blank, some were very specific. Erik simply wrote, "BIG ENOUGH." He gets no argument from us. Kind of makes you want to pack a bag and head for Ohio, doesn't it?

Walter has his Master's Degree from Ball State. Honestly. It's In Anthropology, which is, he reminds us, the Study of Man. Walter is completely at ease when his fine black body is oiled up and gleaming in the spotlight. He has a medal from the Physique '88 competition to prove it. Ask him nice and he'll give you a Most Muscular. But bodybuilding is more than a mere pose to Walter. He makes his living as a trainer and fitness consultant.

When asked why he would like to win the Mr. Drummer contest, he replied, "I love to be photographed!" We think it's obvious that the camera likes him, too.

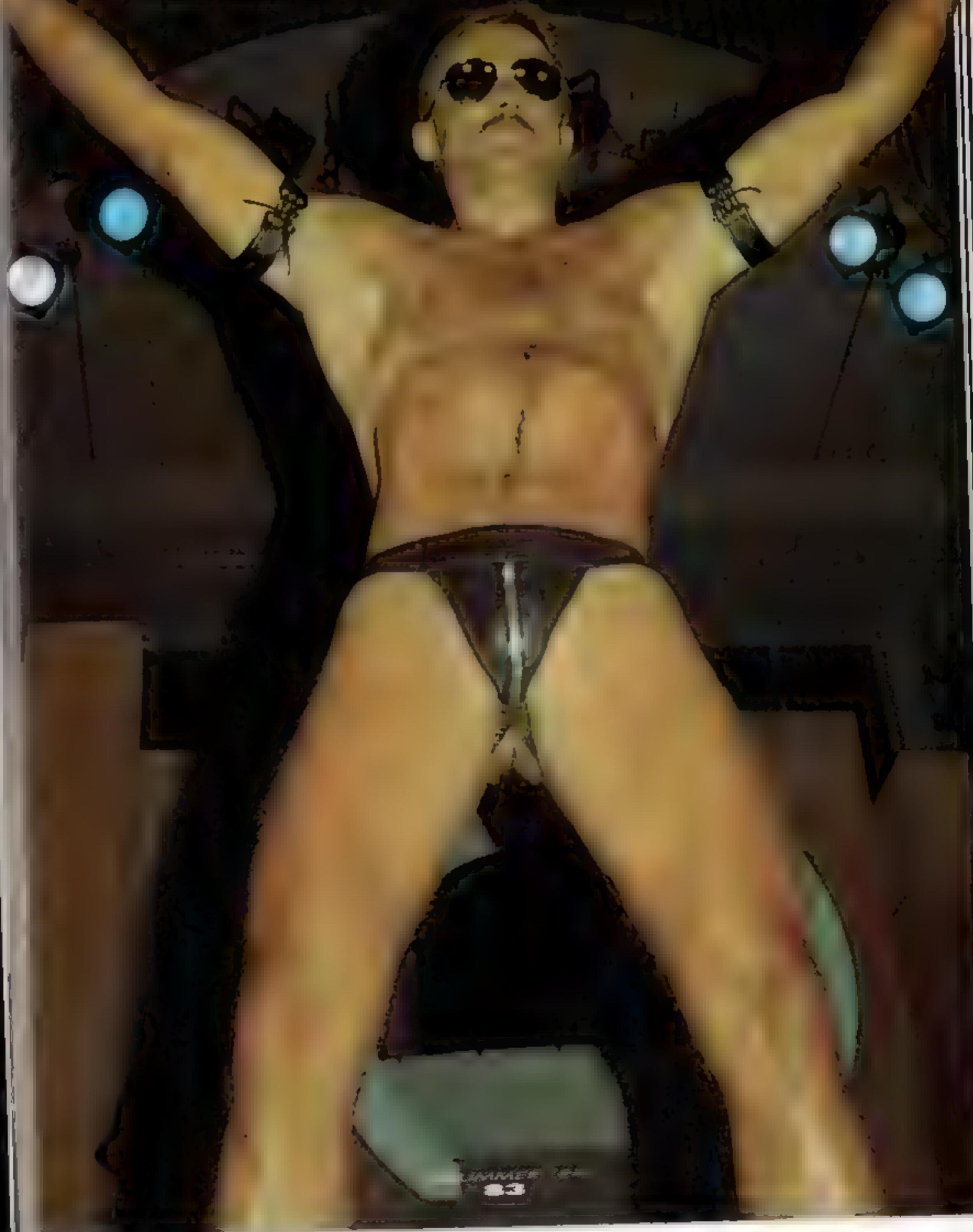
His exhibitionistic streak could make Walter one of St. Louis' most popular tourist attractions. After all, Missouri is the "Show Me" State!

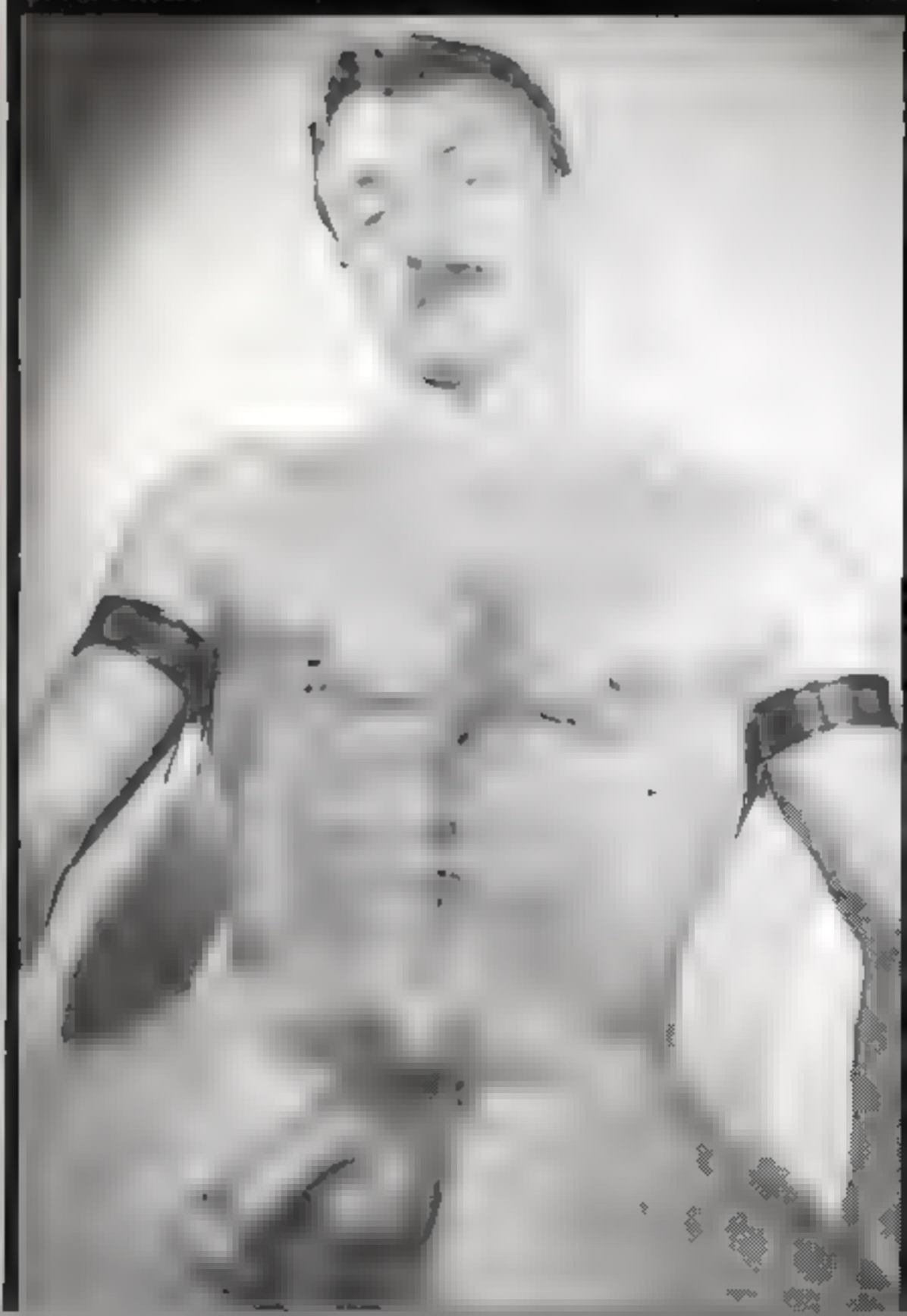
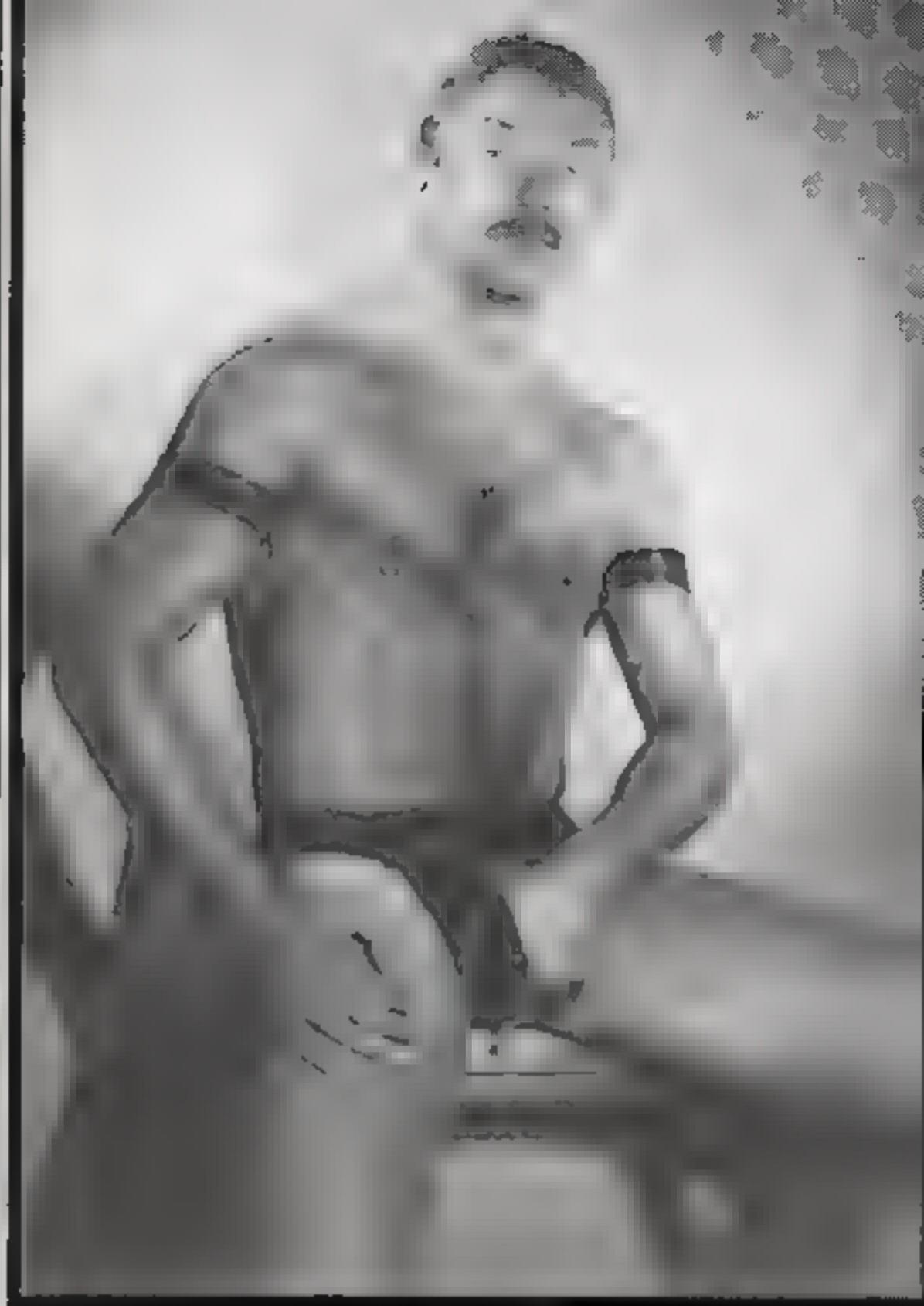
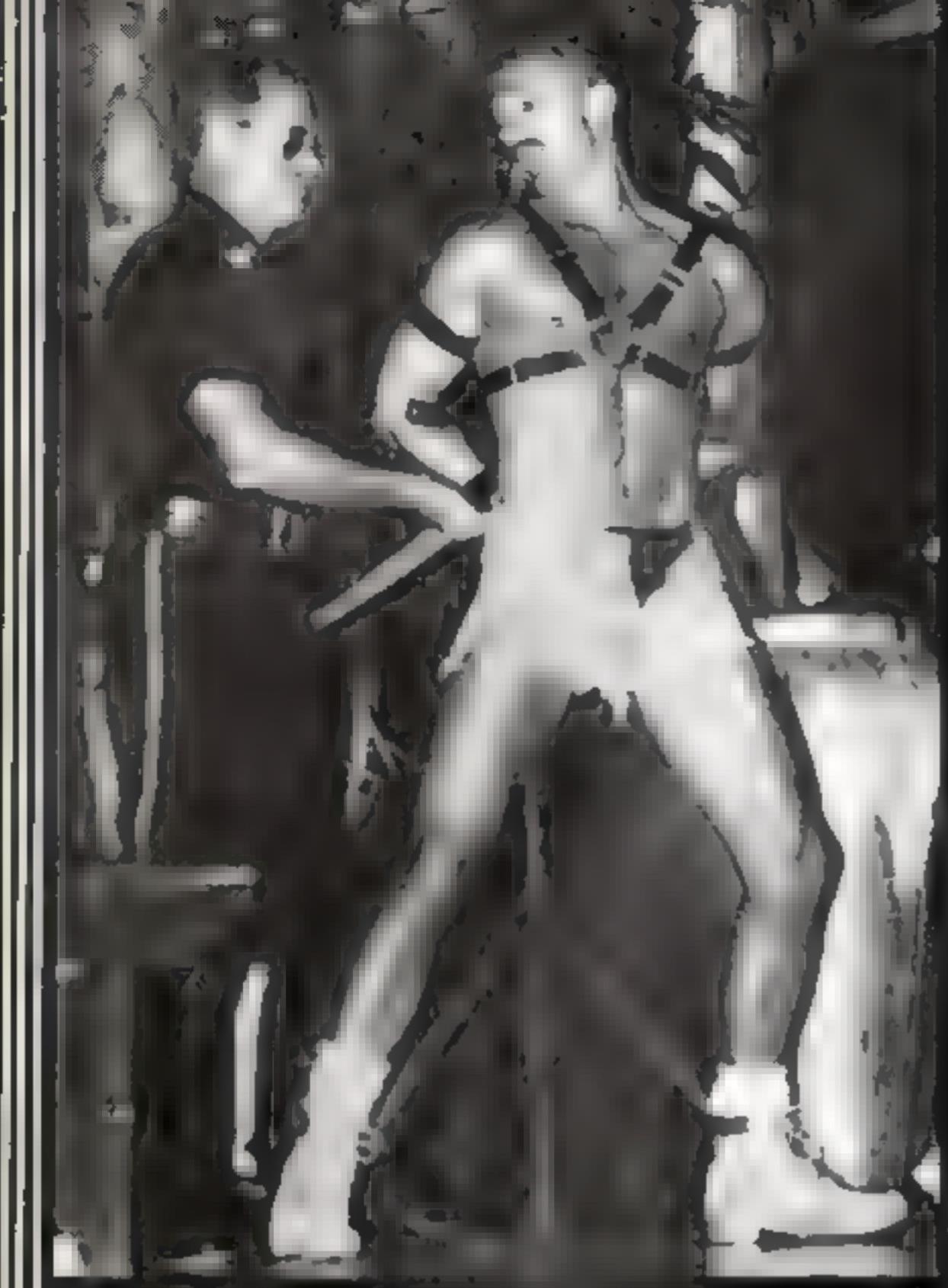
We chose Walter and Erik as the first Regional Mr. Drummers to be featured in erotic photo layouts because they harmonized so well with our Bodybuilders' theme. However, if you've got a hair up your ass waiting for some cock shots of another Mr. Drummer, don't despair! We'll definitely expose the entire Dynamic Dozen in upcuming issues.

—KJL

Erik Alexander

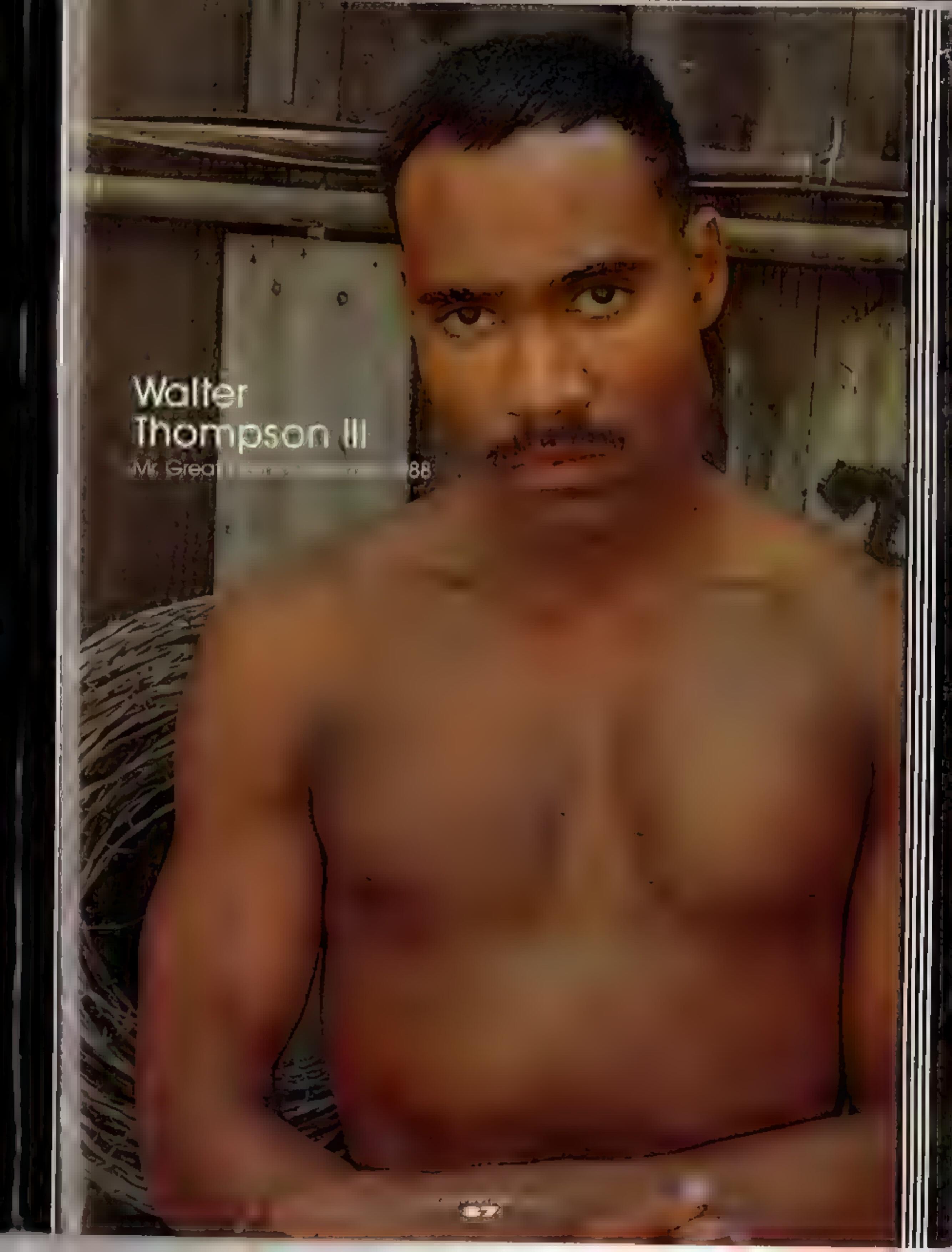
Mr. Great Lakes Drummer 1988







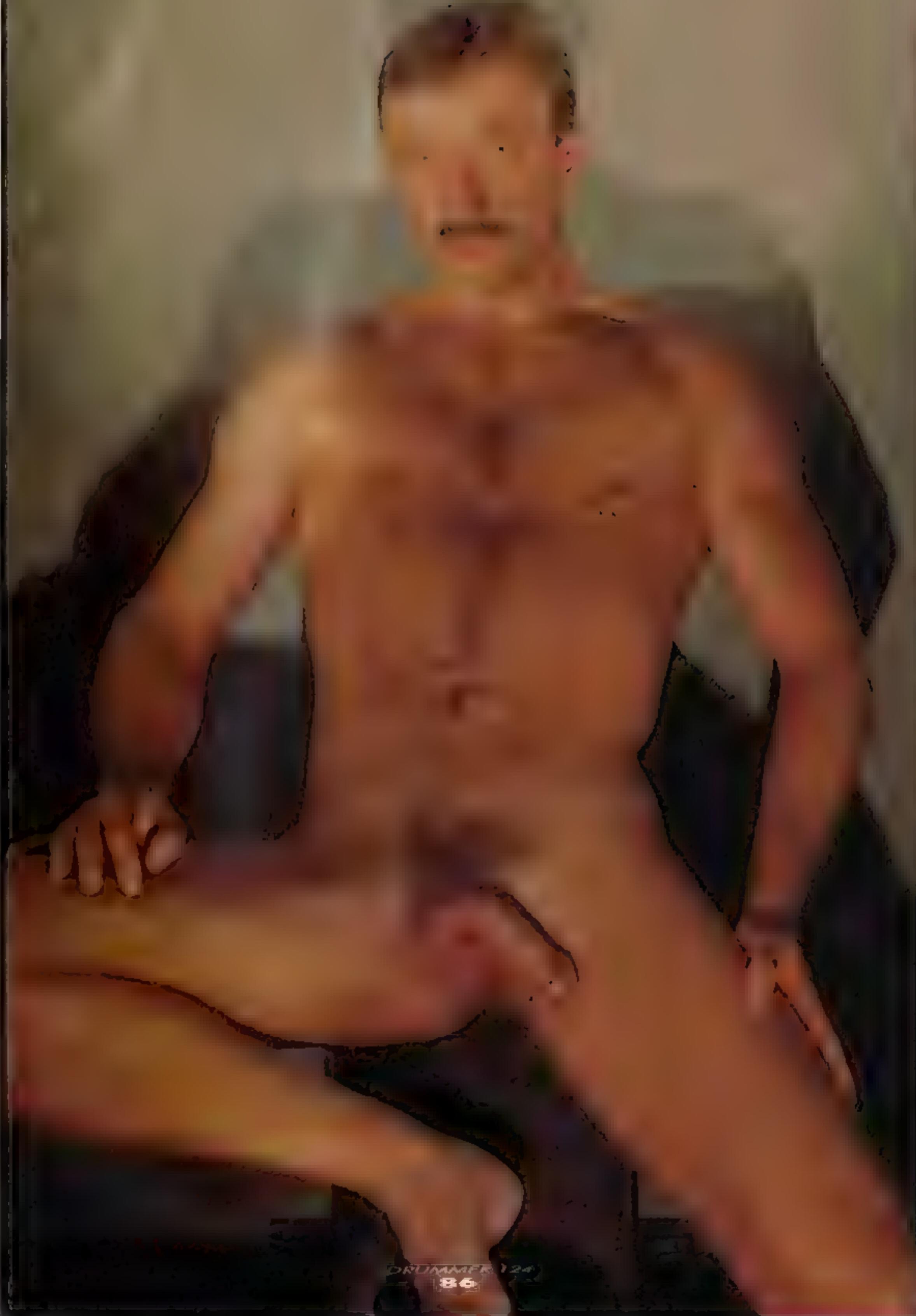


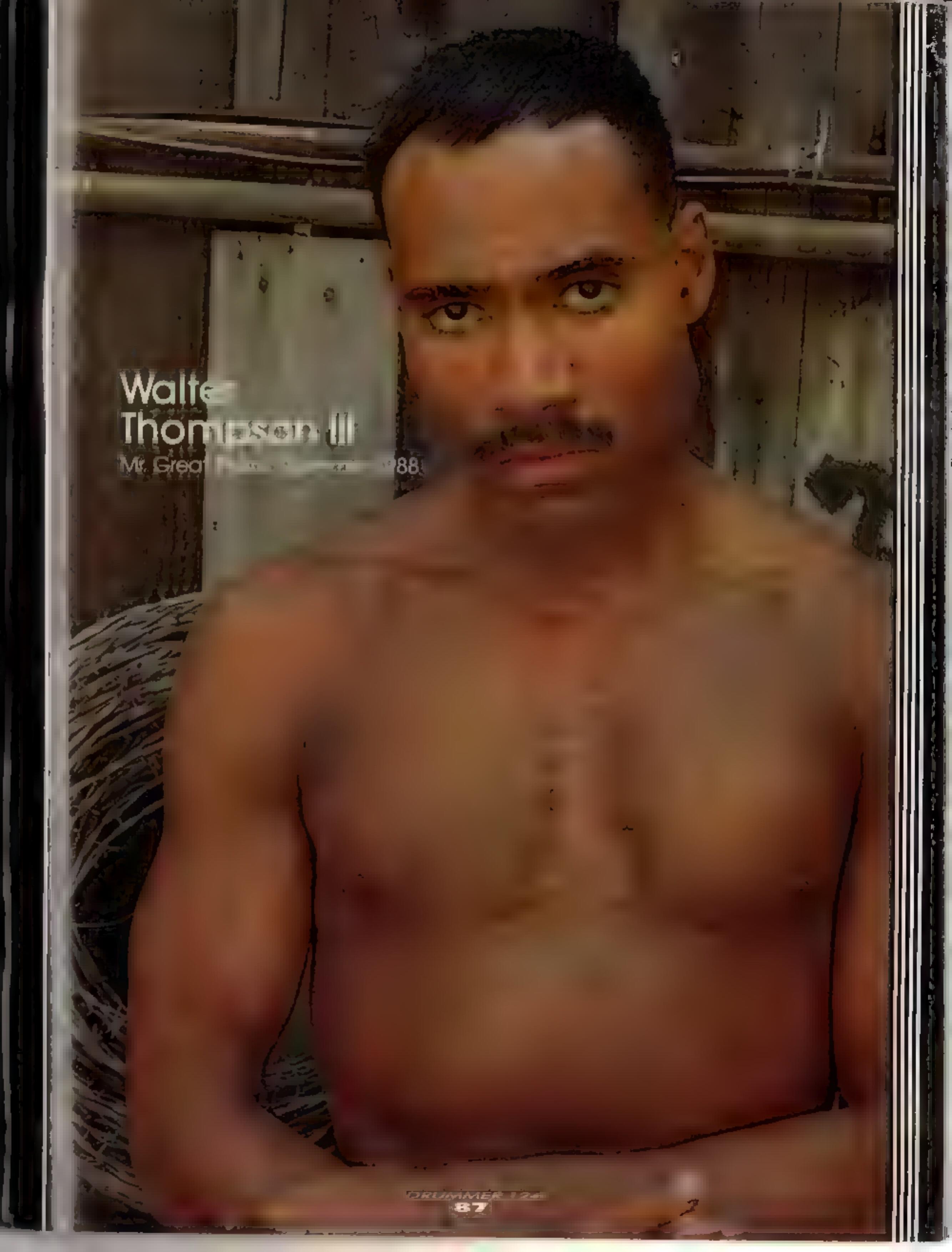
A close-up photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera with a neutral expression. Her skin tone is light, and she has dark eyes. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be an indoor setting with warm lighting.

Walter
Thompson III

Mr. Great

88





Walter
Thompson

Mr. Great

88

DRUMMER 124
87

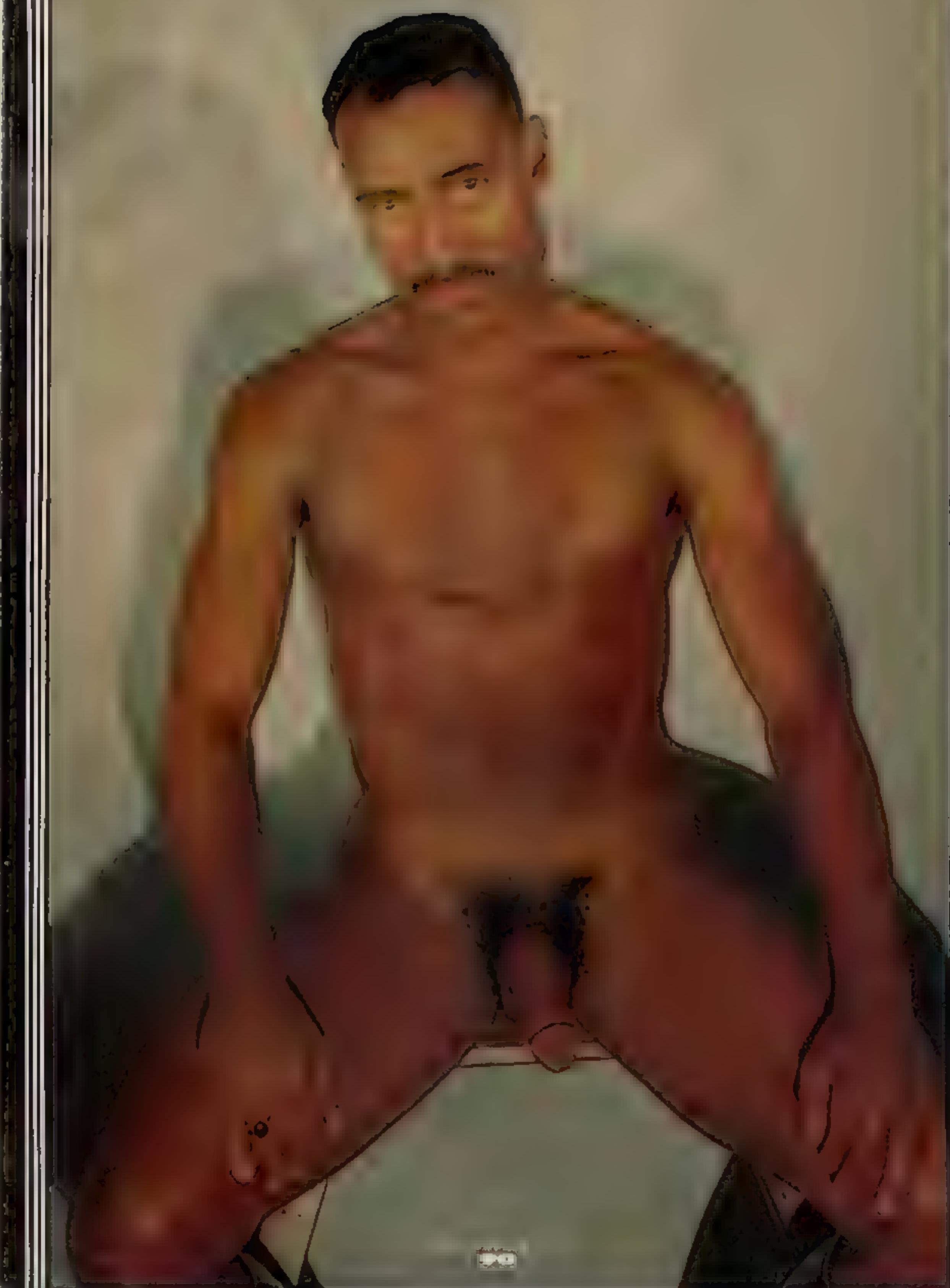


WATCHING

I'm watching you while you're
watching me.
No I'm not the authority figure
I'm a boy model
a slave to behold
Your flexed arms covered with
sweet sweat.
you're a leather man with a ten
inch belt
The bond between us tie-up for sex
Strong hands spank, strong hands
caress
The strange friend of Oscar Wilde
is a bondage freak
with a gripping style
Block on block eyes open
No emotion...
A sculptor's dream
My dick throbs, my dick screams
He's rough, He's mean
Daddy lives next door
He's a lover
He's a lover
He's the Man-Beef Lord

by Walter Thompson III
Mr. Great Plains Drummer





LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

1988 SCHEDULES'

I am writing this on November 21, 1988. It will be in the issue of Drummer scheduled to appear on most newsstands and with luck in subscriber's mailboxes, the first or second week of January. As you can see it is necessary for us to have a considerable lead time on news items. Several clubs do considerable advance planning and some send their schedules of events well in advance. Most only send us their regular mailing which reaches us in time to let us know about the event if we were planning to attend but not enough in advance to get it into the magazines. We would like to be able to publicize your events, and help readers keep abreast of the interesting things happening in the leather scene in their own city and in the areas to which they may be traveling, but we must have the information in time for publication.

We welcome information on fairs and other special annual or seasonal events, and on lectures, demonstrations, etc., by groups, parties, etc., scheduled on a monthly or other basis. Because of space limitations we cannot include every bar night for every club, and generally do not list individual bar nights. But we will list "special" bar nights, guest bar nights and other such events at your request. We will also be happy to insert

notice in this section of the LBB telling when and where your club holds bar nights.

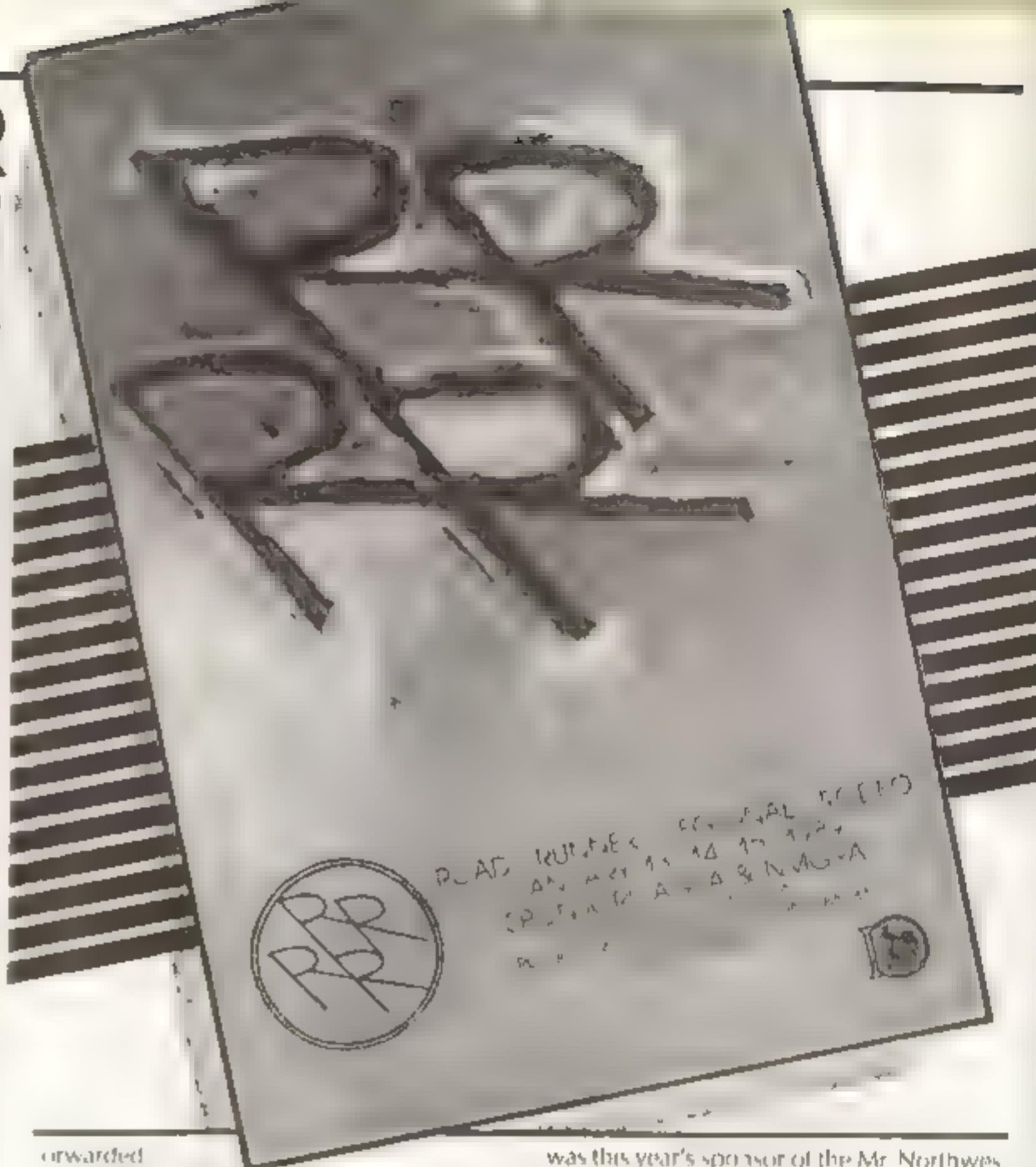
For those truly special events we also appreciate after the fact reporting. Tell us what happened and why is was important and what you're planning for next year. Photos always make the article more interesting so send one or more if you can. Photos taken at public events, used in conjunction with reporting on those events, do not need model releases. However, photos from private events do need to be accompanied by releases from anyone identifiable in them.

So get the word out, send us the info and help your brothers keep informed on what is happening in your world, and theirs.

Fleidermaus

ADDRESS CHANGE

263 A W 19th Street NY, NY 10011 is the mail drop previously used by Fitters, Expectations, Bound and Gagged, Tape Odyssey and several other businesses and organizations. We have received word from the first three listed above that this drop is closing and it is unknown that their mail will be



forwarded.

New addresses for Fitters and for Expectations are 4040 W Kennedy Blvd. #711 Tampa, FL 33609.

New address for Outbound Press, publisher of Bound and Gagged, is Suite 167 496A Hudson Street NY NY 10013.

Tape Odyssey has informed us that Lin friendly Persuasion and their other tapes are again available. Watch for new ads in Drummer Inc for further information.

TAMPA EAGLE IS A PHOENIX

The Tampa Eagle was recently firebombed, destroying the bar, restaurant, leather shop complex. Richard Hunter has announced that the leather shop, which features one of the most complete lines of steel, leather, rubber and canvas restraint devices available anywhere, is reopening at 2606 N. Armenia in Tampa, FL.

MACK MACKINNON

Vancouver, the Pacific Northwest and North America has lost one of its best known and most widely respected leathermen. Mack Mackinnon, owner of Mack's Leather Inc., died of pneumonia on November 11 after a very brief hospitalization. Mack had been very active in the leather community over the past several years and had sponsored contestants for International Mr. Leather, and International Ms. Leather and

was this year's sponsor of the Mr. Northwest Drummer contest. He was a founder and co-chair of NLA BC and was recently elected president of VASM and a member of the executive committee of the NLA's National Advisory Committee.

Dean Dunlap and Wayne Goede in a recent letter to the National Advisory Committee, called Mack, "A giant in the Leather Community, a tireless fund raiser and organizer. His death leaves a gap in leather leadership which will not easily be filled. Drummer has asked Geoff Main to coordinate a DrummerMan feature on Mack similar to that we recently ran on JimEd Thompson. This will be appearing soon in Drummer

DV8'S FOUNDER SUCCUMBS

The Dialed Deviates' October Issue of Deviations included the following announcement:

Dennis Becker, a.k.a. the Captain, passed away October 15th. The tumor in his lower back greatly enlarged and ate into his spinal column. He was buried in the Veterans Cemetery in Portland, Oregon on Friday October 21st. Dennis is survived by his father, mother, a brother and two sisters. He served in Vietnam as a captain in the infantry and members of his command still meet annually. Five visited Dennis a week or so before he died hoping he would be w



CROSSROADS WHERE LEATHERMEN MEET



CROSSROADS . . .
Where Leathermen Meet
By placing an ad in this section a bar or other business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.
By accepting the ad Drummer is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen in large cities. These will be THE leather bars in other areas; they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.

Help us alert Drummer readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send in your recommendations and talk to the bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think should be let us know about that, too. — Federman

**YOUR FAVORITE
BAR
COULD BE HERE
SEE ABOVE FOR INFORMATION**





The
Best Stop in Philadelphia!

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(215) 627-1662



DRUMMER



Home of
Mr. Drummer 1988

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OVERSEAS CLUB LISTINGS

CLUB LISTINGS

INTERNATIONAL	SOUTHERN REGION MC	FRANCE	MS Panther Roisin MC
Four Way Confederation MC - 1000 Clubs		ASMF Paris	
International		MSM Paris	
AUSTRALIA		MSA Paris	
CHINA		MSA Paris	
COLombia		MSA Paris	
COLOMBIA		MSA Paris	
EGYPT		MSA Paris	
INDIA		MSA Paris	
INDONESIA		MSA Paris	
IRAN		MSA Paris	
ITALY		MSA Paris	
JAPAN		MSA Paris	
KOREA		MSA Paris	
MEXICO		MSA Paris	
MONTGOMERY		MSA Paris	
NETHERLANDS		MSA Paris	
POLAND		MSA Paris	
PORTUGAL		MSA Paris	
SPAIN		MSA Paris	
TURKEY		MSA Paris	
VENEZUELA		MSA Paris	
WORLD		MSA Paris	
YUGOSLAVIA		MSA Paris	
ZAMBIA		MSA Paris	

INTERNATIONAL	SOUTHERN REGION MC	FRANCE	MS Panther Roisin MC
Four Way Confederation MC - 1000 Clubs		ASMF Paris	
International		MSM Paris	
AUSTRALIA		MSA Paris	
CHINA		MSA Paris	
COLombia		MSA Paris	
COLOMBIA		MSA Paris	
EGYPT		MSA Paris	
INDIA		MSA Paris	
INDONESIA		MSA Paris	
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ITALY		MSA Paris	
JAPAN		MSA Paris	
KOREA		MSA Paris	
MEXICO		MSA Paris	
MONTGOMERY		MSA Paris	
NETHERLANDS		MSA Paris	
PORTUGAL		MSA Paris	
SPAIN		MSA Paris	
TURKEY		MSA Paris	
VENEZUELA		MSA Paris	
WORLD		MSA Paris	
YUGOSLAVIA		MSA Paris	
ZAMBIA		MSA Paris	



THE 15 ASSOCIATION is one of the clubs that plans a full year's schedule. Those lucky enough to be on The 15's mailing list also get a monthly party announcement which always includes a great drawing by LEB, a member of The 15. This drawing was for the Nov. 19th Jailhouse Scene.

enough to join them in Knoxville the week end of October 29th. We all miss him greatly and the club will need serious reorganization to recover from his passing.

C.O.M.M.A.N.D. FOR LEATHER

A new social and public service M.C. has been established in Baltimore, MD C O M M A N D. for Leather in Baltimore, Inc., which stands for Can Our Men Make A Noticeable Difference (or Leather in Baltimore), named its 17 Charter Members at a meeting on September 27, 1988. These 17 men had been working together for several weeks to draft a charter and by-laws for the organization.

C O M M A N D. has as its stated purpose to "bind together to bring about an image of respect, responsibility, and fellowship toward the Gay community as a whole and we reserve the right to individuality and masculinity associated with Leather".

goal is to promote a pride both personally and publicly, whether as a group or as individuals. As a member of the Club wearing the insignia will distinguish us as Leather men who will hold the honor of making a noticeable difference not only in our community, but to our associated clubs both nationally and internationally.

It's our hope that we can be of noticeable service to the Gay community, while openly instilling pride in ourselves and others as Leathermen," said club president Robert Lingebach. "Public service is a critical part of C O M M A N D.," he added.

The Club will have its regular meetings the first Tuesday of each month at Baltimore's Gallery 1 leather bar, but plans to include many of the area's other Gay businesses in both its social and public service activities.

Information about C O M M A N D. for Leather in Baltimore can be obtained by writing the club at PO Box 23764 Baltimore MD 21233.

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NETHERLANDS

MS Amsterdam
Address Confidential

MS Rotterdam
Postbus 22 84
NL 3000 DD Rotterdam

The Rurals MC

NL 6000 AK Roermond

Schlechte Meiden 'W'
Postbus 701
NL 11 0 AE Diemen

NEW ZEALAND

3 Star MC
PO Box 1764

SPAIN

MSC Barcelona
AV Peral 406
E-08000 Barcelona

SWEDEN

SM Stockholm
PO Box 1000
S-100 00 Stockholm

SWITZERLAND

LOL.F 20 (SCHWEIZ)
CH-8001 Zurich

MSC Suiza-Rumanda

R.P. 1143
CH-1000 Zurich

UNITED KINGDOM

Frost Leather
PO Box 84
W1A 5SH London

Mr London Blues

PO Box 1000
W1A 5SH London

London Boxing & Wrestling Club

PO Box 1000
W1A 5SH London

SM Gays 'SM'

PO Box 1000
W1A 5SH London

SM Gays 'SM'

PO Box 1000
W1A 5SH London

Sussex Lancers MSC

Mr John B. Brumley
P.O. Box 1000
W1A 5SH London

EASTER IN VIENNA

Club zur Förderung der Leder und Motorradkameradschaft of Austria has announced the first major gay leather event for Austria, Easter weekend, March 24 through 27, 1989. Why not once in Vienna?? For information contact CFLM, Kuhngasse 18/2/26, 1030 Wien, Austria Telephone 0222/7860835

INTERNATIONAL L&G HEALTH CONFERENCE A LEATHER PRESENCE

The International Lesbian and Gay Health Conference and AIDS Forum is scheduled for April 1989 in San Francisco. Leather/SM people are encouraged to use this National Health Conference to share experiences and information about our efforts to prevent the spread of disease, without turning loose of our sexualities, we will take a positive step ourselves. For information contact Ty Clements, c/o Dreizehn, PO Box 1486, Boston MA 02117.

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance

JANUARY

- 1 •Bondage Fashion Show—GMSMA—New York City
- 13 •Tit Torture Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 13-15 •Leather Weekend 1989 & Mr. Mid Atlantic Leatherman Contest—Centaur MC—Washington DC
- Road Runner Regional Rodeo—Arizona and New Mexico Rodeo Associations—Phoenix, AZ
- 14 •Ms Great Lakes Leather—Detroit Eagle—Detroit MI
- 15 •8th Anniv Dinner—GMSMA—New York City
- 17 •Beyond Vanilla: A Leathersex Workshop—GCC Dallas
- 20 •Ms San Francisco Leather—Kennel Club—San Francisco
- 21 •Leather Night—The 15 Association—San Francisco, CA
- 25 •S/M Novices—GMSMA—New York City
- 28 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

FEBRUARY

- 4 •Black Hearts Ball—NLA Seattle—Seattle WA
- 8 •Eine Nacht in Venedig—MS Panther Köln—Cologne, West Germany
- 9 •Staying Together—GMSMA—GCC, New York City
- 10 •Novices Seminar—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •Anniversary 9—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 22 •Quiz Show: Test your S/M IQ—GMSMA—GCC, NYC
- 25 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

MARCH

- 4 •Dungeon Party—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Formal Dinner/Ball—NLA Seattle—Seattle, WA
- 8 •Flogging & Whipping Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC
- 10 •Spanking/Flogging Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 18 •IMSL Regional Sendoff—NLA Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Whip/Flog Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 22 •SM Erotic Art—GMSMA—GCC, New York City
- 23-26 •International Ms Leather Weekend in San Francisco
- 24-27 •Ostern 1989—CLFM—Vienna, Austria
- 25 •International Ms Leather Contest—San Francisco

APRIL

- 1 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 2 •Rocky Horror Picture Show Party—NLA Seattle—Seattle, WA
- 12 •Shaving—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- 14 •Shaving Workshop—GMSMA—New York City

- West Coast School of Leather Education—The 15—San Francisco, CA

- The Power of the Uniform—GMSMA—GCC, New York City

- 18-19 •Day III & Mr. & Ms NLA Contest—NLA—Seattle

- 20-21 •National Advisory Committee Meetings—NLA National—Seattle, WA
- Dungeon Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

MAY

- 12 •S/M and the Law—GMSMA—GCC, New York City
- 13 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 14 •Blacksmith Tour—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •IMSL Regional Sendoff—NLA Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Armed Forces/Military Night—The 15—San Francisco
- 16 •Pain, Power and Limits—GMSMA—GCC, NYC
- 17 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

JUNE

- 9 •Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Bolts MC—Hartford, CT
- 10 •Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 11 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 12 •GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
- 13 •Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- 14 •Pride Night—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •Pride Festival—NLA—Seattle—Seattle, WA

JULY

- 6 •Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House, Pocono Mts., PA
- 13 •Bondage Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 14 •MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC

AUGUST

- 19 •Spanking Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 26 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

SEPTEMBER

- 16 •Branding—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 23 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

OCTOBER

- 21 •Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—San Francisco

NOVEMBER

- 18 •Mad Doctor Party—The 15—San Francisco, CA

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

HAT TRICK

Next time you're hunting bear in Seattle look up TC 1330. He's into cigars, cowboys, rubbermen and other bears. If you're real good, maybe he'll show you what's under that hat and inside that

\$1



Second in our line up is TC 1329, possibly known as the "King of the Hill". He's really something to look at. He's probably proud of his capacity. He's into mutual heavy ass work ass toys, biker stuff, leather, leather women, leather men, leather girls, leather boys, leather dogs, leather cats, leather TC's.



THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos, color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well. With your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name, and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable).

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write *in pencil* the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with forty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.

CITY SLING
This New Yorker
claims he has
the perfect
asshole... and it
needs to be
used. He's into
the usual things
(S M VA WS
B D and a
bit of my T H)
and gancas.
Just say if you
want me to
do it
Answer TC 1328

BREAKFAST IN BED

I don't know about you, "but I'd eat it in a second!"
TC 1331 seeks a career as a nude model, but
says we can print his picture "just for fun."
All you avid fun-seekers can reach
this bed-warmer at TC 1331.



GET THE PICTURE? YES, WE SEE.

TC 1333 is an uninhibited 30-year-old San Franciscan
who seeks older men for down-and-dirty sexscenes. He
says to bring your leather and toys, but leave your drugs
at home. And bring as many tattoos as possible. They're
a real turn-on.



VOULEZ VOUS COUCHEZ

TC 1329 is 170 pounds of Grade A Canadian Bacon. A Quebecois Daddy, he's fun, he's versatile, and he likes to hunt.
Yeah, well hunt THIS, Fucker!



TRACK ME

Your knowledge of members can make you a member!

Drummer challenges its ingenious readership to test its meat-matching abilities for fun and a prize! Perhaps you considered entering our Rex Story Contest, but realized that your true talents lie in other areas. Here's a contest designed with the cock-eyed in mind. Match the Mr. Drummer member with the Mr. Drummer titleholder, using your five senses, intuition, a slide rule or first-hand knowledge!

Please note: Eleven drummerdicks are pictured here. There are twelve Drummer regional winners (see Drummer Issue 123, p. 11-13 and 82-91). Each of the eleven belongs to a different contestant. *Would we drive you crazy with duplications?* Certainly not. In fact, we will be publishing erotic portraits of all twelve regional winners in the cumming months to give you a hand.

Fill out the coupon with your choices (only this official entry coupon will do: no xerox copies please!) and mail your entry no later than December 31, 1989, to:

**Match the
Member Contest**
Desmodus, Inc.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA
94101-1314

The coupon with all eleven appendages correctly identified and which bears the earliest postmark will be declared the winner. This decision will be made by the officers of Desmodus, Inc., and their decision will be final.

**The winner will receive a
Leather Fraternity membership or
renewal, including twelve issues of
Drummer delivered by US Bulk Mail,
a free 50-word ad in twelve issues
of Drummer's Dear Sir, and free
mail forwarding to other
Dear Sir advertisers.**

Employees and officers of Desmodus, Inc., or Up Your Alley Productions and their families are ineligible. The twelve Mr. Drummer regional finalists are themselves ineligible. Eligibility will be decided by the officers of Desmodus, Inc., and their decision will be final.

**Test your skill,
find your thrill
and
may the best
cockhound win!**

CONTESTANTS
NAME AND TITLE

Photo
Number

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer
ERIK ALEXANDER

Mr. Southwest Drummer
WES DECKER

Mr. Northern CA Drummer
JIM KAHL

Mr. Southern CA Drummer
MARK KLEIN

Mr. New England Drummer
JOE MANCINI

Mr. Dixie Drummer
CHRIS MINOR

Mr. Northwest Drummer
ROB NEYTS

Mr. Northeast Drummer
JOHN SCANCARELLA

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer
CHUCK SMUKLER

Mr. Great Plains Drummer
WALTER THOMPSON III

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer
RIC TURNER

Mr. Drummer 1988
RON ZEHEL

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____
PHONE NUMBER _____

SIGNATURE _____

Mail (official entry blank only; NO COPIES) to: Match the Member Contest,
Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

CAST

1



2



3



4



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6



7



8



9



10



11





Gay Games III
August 4-14, 1990
Vancouver, British Columbia

1170 Burrard St.
Vancouver, BC V6E 1Z6